CHRISTIAN HERALD

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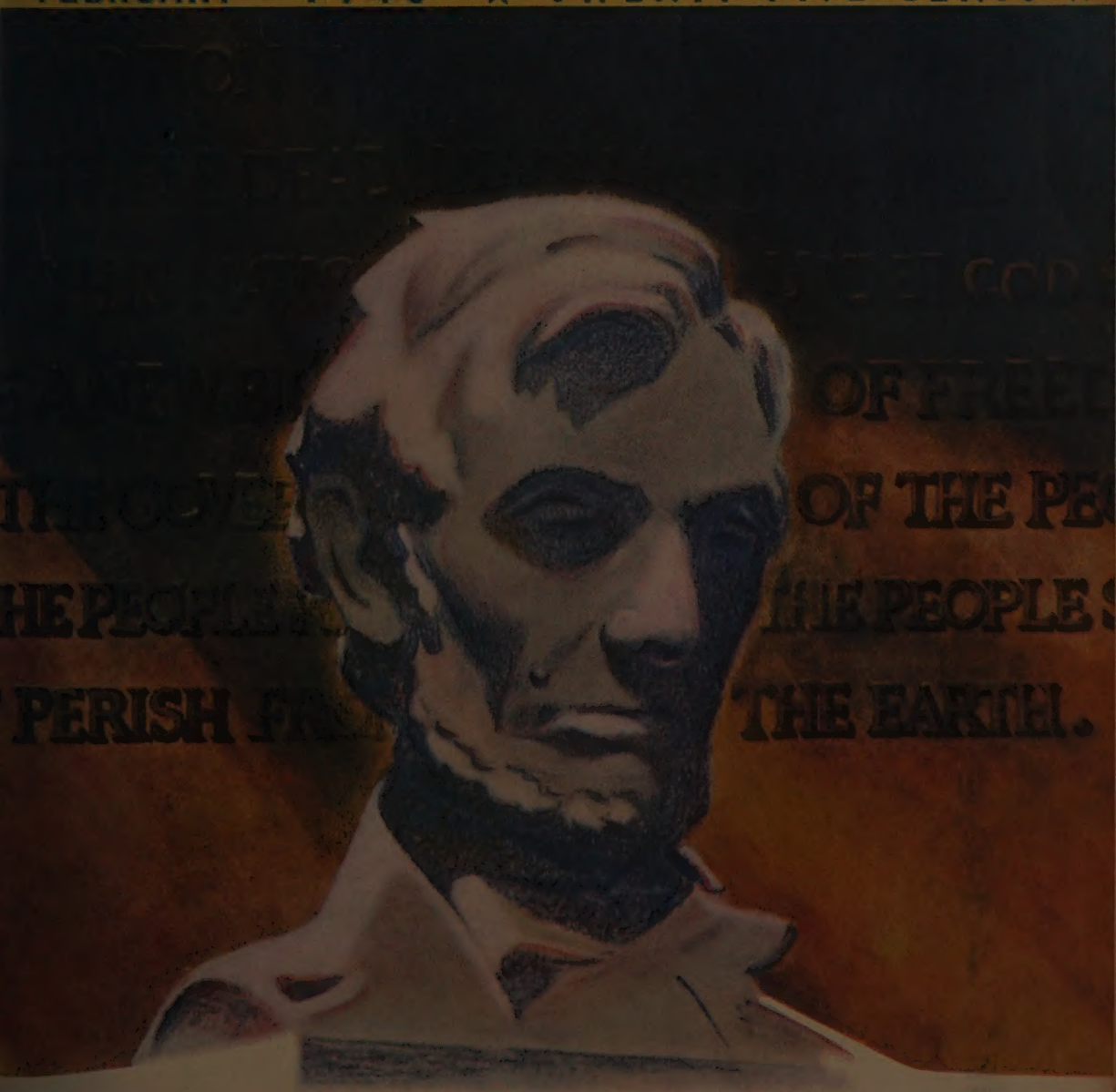

HE ENEMY STALIN CANNOT DEFEAT

By Alexander Stacey

NSAKO, By William E. Davis, M. D.

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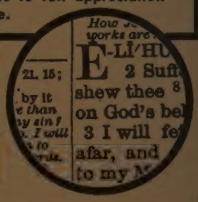

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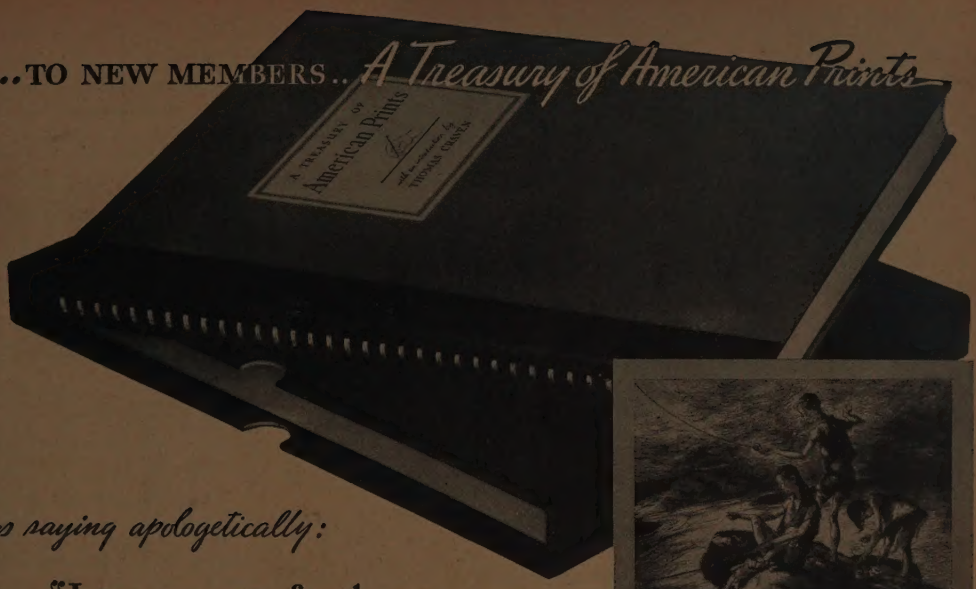

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In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

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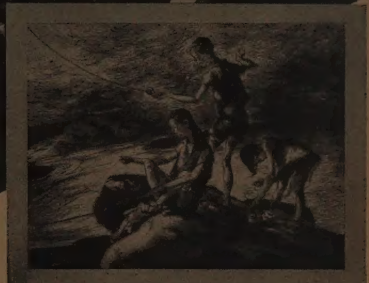

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Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

8:00 A.M. Today in Europe. International news broadcasts, through Sat.—CBS.
9:30 A.M. The Gospel Singer. Edward MacHugh singing songs of every faith—RED.
11:15 A.M. Young Dr. Malone. A young man's devotion to a life of medical service—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
3:30 P.M. Affairs of Anthony. Character building dramas for children—BLUE.
3:45 P.M. Richard Maxwell. A program of hymns, inspirational songs and homely philosophy—CBS.
3:45 P.M. Between the Bookends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—BLUE.
5:30 P.M. Jack Armstrong. All-American boy serial—RED.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas. News commentator—BLUE.
11:05 P.M. Events in Europe, analyzed by John Gunther, Hugh Gibson and Baukage—RED.

SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. Today in Europe. Summary of European affairs from London, Paris, Berlin and New York—CBS.
10:00 A.M. The Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Services conducted by representatives of the major faiths—CBS.
10:45 A.M. Smiling Ed McConnell. Singing philosopher—BLUE.
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional service—BLUE.
11:30 A.M. Music and American Youth—progress in music education among high school students—RED.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle. World-famous choir singing religious music—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Pilgrimage of Poetry. Honoring American poets—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. Democracy in Action. Devoted to description of the workings of American government—CBS.
2:00 P.M. NBC String Symphony. Dr. Frank Black conducting—RED.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions. Noted educators discuss current problems—RED.
3:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. John Barbirolli is permanent director with Deems Taylor commentator—CBS.
4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. Pursuit of Happiness. A series of programs dedicated to the brighter side of the American scene—CBS.
4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatizations under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
5:30 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air—BLUE.
7:00 P.M. International news broadcast from London, Paris, Berlin and Washington—CBS.
7:15 P.M. War News—BLUE.
7:30 P.M. Mr. District Attorney. Dramatic serial exposing rackets—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatic serial of family life—RED.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Detroit Symphony Orchestra with an outstanding guest star as soloist each week—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. The Haenschen Concert Orchestra—RED.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talk with music—BLUE.

MONDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Frontiers of Democracy—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Devotional address. Dr. Ralph S. Meadowcroft—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Discussion of works of outstanding authors—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, directed by Joe Emerson—RED.
4:00 P.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.
7:15 P.M. Science on the March. F. R. Moulton—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone—RED.
10:00 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program. Orchestra directed by Josef Pasternack, soloists—RED.
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

TUESDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Folk Music of America with Alan Lomax—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—RED.
2:00 P.M. Gallant American Women—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
4:15 P.M. Of Men and Books. Reviews of current books—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Designed to stump the experts—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatizations bringing to life the history of our country—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. Meet Edward Weeks. Editor of Atlantic Monthly—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Americans at Work. Authentic and colorful accounts of American industrial life—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. New Horizons, with Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, director of American Museum, presiding—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Homespun. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music for Young Listeners—BLUE.
4:15 P.M. Highways to Health. Dr. Iago Galdston in charge—CBS.
9:00 P.M. Radio Guild. Oldest dramatic organization in broadcasting—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Adventures in Photography. Episodes in history of photography—BLUE.

THURSDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Tales from Far and Near—dramatizations of book of high literary quality—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Timeless Truths Made Timely. Dr. Christopher Jeffares McCombe—RED.
1:30 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Guest speakers—RED.
2:00 P.M. Ideas That Came True. American ideas and ideals—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Directed by Joe Emerson—RED.
8:00 P.M. Ask-It-Basket. A quiz show with Jim McWilliams—CBS.
9:00 P.M. Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Unusual radio dramas—CBS.

FRIDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Current events—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Opportunity. Dr. Daniel A. Poling—RED.
1:30 P.M. General Federation of Women's Club—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch—BLUE.
4:15 P.M. Men Behind the Stars—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Torch of Progress. Story of man's development—RED.
7:30 P.M. Yesterday's Children. Favorite stories of childhood—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—RED.
10:30 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

SATURDAYS

10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club. Instructive ideas for youngsters—RED.
10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talks by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
11:30 A.M. Hilda Hope, M.D. Incidents in the life of a woman doctor—RED.
12:00 noon Milestones in the History of Music—RED.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—RED.
1:55 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Matinees—BLUE.
6:30 P.M. Which Way to Lasting Peace. New series featuring discussions by leading authorities—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.
6:45 P.M. International News Broadcasts. London, Paris, Berlin, Washington and New York—CBS.
7:00 P.M. People's Platform. Lyman Bryson—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Art For Your Sake. Discussions of the best in art—RED.
8:00 P.M. Arch Oboler's Play. Unusual dramatizations—RED.
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—BLUE.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

A SHARP increase of thirteen per cent in the amount of time devoted to religious activities—broadcast at an estimated cost in time value of $2,600,000—was recorded by NBC during 1939.

"WHICH Way to Lasting Peace?" CBS is bringing the important phases of this question into public discussion during a new program series arranged in cooperation with a Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, composed of more than fifty members. Dr. James T. Shotwell, professor of History of International Relations at Columbia University, and chairman of the Commission, will preside over the programs. (Saturdays 6:30 p.m., EST, CBS)

A CONSISTENT winner of radio awards since 1935, "Cavalcade of America," a program bringing to life the history of our country through authentic dramatizations, has returned to the air. The radio chapters describe the story of America through the lives of the vibrant characters who have molded it and made it the outstanding country of the world. The program recently won commendation for its good taste in advertising. (Tuesdays, 9:00 p.m., EST, NBC-Blue)

OUR many readers who have enjoyed the excellent articles by Dr. Ralph S. Meadowcroft will be interested to learn that he returns to NBC networks in a series of devotional talks this month. Dr. Meadowcroft offered a series of two addresses last fall and won such wide acclaim that he now is one of the regular radio ministers presented under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches (Mondays, 12:30 p.m. Red). We also welcome back the Gospel Singer, Edward MacHugh, who is heard daily singing the sacred songs of every faith.

WHAT DO THE 60,000-MILE DRIVERS SAY?

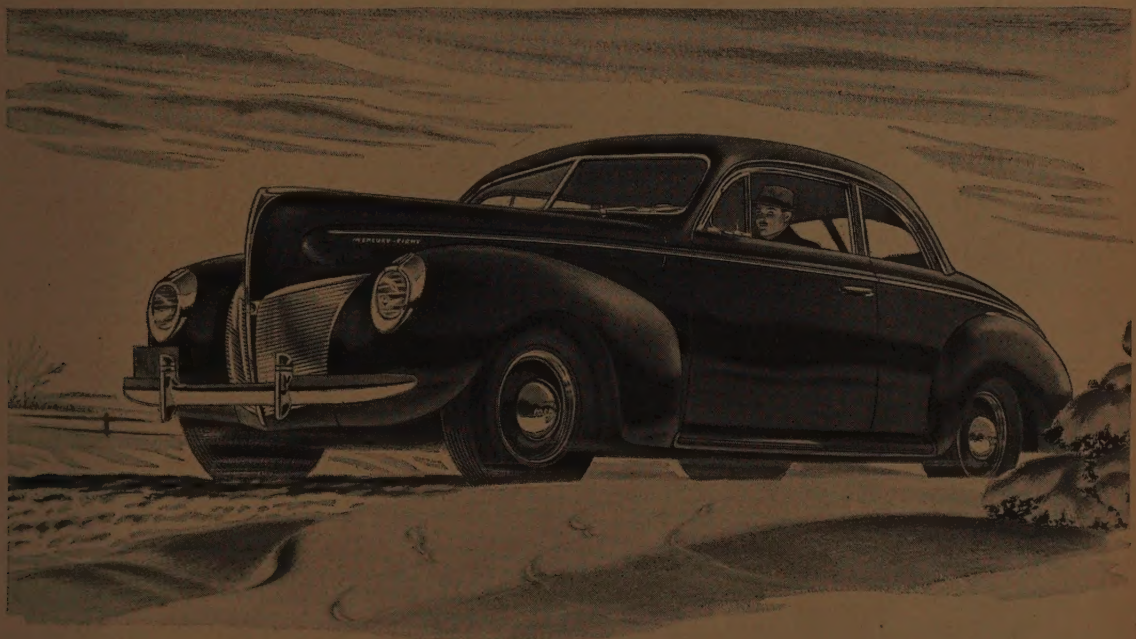
Sensation of the auto world is the astonishingly quick success of the big new Mercury 8—the car that literally rode into the ranks of the best-sellers on its owners' praise. Most enthusiastic about the Mercury are the motorists who have to be most particular—the steady drivers who *depend* on their cars. Many of them have written to us voluntarily in praise of the Mercury 8. Here's what they say:

"I travel 6000 miles a month," writes C. H. J., a Colorado salesman, "and my Mercury averages better than 20 miles to the gallon. My total operating expense has been less than 1.6 cents per mile!"

"Seven people in each car, and plenty of room too," says the manager of a touring radio troupe. "We operate four Mercurys about 3500 miles a month!"

"33,612 miles in 5 months is my Mercury record," says J. D. B., of Washington, D. C. "Considering that two-thirds of it was at high speed, my 19-miles-per-gallon average is remarkable. The big Mercury levels the hills, straightens the curves, makes level roads run down hill!"

"I can't help bragging about my Mercury," says B. S. C., of New Orleans. "I've covered a total of four thousand, two hundred miles in six days driving through the Southwest at high speeds. Mountains and desert, good roads and bad—my Mercury never gave me a minute's trouble."



You'll find all important fine-car qualities in the big Mercury 8. Extra seat width and floor space . . . improved all-weather ventilation and sound insulation . . . Finger-Tip Gearshift on the steering post . . . and the ease and comfort of a truly levelized ride. To all this the Mercury's brilliant V-type, 8-cylinder engine introduces ECONOMY unexpected in a car of its size. This combination of advantages has made the cleanly-streamlined Mercury a success from the time of its introduction—have you driven it yet?

MERCURY 8

SEE ANY MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR OR FORD DEALER

A full rear seat, unusual in a coupe body, distinguishes this Mercury Sedan-Coupe. Rear compartment seats three in comfort, is often used to supplement the rear deck luggage compartment.

What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF someone you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words? Are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To you they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

FREE—Book on English

Sherwin Cody, perhaps the best known teacher of practical English, has perfected and patented a remarkable device which will quickly find and correct mistakes you unconsciously make. Correct English soon becomes a HABIT.

Mr. Cody's remarkable new invention, the 100% Self-Correcting Method, has already improved the English of more than 100,000 people. No useless rules, no tedious copying, no hard study. Only 15 minutes a day required. You learn by creating the HABIT of using correct English. Nothing like Mr. Cody's method has ever been used before!

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Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

THE RELIGION OF FINLAND

Is Finland a Roman Catholic country?

FINLAND has enjoyed absolute freedom of worship. Catholics, Protestants, Jews and all others have been unmolested and protected. The established church is Lutheran—the church of the Scandinavian countries. The Lutheran Church in Europe has the Episcopal form of government, with bishops. Finland is, in this sense, a Protestant country and devoted to Protestant freedom.

LUKEWARM CHRISTIANS

Is there such a thing as a lukewarm Christian? My answer is "no." You must be either for or against; you cannot be neutral. What is your opinion?

I RECOGNIZE the principle in the opinion of the one asking the question. But God does not cast us out even when we follow afar off. The intensity of our faith and loyalty may and does vary. The temperature is not always the same. No one understood this fact better than Jesus. Have we not been again and again ashamed of our lukewarmness, and driven by the very shame to repentance and renewal?

THIS CHARGE IS FALSE

What do you know about the charge that the French government requires an annual rental for the graves of American soldiers killed in France and that, if the rental is not paid, the bodies will be exhumed?

I KNOW that the charge is utterly and brutally false. I have in my files a communication from Colonel Patrick Callahan, of Louisville, in which he states that he heard on the radio the charge that France has exacted "perpetual rent" for the graves of this nation's dead; that it was further said, "Unless we pay 'perpetual rent' the bodies of our heroes are to be dug up and thrown into lime pits. That is some of the gratitude we received from France, and that is the kind of gratitude we can expect if we get into this war."

Colonel Callahan, who is a papal knight, has sent me this statement from General John J. Pershing: "The United States Government does not pay rent on the graves of our American dead who are buried in France. In fact, the French government has exempted us from the payment of taxes or duties of any kind whatsoever on the land on which our cemeteries and memorials are located and on the materials which we have sent to France for these establishments."

You who read may reach your own conclusion.

INCONSIDERATE SMOKERS

I am a woman—and sometimes I feel myself a very lonely woman insofar as smoking is concerned. However, I belong to a number of committees on which both men and women sit, committees that have to do with religious activities and programs. Increasingly I, with others, am embarrassed and even nauseated because the "brethren," without ever asking the old-fashioned question, "Does it annoy you?" light their cigarettes, cigars—yes, and even pipes—immediately after dessert or even before. The room is quickly filled with heavy fumes. I realize that we have brought this on ourselves. But really a good many of us in these religious circles are still old-fashioned. Perhaps we are too old-fashioned! At any rate, we shrink from being conspicuous and so, through the writer, some of us hide behind a question. What do you think?

WHAT I think would not make pretty reading! It is a situation with which I am familiar and which I abominate. I have seen clergymen do exactly as described. Some of these are the representative and most distinguished leaders of their boards, societies, denominations. Without the slightest consideration for ladies present, or for other men who do not smoke, they "light up" as described. Their number increases. They do not particularly bother me, but even so I, too, enjoy clean air in a crowded room.

I am sure that the ladies who continue to attend these gatherings must continue to suffer the discomfort, for I am equally sure that the "brethren" will not change their practice. They are in this, entirely selfish. And if they did ask the old-fashioned question referred to, the old-fashioned ladies present would "grin and bear it." But why should the question be asked? Why not be—well, "old-fashioned gentlemen."?

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

DRINKING WOMEN

I have heard it said that there is a definite increase in drinking among women since Repeal. Is this merely a bit of gossip or are there figures to support it?

SADLY enough, there are figures to support the charge. In 1932 in Washington, D. C., *140* women were arrested for drunkenness. In 1938, last year, the number had grown to *1,465*. Drinking among women and girls is definitely increasing, and the social situation grows correspondingly worse!

MR. TAYLOR'S APPOINTMENT

What do you think of the appointment by President Roosevelt of Myron C. Taylor as his representative to the Vatican? Is this the beginning of papal recognition?

I ACCEPT the statement of the White House that this appointment is not and will not become a step toward the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. The appointment of Mr. Taylor is in connection with the calling of Dr. Buttrick, president of the Federal Council of Churches, and of the distinguished Jewish leader, Dr. Adler, into conferences where a peace plan or program for the United States is being considered. We are assured that other conferences are contemplated.

With all of this, I heartily agree. The effort, even though it become merely a gesture, is to be commended.

I am absolutely opposed to the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

ABUSE OF FREE SPEECH

What do you think of the decision of the code committee of the National Association of Broadcasters not to sell time to Father Coughlin? Is this not the destruction of free speech?

NO—in my opinion it is not. The decision reached, as I read and understand it, applies to all speakers and covers controversial public issues. The decision does not abridge discussion of these issues in public forums where, without charge for time, both sides are given an uncensored hearing.

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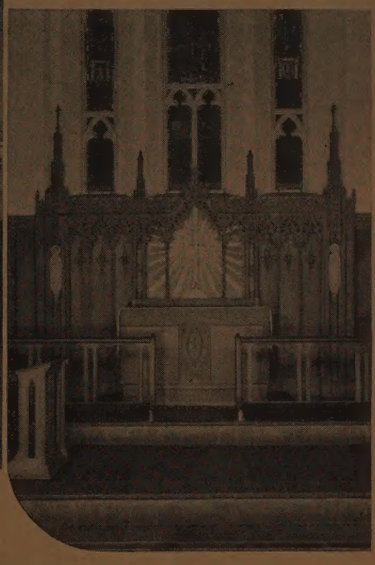

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FROM THE PULPIT OF THE BOWERY MISSION CHAPEL

THE HEART OF THE BOWERY IS THE BIBLE

COULD a man build a new life on firmer foundation than that based on the teachings of the Bible? When all else has failed to save men from their vicious life-destroying habits, a consciousness of God and the teachings of Christ can save them. Eight times each week Charles St. John preaches the Word of God from the pulpit of the Bowery Mission's Chapel—once every weekday, twice on Sundays. Sound fundamental truths are the bases from which these sermons are preached; and personal testimony gives proof that the days of miracles are still here.

Nearly one hundred thousand men have heard the Word preached from the Mission's pulpit during the past year—thousands have been comforted and guided; how many lives were affected by these thousands we will never know.

We have told the story of the young man who while passing the Mission heard the strains of an old hymn that reached his ears and his heart. Gun in pocket he was on his way to his first hold-up. When he left the Mission, he left his gun behind him and took away with him a better understanding of life and a spiritual strength with which to fight its battles.

We have told you of the "incurable" drunkard who walked down the long aisle leading to the pulpit of the Mission's Chapel and placing his half empty flask at the feet of the preacher begged for mercy and strength to save him from his miserable life. The man who had reeled to the pulpit left it sober and cured of his beastly sickness. How could this be? How could a man drunk become sober under the effects of religion? We do not know—but we saw it happen.

We have told you of the drug addict who was so sure that nothing could be done for him because the doctors had told him he was incurable—it had never occurred to him to give religion a chance. He put all his faith in man, none in God. It took months but a power stronger than drugs took control of his life and he was cured.

The man in trouble does not seek religion—in fact, he often rebels against it as he rebels against society. The Mission's job would be easy if men knew the strength and comfort of religion. By the offer of food, jobs and clothing we draw these men into the Mission; today through the donated use of a local radio station we are able to give more men jobs and clothing—therefore we reach more men with our message of hope.

Neither Government nor local help of any kind makes this work possible—everything we do for men who come to us from all parts of the country is done by the readers of Christian Herald and their friends. Without you these men are lost to sin and its penalties. Without you the jobless man who is far from home goes hungry and sleeps in hidden corners. With luck he may beg enough to pay for a night's lodging but that's all he will get—*we want to reach these men spiritually.*

25c BUYS A BED
25c BUYS A MEAL

Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home
Business Office, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

Please feed ..... men and buy beds for .....
I am asking my friends to help in this work for men who come to you from all over the country.

Name .....

Address .....

NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

ABROAD

THE WAR: As we went to press last month the Nazis were chuckling in high glee; they had "driven the British from the seas." As we print this month, there is a lot of consternation and little glee in Naziland, for the *Graf Spee* lies on the bottom off Montevideo, the *Columbus* is locked in Davy Jones's locker off Virginia, the British submarine that might have sunk the *Bremen* but didn't has torpedoed the German cruiser *Leipzig* and probably two others, another Britisher U-boat sneaked up the mouth of the Elbe and sank a 6,000-ton German and the German people are wondering where the British were driven to when they were driven from the high seas.

Lessons a-plenty there are from the fiasco of the *Admiral Graf Spee*. One is that the long-touted pocket battleships of the German navy are not all they were built to be. They just haven't lived up to expectations. The *Spee* accounted for only 50,000 tons of enemy merchantmen; and she cost eighteen millions to build and nobody knows how much more to put to sea as a raider; that's expensive raiding. Her naval hara-kiri proved to a wondering world that these German "terrors" can be outfought and outrun, and they were supposed to be the fastest men-o'-war in the water, and the most destructive. All that is a myth now; the pocket battleship is obsolete and the old heavy-gun, heavier battleship is still king of the brine.

WHY THEY WERE SUNK: The fact that Hitler ordered her sunk—that he is ordering all German ships in danger of capture to be sunk—is indicative of a defeatist twist in his mind. He might have saved the German people eighteen millions by allowing the *Graf* to be interned at Montevideo; rather than do that he ordered the gallant Captain Langsdorff to scuttle her. Langsdorff did as he was told—and then killed himself (in protest, say some U.S. navy men, against Hitler's policy). It was not necessary, not called for by any naval law or rule of the sea. The *Graf* was sunk because the Nazi mind cannot tolerate the idea of defeat; one of the three capital ships left in the German navy, built certainly at great sacrifice on the part of the German people, was scuttled at the order of a man who, like Samson, will pull down the temple with him when he dies. "If I can't win, I'll destroy myself." And it begins to look as if Der Fuehrer, losing, will try to destroy Germany as he destroys himself.

USELESS MOVES: The *Columbus* affair was another unnecessary tragedy. Experts say she was making one last wild desperate attempt to get fuel to another German raider when she left Mexico; she never had a chance. Things must be pretty desperate for Germany on the seas, when such hopeless chances are taken.

The *Spee* and the *Columbus*, blowing up in neutral waters, blew up with themselves the fiction of the 300-mile neutral zone around the Western Hemisphere. The battle was fought in the prohibited area: the only way to have kept that battle from being fought there would have been for U. S. or South American battleships to drive the belligerents off. And unless the American neutrals want to go to war, by driving off future belligerents, they may as well forget their artificial zone. It is one of the most useless neutral moves of the war.

And before we leave the *Spee*, it might do to comment on the comments that passed between the Germans and the British, when the fight was done. Said one British gunner: "Thank God she didn't try to come out. We'd have hated to shoot such gallant men as these Germans." Said Captain Langsdorff of the British, "They fought with unprecedented courage." Enemies they may be, when war is on, but—gallantry and heroism know no racial bounds.

COLLAPSE OF SUBMARINE WAR: Add to Germany's confusion, this: her submarine war has all but collapsed. Sinkings are not so common; they are fewer and fewer as time and the war wear on. Neither is the new, dreadful magnetic mine doing the job that was expected of it. Minesweepers are taking care of that, as the old convoy system is baffling the submarine. Of the nineteen Allied and neutral ships sunk in the last ten days, only nine were British—and heaven and the Admiralty alone know how many ships got through. While ships are getting through to England and France, Germany pulls in her belt and eats less and less food; the British blockade is working in high gear.

WESTERN FRONT: All's quiet on the Western Front. They are still digging in, still waiting. All we have to report are a few fist-fights—between French and British soldiers! Trouble seems to be that the British soldier is paid fifty-eight cents a day against the poilu's two and one half cents, and therefore has more to spend when he gets leave. Have we said before that ennui, and not the Boche, is the real foe of the Allies along the Maginot?

FINLAND: Sometimes, in this department, we make mistakes, and have to eat our words. That's usually sad (for us), but this month we gladly eat a prediction if not our words. When we said last month, in effect, that the Finns, gallant as they were, would probably be crushed quickly when the Red steam roller got going, we were wrong: the Red steam roller has been picked up bodily and heaved back toward Moscow.

Never in the history of Europe has there been such a gallant stand. Striking swiftly, shooting with deadly accuracy, flashing in with daggers and out before the enemy can "get set," the Finn has forced even many-faced Josef Stalin to admit "serious difficulties in Finland." No important Finnish city has been taken by the Russians; no strategic road or railway has been cut. It looks like catastrophe for the Red machine. And it looks as if a very, very large pin has been thrust into the once-horrible-to-contemplate bottom of "Red power." The Russians are still the poorest soldiers in Europe.

REASONS WHY: Military men give many reasons for the unexpected result. One is that Stalin has executed all his good officers—some say he has executed up to eighty per cent of them, and left his poorly-clad, starving soldiery in the hands of second-rate leaders. Others point to Italian, British, French, even Swedish aid pouring into Finland. Others say it's the topography of Finland, admirable for a defender, awful for an invader. But the real reason may be that the Finn is fighting for his God, his church, his home, his very existence, while the poor Russian isn't even told what he's fighting for; he is just told to fight. That was the case in 1776, when hired Hessians fought raw militiamen who were also fighting for their very existence—and the outcome of that war we all know.

That's about enough on the war for this month, except this: with the sea in the hands of the Allies and the military minuet still being danced along the Moselle, the land-and-sea war seems bogged down, and only one really major and decisive battle lies ahead: the battle in the air. Look for it.

Russia saves the worker

ITALY: Over a year ago Frank S. Mead, in an article entitled "Ave Caesar," predicted that if and when war came, Italy would play a cagey game, stay out of it until the balance was certain, then join forces—with England. Mr. Mead evidently hit the nail-head with that one, if current developments in Rome mean anything. Mussolini has gone stone-cold toward the Axis; he is still ardently anti-Russian, and sending planes and men to fly them into Finland; even his protests against British seizures on the high seas lack the usual Mussolini punch. It is a slow drift toward the Allied cause, but a sure one.

But last week Count Ciano, Italy's Foreign Minister, spoke ominously—and with a look far ahead. He said that Italy "continues to follow the conflict, *ready to contribute to world peace. . . ,*" warned whoever won that Italy would not like it if Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland regained their independence. To his words the editor of Rome's leading newspaper added that it would be fine if British-owned Gibraltar and British-protected Suez were to change hands. Then after waiting fifteen days to talk with Italy's king, Soviet Ambassador Nikolai Gorelchin went suddenly home, saying it would be a long, long time before he would see Rome's seven hills again.

So Italy is already thinking of The Peace. Perhaps we all should be thinking of that. Perhaps, as Dr. Rufus Jones has just suggested, America should stay clear of the War and get into the peace, to see that it *really* is a peace and not a stimulus to another European imbroglio. At any rate, Mussolini and Ciano, whatever else we think of them, remain the cleverest statesmen in Europe.

GENEVA: There has been a resurrection in Geneva. The League isn't dead, but alive again. Alive enough to expel Russia from her cold marble halls and to call for real action against her, as an aggressor nation. The League's Secretariat is studying Finland's needs. Aware that the Finns need planes and artillery to win, France will send the guns, Britain the aircraft.

There are two reasons for the League's action. One is that it came mainly from the Latin-American Roman Catholic states, in protest against the antireligious program of the Soviet. The other is that it was aided materially by the further protest of the capitalist countries against the menace of Communism. Further, the League, with Germany, Japan and Italy outside looking in, is now frankly a unilateral League with France and England in control. Its numbers previously have been too great for agreement; its smaller numbers now make quick action possible.

It may not be a League of Nations, literally, but it certainly is a strong weapon.

AT HOME

PREACHER WOODRING: Secretary of War Harry Hines Woodring has just been on the air. He preached. He said: "Nations, like men, are their own worst enemies. The menacing might of human selfishness in every country is mankind's chief danger. It is because the war to end selfishness has never been fought that the war to end wars has never been won." And a lot more. This was the best of it. Then Mr. Woodring turned from the mike to tend to a job that would be quite unnecessary were the principles he enunciated to be really put to work: he turned back to his job of building the U. S. Army.

In a report to the President, Mr. Woodring says that what this country needs right now is an Initial Protective Force manned, trained and ready to fight at the drop of any enemy's gauntlet. It isn't like that now, with our Army, says Mr. Woodring. This Initial Protective Force (regular army plus National Guard) should be a standing force of from 450,000 to 600,000, 100 per cent efficient and on its toes. He would add to that the 500 U. S. Army tanks now training. That tank corps, by the way, is just ten stronger than the number of Russian tanks the Finns have destroyed in three weeks' fighting. They cost (taxpayers) money. Mr. Woodring also asked drastic enlargement of the air corps.

Some days later Congressman Maas (Minn.) proposed that the U. S. build 80,000-ton battleships. (They couldn't get through the Panama Canal.) And some days after that, the Chief of Staff of the Army said that U. S. forces were only twenty-five per cent ready for action; he also said that the emphasizing of victories in our school history-books and the glossing-over of our defeats were building up a false confidence in Americans. We agree on the schoolbooks. We wonder where the money is coming from if the protagonists of "the-biggest-army-and-navy-ever" get their way.

WASHINGTON: Still insisting (off the record) that he will *not* run for a third term, the President is busy on the budget. He is thrusting a long knife into departmental expenditures; the last report we have says he has cut a cool thirty million from NYA, slashed PWA from $20,000,000 to $3,000,000 and followed it up by trimming his pet CCC from $286,000,000 to a mere $230,000,000. While his Republican foes are shouting "Small change!" Mr. President admits a bit woefully that there may be a deficit of at least three billion next year. Not so good, with a Presidential election ahead.

For that Presidential fracas at the polls, knowing ones say that Mr. Roosevelt at present favors Mr. Secretary of State Hull as his Democratic successor, thinks that Mr. La Guardia of New York might corral more votes as candidate for Vice President than Mr. Jim Farley could, and talks of Mr. Attorney General Murphy for the Supreme Court. Mr. Murphy may be there, by the time you read this.

SECURITY: Will you get your first Social Security check this February 1st? That's when it is due. If you didn't get it, ask for it.

By the end of this year, 912,000 persons sixty-five or over will be getting checks worth anywhere from ten dollars to eighty-two forty. This also includes 78,000 young widows with dependent chil-

RELIEF FOR FINLAND

All the world knows the able and efficient way in which Herbert Hoover handled relief funds for the stricken Belgians in the last World War. So practically unanimous approval greeted Mr. Hoover's selection to head the American Committee for similar relief for Finland during the present emergency. Mr. Hoover has appealed for funds, and they are coming in, but much more will be needed.

No doubt many of our readers would like to contribute to this worthy cause. If so, *Christian Herald* will be glad to handle your contributions. Make checks and money orders payable to Finnish Relief Fund, and mail to *Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City. We will see that they reach the proper authorities.

dren, 194,000 dependent children, and 10,000 dependent parents. Youth will be served, too.

To defray this bill, $1,825,000,000 has been taken in from the one per cent pay roll tax paid by the nation's employers and employees; $400,000,000 more must be added in 1940. A scant $114,000,000 will be paid out in the next twelve months, but by 1954 there will be a turnover of $1,850,000,000.

The present plan is a patchwork, and it will have more and more patches sewed on as time flies. Millions of farm workers, servants, and others are not included as the law stands, but—they will be; they vote. It is estimated that by 1975 there will be some 21,000,000 people in the U. S. sixty-five years old or older; to pay each of them an average of $100 a month would cost U. S. $25,000,000,000 a year.

Personally, I don't even dare think about it.

,,

INVASION: Your home will be invaded by a huge trained army in April. That army is 150,000 strong. It will take the 1940 U. S. Census. Over 132,000,000 residents of the land will be asked certain—probably embarrassing—questions: How old are you? Have you got a radio? Got a mortgage on the old homestead? How much? How many children? And so on, ad infinitum.

It will be a big job, but the government is ready for it. Some of it is done already: census enumerators started counting heads in the igloos of Alaska last October. In April they will go after the rest of us. They will survey manufactures, business, farming, mining, prospectors, trappers, lumbermen, cliff dwellers in our apartment-house urban areas, even flophouse vagrants and jungle tramps. (See St. John of the Bowery for definition of the last two terms.) They will travel afoot, in automobiles, in buckboards, a-horse, in planes and on dog sleds. Before we forget it, the police will help them count noses in the jails.

Be kind to them, when they come. They mean well, even if they seem over-curious. Once upon a time this editor had a job like this; the President asked him to go into a home inhabited by seven old maids and ask the age and income of all seven. Your editor was faithful to his task; he sent the President a report written on asbestos. Never again! (Please, be kind to them.)

PORTLAND POWER: Portland (Ore.) is a lovely town—so lovely that its citizens are forever saying that it is "always afternoon" within the city limits. That afternoon peace will soon be shattered. They're going to have a new big industry eight miles from Portland, on the Columbia.

The Aluminum Company of America, it is reported, has contracted to put in a $3,000,000 plant on the river, drawing power through aluminum cables running from the big Bonneville Dam. That means a lot, for that Dam had so much power to sell that it once seemed nobody could ever buy it. Home consumption in the state was jacked up to nearly twice the national average, and still there was power to burn and nobody to burn it.

Bonneville is a great and noble experiment in power. The new plant near Portland is an experiment, too—to find out whether cheap power will pay for the long hauls of raw materials and manufactured goods shipped from Portland East. If Aluminum works it out, you can expect a lot of industrial building out Portland way. The tide of economic empire may be moving West.

PRESIDENT (MRS.) ROOSEVELT: Due to retire as President of swanky Bryn Mawr College next year is Dr. Marion Edwards Park. To take her place, nominations are now in order. And insistent rumor has it that out in front among the nominees is Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Prominent alumnae and enthusiastic undergrads are plugging the first lady of the land; for herself, she says neither yes nor no. And while a spokesman for the college says that "Nothing can be said until the Board of Trustees has acted. . ." we think the ultimate decision on the matter will not come until another President has decided whether or no he will try again—and whether or no he can be elected.

The little Lutheran congregation at Pleasant Valley, Minnesota, has made a church out of a railroad car. Unable to put up a building, they bought this abandoned coach for a hundred dollars, and spent another hundred for moving and setting up the "church." Members and friends donated all the labor, and installed lamps, stove, etc. Now they enjoy regular services in their own very comfortable and attractive little "railroad car" house of worship

Seriously, we can think of no better choice for Bryn Mawr. Fitted by travel, educational experience and disposition for the post, we humbly suggest that Mrs. Roosevelt would be as attractive, popular and efficient on the campus as she is on Pennsylvania Avenue.

JACKSON REDIVIVUS: Politics, verily, has come upon strange days. In the last election we heard the virtues of Jefferson extolled by numerous Republicans. And today (this is written on January 8, Jackson Day) we are admonished by numerous members of the same G. O. P. to get back to the doctrines of Andrew Jackson. Even former Congressman O'Connor, the one purgee of 1938, calls upon all real progressives to rally to his "Andrew Jackson party." Wonder what Old Hickory, looking down, thinks of it all?

CHURCH NEWS

LUTHERANS: Hardest hit in Protestantism by the war are the Lutherans. That is because Lutherans are more international than most of our other denominations; certainly it is one of the strongest Protestant bodies in Europe, as well as in America. So concerned are U.S. Lutherans for European Lutherans that they plan to issue a special appeal for funds during May of 1940.

These funds will be distributed in relief for soldiers, sailors, prisoners of war, destitute families in Europe, Canada and the U.S. Hardest hit among them, and therefore worthy of special aid, is little Finland, which is 98.5 per cent Lutheran. Just after the World War the American church loaned considerable funds to Finland for relief and church work; those loans have been repaid. Finland honors her debts, in all directions; she deserves honor and help, in return.

Concerned with their war-ridden peoples, the Board of Social Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America has declared it "the bounden duty of the Christian Church to stand resolutely in teaching, in speech and in political action against recourse to war." The Board also protests against "such motion pictures, radio broadcasts and news releases as are designed to stir up racial hatreds." Coming from a church made up of many racial groups, that is a splendid statement. More power to the Lutherans.

LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE: The 1940 World's Fair will open on a Saturday and not on a Sunday. We can thank the Lord's Day Alliance for that.

The Alliance protested vigorously against the opening on Sunday in 1939, but the Fair opened on Sunday regardless of the protest and of an exchange of letters between the Alliance and the President of the U. S. and Mr. Grover Whalen. Fighting indecent shows at the Fair all through 1939, the Alliance got off to an early start in the fight for a Saturday opening in 1940, and it has won a signal victory this month in forcing the Saturday date. Probably no organization in America is doing more to guard the Christian Sabbath than this Alliance, an inter-denominational, fighting, fearless group under the leadership of a Methodist president and a Presbyterian secretary.

METHODISTS: One of the few sore spots in united Methodism is the question of the colored churches. Bitter opposition arose to the merger from the colored groups, on the grounds that it permitted discrimination and segregation. There were prophecies by the dozen that the question would plague the united church for years to come.

Echoes of the protest were heard by some in the recent demand of Dr. W. A. C. Hughes, director of the Bureau of Negro Work of the Methodist Board of Home Missions and Church Extension. Dr Hughes asked for broader understanding and cooperation in solving the problem, and suggested an enlargement of the Methodist home mission program among Negroes. Acting ten days later, the Council of Bishops of the Methodist

Church, meeting in Chicago, requested its General Conference Commission on Interdenominational Relations to confer with the representatives of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in regard to eventual union with the Methodist body.

That's constructive. It is a dangerous, touchy thing to handle, but a church able to bring its three largest groups into working union should be able to work it out. They once had a leader whose slogan was, "The *world* is my parish." That included the Negro.

The Methodists may set up a Bureau of Public Relations, which will act as a clearing house for Methodist information to the secular press and radio. This is badly needed—not alone by the Methodists. It has been this editor's conviction for a long time that there must be hidden in every Protestant church, somewhere, a Bureau of Public Misinformation. Or are we misinformed because the press sends its cub reporters out to cover the church front?

OUT, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS: Mrs. Jeanne Marian Doane of Oceanside, N. Y., has started a campaign for the suppression of "Onward Christian Soldiers" in schools and young people's meetings. She holds that it is a reminder of war. She has asked Mrs. Roosevelt to help her.

While we are not editorially taking sides here (we can just see the mountain of mail that would pour down on our desk if we did!) we agree with Mrs. Doane that the hymnals might do well with a little elimination. At a time when the whole world is desperately seeking peace, it seems a poor time to sing ". . . Marching as to war." Or to sing the even more disturbing "The Son of God goes forth to war. . . . His blood-red banner streams afar." Stirring as these old hymns may be, they rouse passions that are not exactly Christ-like. And we have always somehow disliked that "Soldiers of Christ, Arise!" It sounds too much like "Workers of the World, Unite." The last line of that last hymn is food for thought: "Till Christ the Lord descend from high, And take the conquerors home."

We are not going to get very far in our Christian war on war by sitting around waiting for the conquerors to be "taken home." What we need is the inoculation of youth with a gospel of peace that will make it impossible for such conquerors to get started. We will never do that so long as we sing hymns filled with the lingo of the militarist.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS: Hither and yon, in a dozen states, an active fight is being waged to make the teaching of religion an integral part of the program of the public school. Pittsburgh has recently adopted a plan whereby religious education will be instituted in the city's high schools with full credit toward graduation.

The *Christian Century*, writing with ink mixed with the usual *Century* blasting powder, is alarmed over the Pittsburgh plan, calling it dangerous. The main objection seems to be that it will offer what some of us knew in college as "snap courses," or easy credits toward a diploma. *Century* says that will "cheapen rather than enlarge the place of religion in the thinking of Pittsburgh's young people."

But do they need to be made "snap courses"? It seems to us that the secular school might aid the Sunday School. And some of the Sunday School teaching we've had in the past hasn't exactly been A-1.

There are many Sunday School experts who have long held the position that an hour on Sunday morning isn't enough; they have been pleading for secular-school cooperation for years, and the Pittsburgh plan integrates the two institutions admirably. Inasmuch as only two credits out of a possible twenty-eight toward high school graduation are offered under the plan, it doesn't look much like an easy way to commencement.

Mr. Jennings Hopkins, RFD1, Paragould, Arkansas, trained his Climbing, Tripl-L-Crop tomato plants in the shape of the New York World's Fair Trylon and Perisphere. The Trylon (shown above,) "was sixteen feet tall at the time this picture was taken;" and Mr. Hopkins gathered at that time two half-bushel hampers of fine large tomatoes from the "Trylon." It grew and yielded more later, giving him plenty of tomatoes at a time when drought dried up all his other plants

Faults the Pittsburgh plan may have, but a step ahead it certainly is.

MARX AND MARK AT YALE: When Earl Browder went up to Yale, some time back, to make a speech and get a student ribbing, it made the headlines, with pictures inside. That was news, the sort of news that gives comfort to those concerned over the "communization of the campus."

Personally, we think it offered not much more than an outlet for exuberant student hilarity. But be that as it may, there is another item in the news from Yale that is more seriously encouraging. Speaking at a banquet, Dean Norman S. Buck, of Yale, said that there was an indefinable change coming over the Eli undergrads in matters of religion. "Last year," said the Dean, "there was an average attendance of only six to a dozen students at daily chapel at Yale. But this year the attendance ranges from fifty to one hundred and fifty. The same is true of Sunday chapel, which likewise is not compulsory. Attendance at Sunday chapel this year (1939) has been twice what it was last year."

Mark still has a good chance against Marx on the campus, according to Dean Buck.

THE CHURCH SPEAKS: When Mr. Lloyd George said, some years back, that "The churches will either stop the next war or go out of business," he may have been stretching things a bit, but he certainly gave the churches reason for action. Action that is decidedly antiwar has been coming from the churches ever since Germany marched into Poland, and even before. As we close out this column this month, news comes of the church stepping in, in several directions, to halt the present bloodshed.

The President has appealed to Dr. Buttrick of the Federal Council, and Rabbi Cyrus Adler, a leader of the Jewish faith, to muster their churches and synagogues in the interests of peace, and he has received a most favorable reply from both. Later Mr. Roosevelt announced that he would send Mr. Myron C. Taylor, former U. S. Steel executive, as delegate to Rome to talk over peace probabilities with the Pope.

Then, from Shanghai, came the voice of fantastic Abbot Chao-Kung, known more familiarly to most of us as Ignatius Timothy Trebitsch-Lincoln, who now, as a Buddhist leader, calls upon the embattled nations of the world to make speedy peace, and promises that the "Buddhist supreme masters, without prejudice, predilection or favor, will unchain forces and powers whose very existence is unknown to you and against whose operations you are consequently defenseless."

We trust we may not be considered either editorially or religiously flippant when we suggest that nothing will come of the appeal of the Abbot, and that nothing will come, in a really constructive way, of the conversations of Mr. Taylor with the Pope. We do not doubt for one minute the efficacy of religion, or the power of prayer, but we do believe that religious faith and prayer alone will not stop this war, any more than the threat of retaliation from the "supreme Buddhist masters" will stop it.

For war, it seems to us, is not God's business; it is the business of hell. Wars are not to be stopped by wishful thinking, but by concerted Christian antiwar effort. Wars are not caused or waged by God's

hand, but by the bloody hands of men who have turned their backs on God; and wars will not cease by miracle from heaven, but when men come into a conviction that God's will and not their own must be followed.

TEMPERANCE

ADS: Christmas is behind us, but we can't resist reporting a Christmas item, even in February. It comes from Boston, where the Liquor Commission cracked down on certain forms of liquor advertising with these words:

"This type of advertising (using pictures of St. Nicholas and Biblical characters) is disapproved generally by those engaged in the industry, for the reason that the patron saint has, since time immemorial, been associated with children and it is for the best interests of the industry that its advertisements should in no way associate the children's saint with alcoholic beverages."

Thus was outlawed the use of pictures of childhood's patron saint and Bible pictures in liquor ads for the season, in the state of the Pilgrim Fathers. We're glad to hear it, of course; but certain questions creep into our minds as we read of it.

FIGURES: The research department of the W. C. T. U. has published figures showing that the cost of liquor to the U. S. since repeal is $25,364,509,062. This exceeds relief costs by *ten billion dollars* and comes within fifteen billion of the total national debt. Deduct revenue and labor costs and you find that the net cost to the nation of the liquor traffic has been $20,864,509,062.

That's a pretty stiff bill, in any man's money.

OVERSEAS: There is nothing peculiarly American in the struggle against alcohol. It is international. To wit: Belgium announces new laws aimed at the abolition of private (drinking) clubs; State Secretary, Dr. Conti, of the Central German organization for the fight on alcohol, tells beer-loving Germany frankly that "The example of abstinence from all intoxicating poisons is today more necessary than ever;" a former president of the Finnish Parliament writes a pamphlet under the title, "An abstaining youth is the protection of the frontier;" the Council of Social Hygiene in France is considering the refusal to open any new liquor shops, and in many towns in Great Britain it is against orders for any member of the Air Raid Protection forces to enter a public house while on duty. Aye, the menace is international—especially in times like these, when clear heads are a prime necessity.

PEOPLE

Eighty years old is John Dewey; honored on his birthday by leading educators and philosophers of the country, he objected good-naturedly to "being canonized." The remark is typical of a typical American.

John Dewey may be little known to the rank and file, but he has made his great influence felt on every child in America's schools. Vermont-born, he played in his father's general store and went to the University of Vermont; and from there progressively to Johns Hopkins, Michigan, Chicago, Columbia. Teaching was his profession, philosophy his forte, progress his ideal. Today he is recognized as the father of progressive education.

This much Dewey has done for us: he has made American educators think in terms of the child's capacities and future and not in terms of tradition. He has substituted learning by doing for learning by rote; he is less interested in the subject-matter of schoolteaching than in the needs and nature of the child. He believes that thought should be a guide to action and that the worth of a thing should be judged by that thing's workability and its results. He deals with the practical side.

A lot of us can thank him, deeply, for that. In our day, in the old school, we were taught what the teachers thought we should be taught; it was too mechanical, too stale. Not once in a thousand did a teacher try to find out what a child was fitted for, and concentrate on that. It was wrong. And Dewey is right.

Stooped, white-haired, living in a close-quartered New York apartment, John Dewey today has one great regret: he can't get out often enough to do the chores on his small Long Island farm.

"Silk Stockings in the Morning!"

SILK stockings a luxury? Not today, but they were 25 years ago. So was an automobile, and a telephone. An incandescent lamp, not half so good as the one you now get for 15 cents, then cost more than twice as much. And you couldn't buy a radio or an electric refrigerator for love or money.

These are only a few of the things we accept today as commonplace. We expect wide, smooth, well-lighted streets. We want automatic heat in our homes; we clean our rugs with vacuum cleaners. When we go to the dentist we expect him to use an electric drill; we accept without comment an X-ray examination as part of a medical check-up. Luxuries? Not at all; they're part of the American standard of living.

How did they become common in so short a time? Not by some sudden change in our wealth and habits. It was through years of steady work by American industry—scientists, engineers, and skilled workmen developing new products, improving them, learning to make them less expensive so that more millions of people could enjoy them. And so, imperceptibly, luxuries have changed to necessities.

More than any other thing, the increasing use of electricity in industry has helped in this progress. For more than 60 years, General Electric men and women have pioneered in making electricity more useful to the American people—have led in creating More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A SYMPHONIC POEM BY C. JAC. YOUNG

Responsibility

I have a clean soft bed on which to sleep.
I have a table set with gracious things.
How can I pray the Lord "my soul to keep,"
How can my heart lift up on joyous wings,
While there are those about me in the night
Who toss on filthy rags and cannot rest,
Who have no food, no raiment, and no light?
How can I sleep unless I do my best
To ease and comfort them, and how can I
Be deemed a follower of the Christ until
I heed humanity's heartbroken cry,
And move to feed the hungry, heal the ill?

God help me keep remembering—help me see
How grave is my responsibility.

By Grace Noll Crowell

February 1940

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1878

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

AN UNUSUAL PICTURE OF A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN OLD-TIME RUSSIA, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

The Enemy STALIN CAN NOT DEFEAT

By ALEXANDER STACEY

WHEN the father of the Russian Revolution, Lenin, died in 1924, nobody in Russia thought that Stalin would fit his shoes; nor did any one anticipate that Lenin's successor would become the most powerful man Russia had ever known. For the average Russian the emblem of absolute power was the Tsar, but with the exception of Ivan the Terrible in the Sixteenth Century and Peter the Great two hundred years afterwards, no Russian monarch had ever exercised his absolute power to such an extent as Stalin does today. During the last twelve years an obscure Georgian, Joseph Djugashvili, known in his Party under the name of Stalin, graduated from no school, speaking no foreign language, and versed only in the doctrine of Marxism, but a man of iron will power, gradually rose to a dictatorship unprecedented in human history. A born politician, he skillfully and mercilessly crushed all opposition and forced his name to be linked with that of Lenin, who, however, had no respect for him and who on his deathbed warned the Party against the ruthless and ambitious Georgian. Lenin alone could have checked Stalin, but after his death no man in Russia was matched to strike against the rising dictator; today, an uncrowned Tsar of all Russia, he controls the destinies and the lives of one hundred and seventy million people through the efficient machinery of his secret police, before which the Tsar's gendarmes and secret agents appear as innocent amateurs.

How Stalin deals with his own real and imaginary enemies, as well as those of the Soviet state, has been demonstrated more than once during recent years. Mass executions, concentration camps with hundreds of thousands of prisoners, jails filled to capacity all over Russia, and vigorous propaganda all are measures intended to exterminate or completely subordinate those who dare to think against the "general line" of the Communist Party, that is to say, of Stalin. Yet there is one enemy whom Stalin, like Lenin before him, is not able to defeat. This enemy is religion.

Twenty-two years ago on January 23, 1918, the Soviet Government issued its first decree on religion. Following the precepts of Karl Marx, Lenin summarized the attitude of the new government toward religion in one sentence: "We must struggle against religion." Thus he opened the Soviet antireligious campaign with the closing of the churches, and the execution or imprisonment of clergymen. In June, 1939, however, the Soviet court tried three citizens for entering a church and disturbing the Easter service, and sentenced one defendant to one year and a half, another to one year, and the third to six months of imprisonment. It is quite natural that the average American reader should begin to think that the Soviet Government has changed its attitude towards religion, since Stalin's "most democratic Constitution" solemnly proclaims "freedom of religious conscience."

Persecution

When the Soviet antireligious campaign raged in Russia, foreign interpreters of Russian affairs tried to decide whether it was a religious persecution or not. Some, like John Dewey, believed the rulers of the U.S.S.R. when they asserted that

"there has been no persecution for strictly religious causes, but only for political." Others, such as William H. Chamberlin, insisted on "definite religious persecution." Well, in our day the words seem to change their meaning, depending upon who uses them. If Hitler designates his invasion of Poland as "self-defense," and Japan does the same concerning China, the Communist leaders may with the same right call their antireligious campaign not a persecution, but a defense of the Revolution—as in fact they do. Unfortunately, statistics of antireligious activities in Russia are scarce; some figures, however, are available from the Soviet publications: In 1927, 134 churches were closed; in 1928, 592, in 1929—1440, and during January, 1930 alone, over two thousand churches; there were 675 churches in Moscow before the Revolution, but at the end of 1929, only 287 remained; and this number was reduced to 240 in 1930. Though the Communists, especially their official representatives abroad, have always insisted that religion in the U.S.S.R. is the private business of the individual and that the government has nothing to do with it, such is not the case. Even in the early years of the Revolution voices from Russia revealed the truth. When Chicherin, foreign Commissar of the Soviet Government, made his statement at Genoa that complete religious freedom reigned in Russia, the Council of the Russian Church issued a declaration recording the Bolshevist execution of twenty-eight bishops and twelve hundred and fifteen priests. When Litvinov, Chicherin's successor, made the same statement to President Roosevelt at Washington, no protesting voices were heard, not because Litvinov was right, but because at that time the whole world knew the truth about religion in Russia. To be sure there were still persons in each country who preferred to believe the Communists' statements, that if a clergyman was executed, his death was made necessary by a counterrevolutionary act. They did not want to know that the interpretation of the word "Counterrevolution" by the Soviet courts and the Secret Police was very elastic.

As an example I should like to call the attention of the reader to a discussion published several years ago in the magazine, "Bezbozhnik," (The Godless). The subject of the discussion was a sermon, "Love one another." Is it a counterrevolutionary sermon or not? For us the answer is quite clear, though not so for a Communist author. Love one another means love everyone; therefore one must love a capitalist. The Communist Party, however, calls upon the worker to hate a capitalist; and if a priest preaches love for a capitalist, he is a counterrevolutionary. To a Communist such reasoning seems to be entirely logical.

I Meet a Communist

Several years ago on a New York street I met a man whom I had known in Moscow before his entering the Party. He had just arrived in America on his government's business. I knew what he would tell me about Russia, but it was tempting to talk with him. To be sure, it was not safe for his Communist reputation to be seen in a company of an American minister, but sometimes the ties of the past may justify such risk. We dropped into an inconspicuous restaurant in Harlem and stayed there over two hours. Among many questions, mostly personal, I touched religious persecution.

"Nonsense," he said. "There is no religious persecution in the U.S.S.R. Our first decree on religion is of the same kind as you have here in America—the separation of the Church from the State and schools from the Church."

"But the American Government does not close churches, as you do."

"You do not understand," he said. "The Soviet Government does not close churches by its own initiative. It only enforces the law. In many cases the communities themselves petition for closing churches."

(I remembered the decree of 1929. In six thousand words the decree explains all the methods by which a church may be legally closed and used for a theater, or a library, or a club. The same decree introduces strict rules and regulations concerning taxation and insurance which often make it impossible to maintain a church building. The original law has already deprived clergymen of all civil rights, and the new text includes all laymen, such as sextons, choir singers, and deacons, who identify themselves with the exercise of religion.)

I asked him, "Don't you know that your Association of the Godless often engineers

Photos from Keystone View Co.

"No antireligious feeling in Russia"—but on this page, top, a group of Reds are despoiling priests' miters of their gold and jewels, in order to help finance the government. The peasants however, such as those shown, cling stubbornly to their religion. So do the Ukrainian peasant women, in the rich wheat country, like the one on the facing page. The young girl in the snappy uniform was a peasant also, but after taking a course in railroading at Tomsk, she was appointed station master in a Siberian town. At right is the famous Vosskressenski Monastery, one of the finest old churches in Russia, which Stalin has ordered preserved as an example

the resolutions demanding the closing of churches against the will of believers, and sometimes local officials close churches without even referring to any resolution?"

"The Association of the Godless is a private organization, and we are not responsible for it." I argued that no private organization can exist in Russia unless it serves the purpose of the government.

"That was in the past," he said. "In May, 1930, the Central Executive Committee strictly forbade the closing of churches by administrative measures." And he added, "If you read the works of Lenin and Stalin, you may see that they condemned religious persecution long ago."

"Yes, I have read them. I have also read Lenin's warnings against organizing collective farms by force, but that did not prevent Stalin's violent drive for collectivization in 1929."

"Believe me, it is not the government that is responsible for some abuse of power. We have many hotheaded enthusiasts who sometimes do even more than the Party demands."

Soviet Attitude Towards Religion Not Changed

But I did not believe him, and when he remarked, "At any rate what is the difference? Sooner or later we will destroy the power of religion," I knew that the Soviet Government has not changed its attitude towards religion. Lenin's words, "We must struggle against religion," have been voiced by all Communist leaders in various ways and on various occasions; but E. Yaroslavsky, the ardent and authorized leader of the Godless, in his remarks concerning the first decree on religion, most clearly spoke for the Communist Party: "But our Party is not content with passing this law, for *this law alone does not destroy the power of religion and of the Church;* it only weakens it."

The real purpose of the Communists is to destroy the power of religion and of the Church, a purpose which has never been abandoned by the Soviet Government, because it believes that religion is "the opiate of the people." But as in other matters, in the beginning the Communists were too optimistic. They believed that religion, as well as the sanctity of the family and marriage—all bourgeois prejudices—could easily be wiped out. Life, however, taught them many lessons. As far as the family and marriage are concerned, the Soviet Government began to realize that they are something more than simply bourgeois prejudices, and it has retreated. Moreover, the government cannot change its views about religion without ceasing to be a Communist government. That is clear for every one who knows the meaning of the word "Communist," but many do not know it. More than once I have been asked by persons who were perfectly aware of my ministry, "Are you a Communist?" They do not realize that Communism and the ministry in the Church are two unreconcilable conceptions. The Communist is a person who not only lives without religion, but one who must struggle against religion, employing all means to destroy its power. You see it is as impossible for a minister to be a Communist, as it is for a Communist to be affiliated with any church. In the eyes of a Communist, religion and the Church are bitter enemies of the new regime in Russia, and they must be exterminated as soon as possible. Yet, strange as it may seem, the Soviet court protects the Church from violent atheists, as we have seen in the beginning of this article; moreover, today we find out from Soviet publications that officials and anti-religious workers are constantly urged not to use administrative measures and force against believers. Is it not an indirect confirmation that administrative measures and force were used against them? We know that they were used; but why, without changing its general attitude towards religion, has the Soviet Government become more tolerant of believers now that it is more powerful than ever before?

Millions of men and women, both bourgeois and proletarians, have been executed as enemies of the new regime. If those who had made the Revolution of 1917, the leaders of the Communist Party and friends of Lenin, were not spared, why does Stalin hesitate to close all the churches and get rid of all clergymen? His government, which during the strife for collectivization exiled whole villages to the far north and starved to death millions of peasants, leaving them without food supplies and rejecting any help from abroad during the famine of 1932-33, certainly is not a sentimental one. The answer is that Stalin and his colleagues gradually began to come to their senses and realize what they had refused to admit before, namely, that persecution defeats its own ends and that force used against believers only increases their numbers.

Religion Is Not Dying Out

To the best knowledge and belief of the Communist leaders, as has been frequently pointed out in Soviet newspapers and at various meetings, religion is rooted in the poverty and in the ignorance of the oppressed classes; with prosperity and the rise of the cul- *(Continued on page 51)*

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KANSAS CITY TAKES A SCRUBBING

By

Joseph E. Brown

FORMER EXEC. SECRETARY, FORWARD KANSAS CITY COMMITTEE, AND PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY

WHEN Boss Tom Pendergast of Kansas City, for a generation the most powerful political dictator in the United States, on a day last May walked into Federal Court and pleaded guilty to income tax evasion and was sentenced to prison, there came crashing down about his ears a machine he had been building for the last forty years, a machine so entrenched that it seemed but a short year ago impossible to crack.

The boss had pleaded guilty. He was licked. But his faithful lieutenants, the henchmen of his vast and rich political network, let it be known they would carry on in the good old manner. That threw a challenge straight into the teeth of the better citizens of Kansas City. Was the machine crushed for good? Did Pendergast's removal mean that the mess of graft, corruption and racketeering could now be cleared away?

We decided to answer that question for ourselves. And thereby came into being a group that has set the pace, we think, for other cities, other communities—great and small—who want to do away with boss rule, who want to replace inefficiency, and machine politics with a measure of good government.

"The Forward Kansas City Committee" is the name. Our unofficial motto is "It Can Be Done!"

In the few months that have gone by since the Committee began its work, a record of civic accomplishment has begun to be written. We intend to continue that record. We know just what we want to do: blot out forever the reputation Kansas City has had of being the most boss-ridden and corrupt city in America, and make our city the cleanest, best governed municipality in the land. We have the formula to do it!

What a situation confronted us when the most powerful political boss of the present age left for federal prison! Every day, morning and night, our newspapers told the story:

"Payrolls padded by at least 2,000!"

"Machine henchmen loot city funds."

"Pendergast found to have controlled sales of meat to hospitals."

The headlines varied, but the theme was the same. The machine looted our treasury, and in connivance with organized crime, fastened its tentacles of greed upon every public activity.

Indignant groups of citizens began appointing committees of investigation, and auditors to check the public records and accounts. Just when it seemed that there would be a lot of duplication of effort, the happy thought occurred to several civic, religious and business leaders to unify all our efforts. Half-a-dozen men started the ball rolling, launching the Forward Kansas City Committee with a statement of purposes. J. W. Perry, a retired banker, a man of means and of deep concern about the future of the city, was induced to take the chairmanship, without pay of course. This writer was selected as executive secretary.

Our immediate task was to enlist the best citizens in the cleanup crusade. The response was magnificent. Preachers and other religious leaders of all denominations rushed to enlist in the Committee. A Prayer League of Protestant women was formed. Churches gave over their services to the cause. Endorsements and memberships, the latter involving no greater obligations than to support and assist the movement for a permanent clean-up, began to pour in.

Civic clubs, whose bylaws expressly forbade political discussions on their programs, listened with rapt attention to speakers from the Forward Committee and cheered them to the echo. They knew that this new organization, out to unseat and destroy a corrupt political machine, was neither political, partisan nor sectarian.

The Committee now numbers 15,000 signed members, with more than 400 on the active list of workers. The outstanding task, of course, was to investigate the operations of the city and county government, thoroughly and minutely, to uncover the inefficient and the lawless and to recommend the changes needed to restore clean government. Eighteen subcommittees were necessary for the job, and eight-

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Kansas City has many beauty spots. On facing page is the modern Union Station. On this page, above, entrance to Swope Park, Kansas City's 1400-acre playground, and, top, sunken gardens in one of the city's beautiful residential sections. At left is Mr. J. E. Brown, author of this article

To answer that, I must point out that Boss Pendergast was cunning, despotic and ruthless. He came into power in the old days of saloon influence in government. When he was a barkeeper in his brother's saloon in the old First Ward, he began his rise to power. Gradually he controlled the ward leaders, election officials and party workers in the city. By the close of the World War period he had assumed control of the city council. In 1926 our city, by overwhelming vote, adopted a new charter, providing for a city-manager type of government, presumably the most efficient and nonpolitical of all. But the boss simply took over the offices and dictated who should be employed. His machine became even more strongly entrenched. And this proves that no city government, no county, state or national government, will function efficiently and for the good of the people, just because the plan is good. The government will be no better than those in control of it!

In the last eight to ten years Pendergast's power became absolute in city and county. He was a boss with authority

een clean and capable men and women, leaders in the business and professional life of the city, were made chairmen.

Our Committee made public a declaration of principles built upon these two planks:

1. To support public officials who are faithfully, conscientiously and courageously performing their public duties, and to assist them in every way possible to meet these problems promptly and fearlessly.

2. To carry forward the activities of the Committee so far as possible with the aid of and through existing civic organizations and other public-spirited agencies, to eliminate completely the influences which have produced these chaotic conditions, to restore faith and confidence in the administration of public affairs, and to provide the basis for the further development of Kansas City's traditional position of leadership in business, civic, educational and cultural activities in this section of our country.

The Committee's first demands were for immediate audits of the finances of Kansas City and our county, and for annual audits hereafter; surveys of the operations and finances of the city and county school districts, a thoroughgoing survey of the tax situation, the bond obligations, sinking funds, public contracts, purchasing methods, and "the effectiveness of law enforcement in the city and county."

The Committee appointed its own auditors and sent them out to get the facts. A few short months ago the facts would not have been obtainable. And that leads me to answer a question I know readers are asking:

"Why did the citizens allow such conditions to exist? Why did they stand for machine rule so long as they did?"

scarcely equaled in American municipal politics.

Boss control of any segment of government means that the boss's men get the jobs, make the contracts for public services, do the buying and selling, take the profits from all transactions; in return for which they see that the boss and his machine are supported by votes and are paid their tribute of graft money and ever-increasing political power. It means also an inevitable tie-up between politics and organized crime. Support by the criminal element, and protection of that element by those in authority, are essential to corrupt machine rule.

Our citizens were lethargic and indifferent. Pendergast's henchmen easily covered their operations under a maze of false entries and loose accounting systems. Taxpayers had no way of knowing, until the lid blew off, just how thoroughly they

were being short-changed and cheated by the political gang.

Furthermore, citizens were afraid. Any Pendergast critic found snooping into facts and figures at the city hall or the courthouse would have been kicked down the steps and told to mind his own business. A haunting fear of reprisals and persecutions made good people say one to another,

"I know we ought to have a change. I know business and industry are avoiding Kansas City, and the town will be ruined. But I'm not going to make enemies of the politicians. I'm not going to stick *my* neck out!"

Now and then a brave soul, stirred to fever pitch by some flagrant violation of decency, would speak out. A preacher, bolder than some others, would express his righteous indignation in some fervent appeal. But citizens learned that their taxes would be raised, their business buildings condemned, their lives endangered, if they opposed the machine. Preachers heard prominent members of their congregations complain that "the parson ought to leave politics alone."

A Jewish rabbi, a splendid crusader, took up the gauge of battle a few years ago, but it is commonly reported that his hand was stayed by a portion of his congregation, who were fearful of arousing the political giant. The pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church and his wife decided to attempt to drive slot machines and other evidences of law violations from close proximity to their church. They formed a committee and took their plea first to the police department, then to higher city officials. They were told that the police had no "authority" in such matters, and besides, the people of Kansas City seemed satisfied with the way the city was run. If the pastor, his wife and their committee didn't like it, they could move away. For weeks anonymous threats against their lives and property came in through the mail and over the telephone. The minister and his wife left the city for some months, then returned quietly and resumed their work.

What changed the picture? What made it possible to overcome this fear and clean up the city? A few courageous officials!

And you may write down this formula: To break a political boss, to crush a corrupt machine, there must be two things: Courageous officials, willing to do their duty; and an aroused public opinion.

Which comes first? It doesn't matter. An aroused public opinion may force officials to do their duty—or get out. And honest, courageous public servants can take the lead in making effective a militant public opinion.

The Forward Kansas City Committee has unified and given proper direction to public opinion. But give credit to these officials for starting the cleanup ball rolling: Governor Lloyd C. Stark, the hard-hitting Christian layman, outstanding nurseryman before he became governor, who determined to break Pendergast's hold upon Kansas City and Missouri; Judge Allen C. Southern, who called a grand jury made up of leading citizens, and challenged them to go after vice, racketeering and all other types of crime sheltered by boss rule; and Maurice M. Milligan, U. S. District Attorney, who drew the net about Pendergast's income tax evasions which brought his plea of guilty.

Last November, Governor Stark appointed Orland K. Armstrong, former member of the legislature and a writer who had exposed the workings of boss rule in several articles, to make a thorough investigation of organized crime and its connection with political control. For three months Mr. Armstrong carried on his investigation, aided by other representatives of the governor and officers in federal service.

The facts and findings were placed before Judge Southern's grand jury. What a sordid picture! Vice, with a white-slave ring in lusty operation. Rackets of all kinds and descriptions, keeping business men in a state of anxiety and annoyance. Narcotic rings flourishing. Gambling wide open and notorious. Mr. Armstrong reported that he visited seventy-five gambling houses, all running under the very noses of public officials.

It was evident that every type of organized crime paid tribute into the coffers of the political machine. Gambling operators, for example, were frank in explaining how they "split" with representatives of the boss.

The Grand Jury issued more than a hundred seventy-five indictments, including the names of high city and county officers. Many have pleaded guilty and many have been convicted in court. The federal indictment of Pendergast, and the passage by the legislature of an act permitting Governor Stark to name and control a new board of police commissioners for our city, gave the final push to the collapsing structure of boss rule.

So to the task of clearing away the debris and building anew. That is the task—the permanent work—of our Forward Kansas City Committee. We know that without such work there would be constant danger, either of the rebirth of that machine or the creation of another political octopus to take up the nefarious work. The danger must be met by a sustained interest in and service to the cause of honest government on the part of all decent, lawabiding citizens.

No small job is the task of investigating the various departments of city and county government, advising the public of the extensive ramifications of machine control and arousing a public conscience to see that it doesn't happen again. Five major divisions of the cleanup task, to which the subcommittees are giving earnest attention, are these; enforcement of the provisions of the city charter, investigation and reform of purchasing of public supplies, investigation and reform of padded payrolls, investigation and reform of tax levying, collecting and spending systems, and public information and relations.

Take the matter of padded payrolls. Machine politicians loaded down the major departments with relatives and friends, political errand-runners and ward workers. From the Health Department, for instance, the Committee has smoked out hundreds of drones. They were called "health inspectors," "sanitary inspectors," or some such title, and according to admissions of many of them, they had nothing to do but draw their pay. But they kept busy at the year-round job of keeping the voters in line and ready to cast as many ballots as possible—each and collectively—at the next election.

In the matter of public purchases, the Committee is following the paths leading directly from the ledger books to the pockets of the boss or his close associates. Who sold the cement? Pendergast's cement company, of course. The coal? A Pendergast affiliate. Meat? The city serves meat at the municipal hospitals and farms. One firm got nearly all the business. One record sheet shows that in eight consecutive days the purchases for meat from this firm totaled more than $9,000. Machinery for public construction? A boss-controlled company rented it at an enormous profit. The gas and oil was supplied by a firm owned by relatives of the boss. The Committee has insisted on new contracts for these purchases—at saving of nearly five cents per gallon for gasoline!

Lumber, coal, hardware, milk, groceries—everything the city used, in every department, "cleared" through the hands of the machine and made its contribution to the pools of graft.

"Back to the city charter" is a motto full of challenge for our citizens. Back to honest government, to clean government, to capably managed government. The three foremost projects nailed to the masthead of the Forward Kansas City Committee are these:

"We insist upon the enforcement of all provisions of the city charter, and the enforcement of all laws affecting the city and county.

"We insist upon the immediate elimination of all unnecessary and incompetent employees from the public payrolls, and that a record of the names of all public employees, their addresses and salaries, the department where employed and the services performed, be available for public inspection.

"We urge independent audit and detailed operating statements of all public

(Continued on page 60)

Did I Pass By?

I wonder when my feet were free,
Did I pass by
Some lonely shut-in's waiting door—
Did I?

And did my careless lips forget
To smile and say
A cheery word to some sad heart—
Did they?

Since I am bound within my room,
I see
What friends and smiles and kind words mean—
To me.

—Myrtle Blassing

Doctor EDWARD TRUDEAU

By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

FOR most of us the name Saranac evokes one overwhelming image: "T.B." It is, we imagine, a place where "lungers" go—to wait, perhaps, or simply to die. Saranac is a village of 8000 souls, in upstate New York, on the high, piney lift of the Adirondacks. A traveler who came upon it unknowingly would have no doubt as to its character. The unmistakable hospital look of the buildings, the inevitable sun porches, the cluster of cottages, all bespeak the sanitarium. Once indeed this was a place where men and women and children retreated for a last despairing stand against tuberculosis. Only forty years ago, for that matter, 75 to 80 per cent of those who went to this region, looking for a cure, died of their disease within twenty years. It is not so today. Saranac has become a symbol not of delay before death, but of ultimate replenishment; not merely of a pause, but of a new beginning.

And this, for thousands of us, is a great and wonderful fact. For tuberculosis, like cancer, still remains a dark, mortal ambush. The bacillus has long been unmasked; brilliant men have written penetratingly about it; but no specific, similar to the action of sulfanilamide on streptococci, has yet been found. Every year tuberculosis kills some 65,000 people in the U. S. alone; every year it removes nearly 300,000 more from usefulness. Unless it is cancer there is no disease where diagnosis in the early stages is more difficult.

But even if laboratories have as yet elicited no sure-fire specific, medicine in its traditional, humble role of healing has found ways of arresting and curing the White Plague. The 50-year decline in the death rate of the afflicted testifies to that —from 245 to 49 per 100,000 population, a drop of 80 per cent. Consider how the old ratios at Saranac have been reversed. The 75 per cent who would have died, had they been born of an earlier generation, are living after 20 years.

Toward this addition to human dignity one man has made a vast contribution—a tall, Lincolnesque sort of a man, with a big head set upon a shrunken body. The chances are you have hardly heard of him. His name is Edward Livingstone Trudeau, and he has been dead 25 years. When his name is mentioned at all it is usually to describe a courage classic in its forthrightness. He remains a living inspiration. But he was more than that. He was a man of direct and intelligent action, and the story of his life, which few people know, is as stirring as the bravery he displayed.

Trudeau was only a "country doctor," in the noblest meaning of the term, who came to know more about the treatment of tuberculosis than any man of his time. Forty-six years ago he founded the now world-famous Trudeau Sanitarium at Saranac, the first institution of its kind in the U. S. And though he was called a quack, a fool, and worse, he lived to see his unique contribution to "T. B." therapy —the "invention of fresh air"—become everywhere adopted. It seems a simple invention now, but in the twilight world of medicine of the 1880's, Trudeau's "fresh air" thesis was as revolutionary as Edison's carbon filament lamp.

No good man ever came closer to throwing his life away. Edward Trudeau was born in New York in 1848, the son of an emigré French physician. His boyhood ambition was to be a naval officer, and he had in fact received an appointment to the Naval Academy when his brother Frank fell ill. He declined the appointment in order to be near his brother. This was Trudeau's first experience with consumption, and a poignant, embittering experience it was. The disease was not considered infectious, and Edward slept in the same room, often in the same bed, with his brother. The one strong conviction that Civil War medicine had on the malady was that any exposure to cold

would hasten death. The sick were bundled into hot rooms, and cracks stuffed with cotton.

"How strange," Trudeau reflected afterward, "that after helping stifle my own brother and infect myself through such teaching, I should have lived to save my own life and that of many others by the simple expedient of an abundance of fresh air."

But this "simple expedient," and the realization that he himself had contracted the disease, did not occur to him in 1865. After his brother's death, he moved aimlessly from mining engineering to a broker's office, quarreled with his family, and was on the verge of becoming a waster when he fell in love with Lotte Beare, who persuaded him to try medicine, the profession of his ancestors. Trudeau entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, graduating in 1871. He and Lotte were married. Two years later, just as he was establishing a practice, the blow fell. For some time he had been troubled by intermittent fevers and a baffling fatigue. A friend persuaded him to go to a famous diagnostician, and the diagnosis was consumption. The right lung was nearly gone, and Trudeau was given six months to live.

He was twenty-five then, with Lotte and two small children to care for. Told that a warm climate was his only hope, he went south. Instead of improving he got worse, and so in the spring of 1873 he decided to go to the Adirondacks. He knew of a camp there, Paul Smith's. It was a desperate trip for a sick man. The camp lay 40 miles from the railroad, and Trudeau was so exhausted at the end that a guide had to carry him from the wagon. "Why," the guide exclaimed, "you don't weigh more'n a dried lambskin!"

A companion, Lou Livingston, and Edward Harriman, the future financier, took turns nursing him. His strength, miraculously, came back. By fall, when he returned to New York, he had gained 15 pounds, but a city winter speedily robbed him of this, and more. He tried the Minnesota climate without success, and the following spring, desperately ill, he returned to the Adirondacks, this time with his family. When fall approached he resolved not to leave, though his friends protested the harsh Adirondack winter would kill him. Only one physician, Dr. Alfred Loomis, encouraged him to make the experiment; and Dr. Loomis confessed afterward that he had thought Trudeau was doomed, and wanted him to have the compensation of surroundings he loved.

That winter the fevers abated, the fatigue went out of his body; and Trudeau, turning his physician's eye upon himself, made several profound observations. So long as he got plenty of sun and fresh air, and didn't tax his strength, he felt well. But if he walked too hard or too long, then he always felt feverish and weak the next day. That taught him the value of rest. But perhaps the most important thing that happened to him was that he recovered a zest for life. He shot and fished and tramped the woods with the guides. And one day he remembered that he was a doctor. There was no physician in the neighborhood. Trudeau sent to New York for medicines, and walked into a ready-made practice. It was hardly one

Above is the "Little Red Cottage" at Saranac Lake, New York, where Dr. Trudeau first demonstrated to the world the value of rest as a cure for tuberculosis. The Trudeau Sanitarium is now world-famous. On the facing page are, top, some of the "fresh-air beds," another important feature of the cure, and, below, some of the many cottages and the chapel

that would have attracted the young society blades with whom he had trained in New York. On horseback or in a buckboard, he often traveled 40 miles over lonely, broken mountain roads, to deliver a child, or tend a guide for gunshot wounds, or a woodsman who had split his foot, to prescribe something for a sick cow or pig. He went out in hailstorms, blizzards and 40-below-zero cold. Half the time he never rendered a bill, and of those rendered only a fraction were ever paid. But the guides venerated him, and according to one woman who knew him he came to be known among them as "our beloved physician."

When Trudeau moved his family to Saranac Lake, the village consisted merely of a sawmill, a general store, a small hotel, and a dozen shacks. It was here that Trudeau had the dream which he said shaped his life. One day, sitting with his gun on the fox runway on the side of Mt. Pisgah, he dozed and dreamt that "the whole forest around him had melted away and that the whole mountainside was dotted with houses, built inside out, as if the inhabitants lived on the outside."

These houses "built inside out" were symbols of the discoveries he had made in the laboratory of his own body: the unappreciated value of sunlight and fresh air in the treatment of tuberculosis. Doctor friends in New York supplied him with medical literature, and he was encouraged to find that two European doctors had confirmed his own experience. Dr. Loomis, amazed by Trudeau's rapid recovery, sent several patients to Saranac; and other consumptives appeared when word of this got around. But knowing so little himself, there was little the young doctor could do, except repeat the phrase which was later to distinguish him: "Open the window—go to bed—keep your nerve."

The year 1882 was a great year in medicine. That year the German, Koch, isolated the tubercle bacillus and published his classic *Etiology of Tuberculosis*. The medical world, still in an uproar over Pasteur's germ theories, greeted the new theory with derision, but to the young doctor in the Adirondacks, the paper came with the force of a revelation. Anxious to learn more about it, Trudeau took a train to New York, and was shocked to find that most of his doctor friends scoffed at Koch and his theories.

At the risk of his health, Trudeau stayed in the city long enough to master the rudiments of microscope technique. Then, armed with a handwritten copy of Koch's paper, boxes of slides and bottles of stain, he returned to Saranac. Although ignorant of bacteriology, and with only a sink for a laboratory, he plunged into the culture of the tubercle bacillus, and the complex problem of infection and artificial immunization. Using his own sputum, Trudeau finally confirmed Koch's mighty discovery, the first American to do so. The discovery elated him. The enemy had been sighted: the problem was only to vanquish him. For a long time he had been turning over the idea of building his own sanitarium at Saranac—a simple place, where the poor, particularly, would be spared the mental anguish of a pro-

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tracted and expensive disease. Trudeau had a small income, and did not propose to be paid for his own services: hence he had no qualms about approaching wealthy friends. He made another sortie into New York, this time to beg money; and while many people protested that it was madness to herd consumptives together in so remote a place, with so harsh a climate, he nevertheless succeeded in raising $3000.

The boldness of this project can be appreciated only against the fact that nowhere in the U. S. was there such a thing as a sanitarium for consumptives. While a few homes for incurables did exist, they were looked upon as pesthouses. The scourge was destroying one out of every five persons before their time, and yet about all that any one apparently could do was to seal the sick in airless, sunless rooms and await death. Trudeau himself had only the vaguest idea of the kind of building he wanted. Since the poor were his chief concern, he knew that it had to be simple; and because the disease was now demonstrably infectious, he proposed to build a series of small cottages.

In 1884, on the fox-runway on Mt. Pisgah, he built his first cottage. It cost $350, had one room, and stood on 16 acres of ground which local guides had paid for out of their own pockets. The walls were hardly up before the first patients arrived —two half-starved, wretched factory girls. In a little while others appeared—so quickly that temporary make-shift shelter had to be built. The trip from the railroad to Saranac, over rutty, tortured roads, was a hellish experience, and yet for those who came it was evidently the last highway of hope.

They needed hope to endure what lay ahead. The new sanitarium had no comforts. Water had to be hauled. There were no running toilets, no laboratory, no resident physician, no nurses, no helpers to carry meals. The staff consisted of Trudeau, who, when he needed help, called upon the guides or their wives. Though they were willing enough, the sickness around them sometimes threw them into panic; and on more than one occasion death frightened them into deserting a body. And yet the patients were drawn together by the common ambition to get well and by the magnetism of the long-legged country doctor, who wouldn't let them lose hope.

The fame of the sanitarium spread. In 1887 there appeared a wraith of a man, Robert Louis Stevenson, in flight from English damp. Stevenson passed several months at Saranac, before seeking the ultimate peace of the South Seas. In spite of the differences between them—one shrinking from anything unpleasant, the other dealing chiefly in disease—Stevenson and Trudeau got along famously. Other patients came, rich and poor, young and old, seeking health and consolation. Outside of rest, plenty of sun and air, Trudeau imposed few rules. Only the desperately sick were put to bed. One of the rituals was to sit in a rude armchair on the sun porch, warding off the cold by planting the feet in cracker boxes heated with soapstones from the kitchen oven.

Taking advantage of every moment he could snatch from his patients, Trudeau pressed his self-guided research into a specific cure for the bacillus. Inoculating rabbits and guinea pigs with germs taken from the sputum of his patients, he experimented first with drugs. When that failed, he borrowed Pasteur's technique and tried to develop a vaccine. One skeptical physician sent him five secretly marked samples of sputum with the challenge: "Tell me which came from tuberculosis cases." Trudeau, with his microscope, made an unerring selection, and the other doctor became a convert. Rumors of the remarkable work being done by this obscure Adirondacks physician traveled the medical grapevine. In 1887 Trudeau was invited to read a paper before a medical convention of bigwigs in Baltimore. There he met Drs. Osler and Welch, the giants of medicine, who were impressed and thereafter took a close interest in the sanitarium.

In 1890 Trudeau grimly concluded that no drug or vaccine had any appreciable effect on tuberculosis. But even as he turned away from his microscope he heard the world applauding Koch's announcement of tuberculin—the long-sought cure. Dr. Welch sent him a vial of the precious stuff. However, his own failures gave him an intimation of the uselessness of tuberculin. Thus he was spared the disillusionment that overtook tuberculin's boosters when its failures were exposed. In the years that followed, Trudeau tested scores of other so-called cures, and found them all wanting. The longer he studied, the more convinced he became that his original formula—fresh air, sun, rest, and courage—were the only trustworthy ingredients for a cure.

No flaws have ever been exposed in Trudeau's research; and yet he is remembered chiefly as a kindly, compassionate philosopher of medicine, whose bedside manner was one of his prime tools of healing. "He knew how to exorcise fear," wrote one of his contemporaries. "He could not only teach the sufferer how to bear illness with brightness and dignity—almost one might say that he romanticized illness, for at least he minimized its terrors and turned the weary brain, brooding in a half-wrecked body, into braver channels."

Once a friend asked Trudeau whether intimacy with human wreckage had hardened him to suffering. "Pity as an emotion passes," he answered. "Pity as a motive endures." He knew tragedy from firsthand. Just as he was becoming famous, his daughter Chatte fell ill. She returned from school, wan and emaciated, and the doctor in the father made him steal her handkerchief and take it to the laboratory for a ghastly test. Although Trudeau had mastered tuberculosis in others, he could not master it in his own daughter. Chatte died in 1893, after a long illness; and a few months later, while the father was grieving in New York, his laboratory, with many of his records, burned to the ground.

These successive blows were nearly the end of Trudeau. His friends rallied around and presented him with a magnificent new laboratory, completely equipped with the latest instruments. Trudeau stumbled back to work and by 1895 the sanitarium had grown into *(Continued on page 48)*

Strangers no more

By Loula Grace Erdman

There was a car driving in now—it must be the Lanes in the pickup. Jimmie ran his hand down Rex's sleek sides, and the calf turned to nuzzle him, like a dog. Outside the barn there was the sound of voices; sure enough, it was Mr. Lane and the big Lane boy. It was the Lane ranch that bordered Pop's land—acres and acres of it, where Mr. Lane and his strapping sons spent their time skimming over the ground on great snorting tractors, or riding out to inspect huge herds of Hereford cattle eating their fill of the prairie grass.

"Looks like a nice day for the show," Mr. Lane was saying. "No wind to speak of, nor dust. Jim got his calf ready?"

"Yes," Pop answered shortly.

Jimmie wished Pop wouldn't talk like that; it just wasn't the way men out here talked. They had big, booming voices, whole-souled and untroubled, as if there was the big world to yell to, and nobody to mind the noise. Lots of times Jimmie wondered why the men didn't tell Pop what was what, curt and stand-offish as he was.

"Well," Mr. Lane went on, "we best be loading it in. We got a good ways to go, and it ain't getting any earlier. Think you'll get up for the judging tomorrow, Mr. Faulkner?"

"Can't say," Pop said briefly.

There wasn't any call. Jimmie thought, for Pop to be that short with Mr. Lane. Mr. Lane was about the best man there was, in all these Panhandle plains of Texas. If it wasn't for him, Jimmie wouldn't have had a calf to exhibit in the contest today. It was he who had sold the boy the calf, and let him work to pay for it. He it was who had put Jimmie in touch with the county agent, so that the boy knew about feeding, and care, and all the other details that enter into the raising of a prize calf. And now here he was coming to see that Rex got into town in time for the judging. In spite of all this, here was Pop acting as cold and stiff as if Mr. Lane was the worst enemy they ever expected to have. It didn't make sense, somehow.

"Sorry we don't have room for you, too, Mr. Faulkner." Mr. Lane was as undisturbed as if he were used to having men answer him sharp every day. "Ah, here you are, Jim. Fine calf you got there. You'll be starting your own herd the first thing we know, and making us old-timers holler for help."

Jimmie didn't answer. Gosh, he was getting worse than Pop. But when Mr. Lane said that about his own herd, something sort of got up in his throat, and stayed there. A herd of his own!

"If I know anything about it," the man went on, "you got the ribbon as good as won. No use for the others to go to the trouble of bringing their calves in."

Jimmie grinned. Good and well he knew Rex was perfect, down to the last little hair in his tail. But so were the calves of dozens of other boys and girls who would be pouring in to the show. And though the dream that Rex would win had danced crazily in Jimmie's brain for weeks now, there was no way of telling how things would be till the judges got up to announce the decision.

They got the calf into the pickup with no trouble. There wasn't anything Jimmie couldn't do with Rex—getting him to walk up an inclined board into the body of the truck was no trick at all.

"Well," Mr. Lane said. "That was easy enough. You ready now?"

"I got to go to the house a minute," Jimmie told him.

Mom was in the kitchen, washing dishes, her face pain-bitten and her lips pale. That meant last night had been another bad one. She set a blue cup, dry and shining, on the table, as Jimmie came in.

"That the Lanes out there?" she asked.

Jimmie nodded.

She wiped her hands on the dish towel, and put the towel over her shoulder, regarding the boy before her earnestly.

"Be sure to wash your face before the judging," she told him, "and comb your hair. It can't hurt anything for the judges to see the boy who owns the calf is clean and self-respecting."

There it was again, Mom harping on self-respect. It was a sort of theme song with her—she talked about it like she did being honest, and washing your neck, and saying your prayers. Without quite understanding what it meant, Jimmie knew it was something tremendously important—something that Mom seemed to have a desperate fear of losing.

"Uh huh," the boy promised absently. "You feel bad, Mom?" he raised great anxious eyes to her face.

"I feel all right, Jimmie," she told him. "You better hurry. Mustn't keep Mr. Lane waiting, good as he is to you."

She leaned to kiss him. And him almost twelve!

"Be good," she said. "And good luck!"

She turned quickly to take another cup from the dishpan, but Jimmie saw her wince with pain. She was always trying to hide the pains when they came. Once Mrs. Lane had been there when a specially bad one hit.

"You need a doctor," the good woman had scolded her. "You need one the worst way. My sister was took like you and a Dr. Dillingham up at town operated on her. She's as well as I am, now."

"I'm going to a doctor," Mom answered, "the next time I'm in Amarillo."

She knew she wasn't going to Amarillo; she never did go. She only said that because she was too proud to let Mrs. Lane know there was no money for doctors, even if your very life depended on it. Jimmie guessed that fierce pride was just another part of the self-respect Mom harped on so much.

There was the honk of a horn now; the Lanes were anxious to be off. Jimmie

☆

They looked up as he entered—Mom and Pop and the tall, thin man with the understanding face and the restless, mobile hands of a poet

VAN SWEARINGEN *Illustrator*

wanted to say something more to Mom, but instead he ran out the door quickly and down to the truck, squeezing in the front seat between the two men. A roar of the engine, and then they were off.

"So long," Mr. Lane called back to Pop. "I'll take good care of him. Hope you catch a ride in."

Pop never even answered. He looked sort of pitiful, standing there; lonely like, and sad. Jimmie wished suddenly that he was going, too, for this was going to be a big thing, and mighty few big things came Pop's way. Maybe if he had more good times he wouldn't be so curt and cold with everyone. Come to think of it, he hadn't been like this always. It started when he bought this farm in Texas from Mr. Laughlin, back in Illinois.

Mr. Laughlin was Pop's best friend, a real estate man, and Pop would have trusted him with his life. He did trust him with his money—every cent he had—to buy a half-section of land down here in the Panhandle of Texas, that stretch of country that sticks up between Oklahoma, Colorado, and New Mexico. A half-section was a lot of land; you could raise no end of corn on it, and pasture cattle galore. A half section of black, deep Illinois land would make a family independent for life. Mr. Laughlin said it was the same way with this Texas land; the reason it was so cheap was because it was new country, and not thickly settled.

And so, they had gambled everything they had, and moved down here, only to find that a half section of land was nothing at all, in these parts. Here people talked casually of a thousand acres of wheat, and turned over entire sections of land to the pasturing of the sleek Hereford cattle for which the country was famous. They could do this easily, because it was a big country. Broad plains stretched out so far your eyes got tired of looking, and still there was no break unless you turned in the direction of the canyons, where the faint purple shadows against the horizon looked like beds of heavenly violets. The winds of all the heavens swept the plains, and sometimes there were sudden, fierce dust storms that made man and beast seek cover. Very different it was from the neat green fields and the snug hills and valleys of Illinois. But Jimmie loved it, with that fierce reasonless passion an adopted son may feel for the land of his choice.

Even the equipment here was different —great tractors, and combines, and other expensive machinery quite beyond Pop's means, so that he must hire neighbors to come in and plow and plant and harvest. Added to that, no sooner had they settled than the bad years came—drought, and dust, and no crops to speak of.

All of this Pop might have overcome, had he not known that men were laughing behind his back—laughter that was kindly, but laughter, nevertheless—at his ignorance in thinking a half section in Texas was the same as it was in Illinois, and that you could raise the same crops, and farm the same way here. Pile all this on top of the fact that your best friend had betrayed you, and it was enough to eat into a man's heart. Mom voiced it, last summer when the wheat failed again.

"The crops aren't the worst part of it," she said fiercely. "It's his self-respect that's failed, and that's worse than a million crops."

"You're mighty quiet," Mr. Lane broke in on his thoughts. "Don't you be worrying about your calf. Even if he don't win, he'll bring a fancy price when he's put up for sale. Getting first prize isn't everything."

In that, Mr. Lane was right. The prize, grand as it would be to get it, wasn't the big thing. What really counted was that if your calf was the Grand Champion, he got put up for sale first, and brought the most money. Men down here paid tremendous prices for him, just by way of encouraging the young owner. This was a cattle country—they talked the language and loved the work. Traditions lay behind them; cowboys, and the old longhorns that used to run freely on the plains, and the old trails that men forged when roads were not even dreamed of. Jealously they guarded the traditions, even now; almost fiercely they worked, that the flavor of times gone should be kept and that this be a cattle country to the end. That was why the Big Men paid unheard of prices to the boys, so that the youths should grow up cattle men.

Once a rancher—boys still whispered the story while they were waiting their turn with the judges—paid a dollar a pound for the *(Continued on page 58)*

"Let's Go Back to the Bible" Radio Program Draws Amens from Protestants, Catholics and Jews alike. The Voice is the Voice of Houghton, but the Spirit is the Soul of Moody

MOODY Marches On

By CLARENCE W. HALL

RUMOR has it that when Dwight L. Moody was dedicating the first building of what later would become the Moody Bible Institute, he gave the cornerstone a vigorous whack with the trowel and then made an invocation to this effect: "Lord, You know that what this old world needs more than anything else is Thy Word. We pray that if the day ever comes when anything contrary to the Bible is taught here, You will wipe this school from the face of the earth!"

That was Moody all over. To him, the Book was of primary importance. He went up and down the land holding out the Bible as the only "doctor book" with all the right answers for individual and national ills. And while he was zealously at work plowing deep furrows in the devil's choicest thistle fields and planting crops of converts everywhere, back at the little school in Chicago the first instructors were busy indoctrinating his students with the same good dose.

Ever since that bleak December day in 1899 when they buried him at Northfield, the great evangelist's body has lain a-moulding in the grave. But nobody—not even those who used to murmur at "the man's annoying vitality"—will deny that his soul goes marching on.

He had sensed that it would. And so he doubtless was thinking in broader terms than his own personal imperishability when he had said: "Some day you will read that D. L. Moody is dead. Don't you believe it! At that moment I shall be more alive than I am right now."

That's one forecast you can mark down in the "prophecies fulfilled" column, if you wish. Moody *is* alive, and the institution that has, with others, become his extended shadow shows no signs of having been subject to any razing by the Deity. From that humble beginning, the Moody Bible Institute has grown into the largest and best-equipped Bible training school in the world. It has trained more than 40,000 students, sent 2,163 missionaries to foreign fields, and annually enrolls in its correspondence courses more than 13,000 students. Its thirty-eight buildings, dominated by a brand new sky-scraper administration building and herded into a city block on Chicago's near-north side, are an impressive sight in any man's eye.

But, you argue, physical size and excellent equipment are no guarantee of an institution's heart. The world progresses, institutions change. Even Emerson, author of that crack about any great institution being the extended shadow of some great man, knew that it's the nature of shadows to grow distorted as they are extended. Is this Institute a reflex of the original Moody concept, or has it—like some others—become distorted in doctrine as well as extended in size?

Well, let's see.

We'll suppose you were sitting by your radio on a Sunday afternoon in November 1938. Your spirit, let us say, was somewhat heavy, encrusted by a thick layer of ennui—that condition being brought about perhaps by the November elections and the politicians with their much speaking. Every candidate, anxious to establish for himself regular contact with a public pay check, had informed you as to the condition and cause of the "misery" in Uncle Sam's back—and the cure. But somehow you had not been impressed. Surface ills and surface remedies, all of them.

Then suddenly, while you were dallying with the dials, you were jolted out of your lethargy by a rich baritone voice. That voice was saying:

"America, you are a God-forgetting nation, whose only desire now is for a return to prosperity. But in your present state of mind a new prosperity will mean only a new prodigality. Again and again you have wasted your substances in riotous living, and you are in danger of repeating the same mistake now.

"To your knees, America, in the acknowledgment of sin, in repentance, in the recognition that God lives and that He must be acknowledged by the nation as well as be enthroned in the heart and life of the individual!

"America, let's go back to the Bible!"

You perked up. Tuned the voice to louder degree. Called in the family. "Sounds like this fellow's got something there!" The voice proceeded to give you more:

"This very day, perhaps, you have been wringing your hands and asking, 'What's

wrong with America?' Let me answer in a sentence or two. Your progenitors were Christian. They were men and women of faith and character. They knew the meaning of life, and well understood that they were citizens of two worlds. They put the accent on worship and personal piety. They founded the civilization of this new world on the recognition of the rule of God. They built upon an open Bible and an open church door.

"But today we've got away from all that. Destructive fires are sweeping America today. There is only one thing that will stop them, and that is a counter-fire—a counter-fire of faith. This is the only thing that will cure our economic as well as our spiritual ills. It is the only thing which will give us sanity, sobriety and safety.

"America, let's go back to the Bible!"

Eagerly you waited to learn who the speaker was. The announcer said it was Dr. Will H. Houghton, President of Moody Bible Institute, and that the program was not of the little "five-watter" variety but was a network feature, originating with WMBI, "radio voice of the West Point of Christian Service," and relayed by a chain of stations that was blanketing the nation with this virile challenge.

There was, of course, more to the program than Dr. Houghton's central message. There was music and singing—all of it shot through with evangelical fervor, but all of it eminently well done. Even members of the Federal Communications Commission, noted for an ability to keep their flow of congratulations under moderate control, have paid high tribute to the program's vital message as well as to its excellence of presentation. The Gospel in streamline, the mighty Moody in amplification.

Listening in, you were probably thrilled. You must have been, for the fellow who, in these days when the Church's voice is often either muted to a self-conscious whisper or drowned out by more noisy blasts, doesn't get a kick out of hearing such a competent expression of his faith, shooting along the air-waves in worthy competition with the best of commercial programs, probably can't be thrilled by anything.

You had to know more about this "Let's Go Back to the Bible" campaign which, the announcer informed you, was on a twenty-six-weeks' basis. What effect, if any, was it having on the country at large?

To begin with, you found that the campaign had rung the bell with a lot of important people. It had uncovered a vital hunger not limited merely to the "evangelicals." Nor was the reaction confined to Protestants. Hitherto quiet but devoted members of all established faiths—and of no faith at all—were rising up everywhere to say "Amen" to the challenge.

One who had given it his wholehearted endorsement was Philip A. Benson, then president of the American Bankers Association. Benson was so impressed that he urged the publication in book form of Dr. Houghton's addresses given in the initial series of broadcasts. A prominent publisher went to press with it, and the book* was distributed over the country. Benson himself sent out a flock of copies to business and industrial leaders, to Congressmen, governors of all states and the mayors of all important cities. With each copy of the book, Benson had sent along a personal letter:

"I am writing this not as the president of the American Bankers Association, but as a private citizen. I hold a definite conviction, which I feel is increasingly becoming the conviction of many others, that the great need of our country today is a revival of religious interest. Will you allow me to present you with a book which to my mind holds the message vital to America at this crucial hour?

"The book is free from propaganda and from religious or political prejudice. . . . As its title suggests, it is a plea for a return to the Bible—a suggestion to which surely Catholic, Protestant and Jew can give assent. . . .

"Feeling, as I do, that you have a concern for the deeper as well as the surface needs of our country, I am sending this gift with the confidence that you will read it, and with the hope that all of us may in larger measure turn back to the Bible and to the God of the Bible!"

At the left is Dr. Will H. Houghton, the dynamic president of Moody Bible Institute, and above him is the great building which houses WMBI, the Institute's famous broadcasting station. At the right is the station's male octet, hitting the high notes

Immediately there had bounded back to Benson a sizable echo of his own "Amen." Said Vice President Garner: "I agree with you entirely that it is time that we got back to the Bible!" Speaker W. B. Bankhead of the House of Representatives declared that his mind had been "running along similar channels" to the challenge of the book, and, to bear it out, he included a copy of a radio address which he had just given, urging his hearers to get back to the faith of their fathers. Senators Gerald P. Nye, Rufus C. Holman, William H. King, Sheridan Downey and others expressed themselves likewise.

*Let's Go Back to the Bible, by Will H. Houghton. Fleming H. Revell Co. Price $1.25.

A visitor to the White House reported that she had seen a copy of the book on President Roosevelt's desk—and it looked as if it had been thoroughly thumbed.

Representative Louis E. Graham, one of a large number of his confreres in the House, came back with this:

"The earliest recollection of my life is of my mother reading to me from the Bible, and so thoroughly ingrained has this habit become that it is just as natural for me to read the Bible as to go to my meals. For over thirty years I have taught both a men's and a boy's Bible class in my own church at Beaver, Pa. In striking contrast with this work, I have, in my twenty-seven years as public prosecutor, tried 297 people for murder and handled over 38,000 criminal cases—and no one can tell me about the cause of crime. If every boy and girl were trained to read the Bible in early youth and follow it diligently through life, we would have a better citizenship."

Moreover, a vast amount of "fan mail," equally notable as to signature and content, had come in last season, between September 1938 and April 1939, from persons who had heard the program on the air. The letters of governors and mayors and others high in civic and social life had mingled with thousands of wistful little notes from persons who had received new hope and courage from the broadcast.

Estimated in the mysterious ways by which radio statisticians compute listeners, this program during its first season had a "potential audience" of thirty-three million. At least 40,000 of these potentials were sufficiently stirred to write in their appreciation. That was enough to convince WMBI and its allied stations of the Mutual network that the program should go on the air again this season.

You regarded the announcement of an encore as good news. And on September 24th last you determined to drop in at this "West Point" for a look at the program, meet its originators and inspect its home station.

WMBI's studios occupy the three top floors of the Institute's new skyscraper administration building. Making your way up to the president's office, you find the place alive with young zealots going exuberantly about the business of adding to their faith knowledge—and adding it in as large lumps and in as short time as possible. Their hurry is occasioned, you discover, by their anxiety to "get out on the field"—home and missionary—as trained laymen or as better-equipped preachers and evangelists. They're not fooling, these young people with the serious eyes set in happy countenances. They've got a calling, and they know it. They're getting all dressed up with Christian armor and they've got places to go—perhaps not yet revealed to them, but that doesn't seem to matter.

Watching them, you get the idea that no military school could ever infect its fledgling fighters with a more imperative desire for battle. The job of making religious service as adventurous as sin and as romantic as rascality is, you concede, a rather tall order. But the drill-masters at Moody's, using only the Bible for a Plattsburg manual, seem to have accomplished it.

This, you conclude, is just the sort of place from which one would expect such a militant charge as the "Let's Go Back to the Bible" program to originate.

And Dr. Will H. Houghton, tall and soldierly commander-in-chief of this school for Christian soldiers, is just the sort of man you'd expect to find carrying on in the truest tradition of the Institute's founder.

You find him in his book-lined office, waiting the signal to go over the top with this first of the second season's broadcasts. He greets you cordially, albeit a little absent-mindedly, for, you discover, you have broken in at a time when he is usually closeted in pre-broadcast prayer. Kindly and courteous, yet there is burning in the brown eyes that same look of terribly sincere purpose which you remarked in the eyes of his students.

You apologize for introducing so secular an element as a personal probe here. He overrides the apology with a gesture.

"You see," he says, settling back to the inevitability of being interviewed, "we are launching this second series with a full day of prayer. The students started at noon yesterday (Saturday, September 23rd), have prayed through the night, and will continue right up to the start of the program. You can understand how that pervasive sense of prayer gives one a sense of seriousness he might not otherwise feel."

You open up by wondering out loud whether the campaign's slogan is propitious. Isn't the world geared to the onward rush, unresponsive to any suggestion of a return to things "old-fashioned," unwilling to "go back" to anything?

Houghton considers that for a moment. "Perhaps we might have been more accurate," he says slowly, "if we'd made the slogan, 'Let's *catch up with* the Bible.' For the Book, you know, is never outmoded. Ours is a rapidly changing civilization, but whether its movement has been forward progress is open to question. It isn't that we've gone past the Bible—we've simply gone down the wrong road. And when you chase down a blind alley and get up against a stone wall, the only way to go forward is to go back, don't you think?"

You seem to have no adequate answer for that one, so you take another tack. Church people, of course, accept as gospel the assertion that most of the world's sorry plight may be traced to dusty Bibles, but how would he go about convincing the sincere fellow without religion that his hope for personal as well as national salvation is in going "back to the Bible"?

The reply comes, as simple as it is unequivocal. "I've made the statement that economic failure has its source in moral failure, and moral failure is based on a closed Bible. I'd bolster that by asking him, as a thinking man, whether it is not true that *broken promises* are behind all our trouble. Mark Sullivan, the political commentator, makes much of this point in an article in the November *Current History*, reprinted, by the way, in this month's *Reader's Digest*. He asks 'Where are the promises that men live by?' and goes on to show that, whereas all our past civilization has been built upon the conscientious fulfillment of promises—among nations, states and individuals—this civilization is on the verge of crumbling, due to the contemptuous manner in which such promises are being broken.

"When such moral failure occurs, you have economic failure. Did it ever strike you as strange that men swear by the Bible? Why? Simply because it contains the only promises that men can bank upon! Ours is an age of deceit. Lying is a habit with some, an art with others, a joke to the majority. It's a day of fair talk in the spotlight and foul blows in the dark, a day of high promise and low performance. The character of nations, as well as the character of individuals, is fouled when they play fast and loose with the truth. And so we have governments that rule either by whim or by whip.

"Men must have faith. And when they lose faith in their governments, they search for some solid ground, some source of promises they can believe. Isn't the Bible the only book that can meet the need? Governments have arisen, toppled and decayed because men have not been able to bank on them. This Book has remained—and remained only because its promises have never failed. It's the very stuff of civilization on earth as well as the guide to heaven."

You go, next, with Dr. Houghton, up to the studios of WMBI. The studios are of the very latest type construction, furnished with all the up-to-date gadgets necessary to smooth broadcasting. Comfortable and spacious visitors' galleries, R.C.A. equipment, including transcription facilities, operators licensed by the U. S. government, and a staff of announcers and other artists trained to put out programs on a par with any other large radio station—these are features of WMBI. It was the first station in the Midwest to install a vertical transmitter.

While the broadcast is going out on the air, you draw WMBI's capable director of radio, Wendell P. Loveless, to one side. And from him you pick up some interesting data. You learn, for instance, that WMBI is the only full-time, non-commercial station in the country broadcasting religious programs exclusively; that it has been operating steadily for the past thirteen years; that during that time more than 35,000 different programs have been planned, prepared and produced, and that its fan mail averages 28,000 pieces a week, exclusive of that drawn in by the tremendously popular "Let's Go Back to the Bible" feature.

And while *(Continued on page 52)*

☆

SHALLOW WATER

Shallow water is not for diving;
Never leap in a shallow stream.
Green ocean depths are for your striving;
Deep, deep down is a world of dream.

Shallow lives are not for living;
Swim where the rough waves surge and leap.
Life is not taking; life is giving;
Plunge where the currents are strong and deep.

—Charles Hanson Towne

NSAKO

More Incidents in the Life of a Medical Missionary

By

WILLIAM E. DAVIS

AMONG the people of Congo age holds the dominant prestige and to be old is to be wise—at least by implication and expectation. The older the Central African male becomes, the more respect he is able to command, not because of any especial wisdom of his utterances or any particular soundness of his judgment but simply because of his increased years.

It seems to be that, among the more cultured societies of the world, the oncoming years are looked upon with disfavor. It is an unphilosophical attitude for their advance is inevitable and cannot be in the least retarded by attempting to dissemble what they bring.

The primitive folk of the African jungle are more logical in the matter for they want to appear as old as possible and to be thought of as mature and wise. To call a person young or to remark upon his youthfulness among the Bantu is to insult him. It doesn't do to say to one of them, even in fun, "Oh, you're just a boy," for he would take it to heart and be greatly offended.

In the Lonkundo language the word "mpifo" may be translated as authority or position and it is my impression that the average Congo native is much more jealous of his place in society than are the men of any other section of the world that I know of. I think that the marked honoring of age among them has developed through the years as a natural outcome of this urgency for standing in the community and it appears to act as an excellent tonic for the ego of the general adult male public. We men who are past middle life need some sort of bolstering for our self-esteem and the Congolese seem to have evolved at least one happy solution to the problem.

Among the Bankundo, when one is very old he is called a "bokulaka" which is the title that is also applied to kings and chiefs of high rank. In that region even the most insignificant of beings may attain importance if he just hangs on long enough.

Many evidences of this esteem for the old may be observed and one of the most distinctive ways in which they indicate their respect for the voice of age is the custom of greeting men who are older than themselves by asking them for their "nsako."

Nsako are the proverbs and epigrams in the Lonkundo, Lomomgo and dialects of other near-by tribes and from the large stock of them each man chooses one or more for his own particular use. Thus as old Bokungu comes along the path he is met by some younger man who greets him in respectful manner by asking him for his proverb and in return the old man repeats his favorite saying or one that may be apropos of the immediate situation.

"Engambe Bokungu," hails the younger man. "Losako."

"Cika, cena," replies Bokungu, giving his proverb. "We ol'eko?"

"O, nd'eko," says the other.

Wherever there is a meeting between two men of different ages in this section of the Congo these proverbs are being repeated and thus the old men are given their due of honor and the wisdom of the past is being preserved for the younger generation.

There are occasional instances where, because of the importance of a man, he may be honored by being asked for his losako by others older than himself but they are rare. For example, a chief, a great hunter or warrior, or a distinguished visitor may rate being so greeted but for the most part the rule of age is very strictly adhered to. As they have it in one of

their own popular sayings: "Botomolo ntaikyaka bokune losako." (An older brother never asks a younger one for his losako.)

White people are considered by the natives to be entirely different from themselves in nearly every respect and they are the objects of special consideration with regard to nsako, also. In the beginning I was quite conscious of the honor being done me by being greeted by all and sundry in this special fashion but after the new wore off I began to realize that it wasn't without its drawbacks. It is all very pleasant to be accorded a place of respect and to be recognized as one of great wisdom but, in reality, it is a lot more trouble than it is worth to be greeted by a long line of natives, one after the other, and to be obliged to repeat some pithy proverb for each of them. It gets tiresome very quickly. Moreover, the best form demands that a different losako be used for each man in a group and to keep in mind and be able to recite on the spur of the moment a half dozen or more ancient aphorisms in a very foreign dialect is no small accomplishment.

They were always coming at me at the most unexpected moments when my mind was wandering at a great distance and wrenching me back to earth with a sudden "Losako, Bondele." (Your proverb, white man.)

The small boys who lived on the mission as boarding students used to have no end of fun at the expense of the white men of the station. They would line up along a path where one of us had to pass and would demand of him nsako by the dozen! If they could heckle him into signs of exasperation or anger they were enormously delighted.

About the only defense against such tactics was to adopt a losako of a single word or such a long one that by the time a person was through reciting it he had passed by the whole group. A third method which was more or less effective even if not very clever consisted in muttering unintelligibly or simply grunting.

I always felt lucky if I happened to be with someone else who rated being asked for his losako or in a group of older men for then the greeting was invariably: "Nsako ikinyo," (that is to say, what are the proverbs of all of you) and the answer, which was given by all the group in unison, was simply "iyo." What the word "iyo" may mean I haven't the slightest idea and I never was able to find anyone who could give a satisfactory explanation for it. It was the traditional answer and that was all that any of them seemed to know about it. At any rate it was short and easy and much appreciated (by me, at least) for that reason.

WHEN I first arrived in Congo I learned several quite high-sounding nsako which I repeated consistently whenever I was called on and I gave them with all the enthusiasm and intonation of a young apostle but I soon learned more efficiency and less fervor and became addicted to the ancient, short and simple "ikoke"—an abbreviated form of "kend'ikoke" which may be translated "softly" or "carefully" or in the longer form "go carefully" and for which a good English counterpart would be "watch your step."

If I were being pressed with greetings I simply repeated it over and over but if I had more time I was apt to start off with my favorite of all the native sayings: "Bonto l'onto eleng'elenge" which is literally, "man and man; way, way" and which would be in a free but effective translation "everybody to his own liking."

I had quite a number of nsako in my repertoire before I left Congo but it was so easy to become habituated to the same ones and to use them over and over, more or less automatically, that I rarely shifted from a tried and true half dozen.

Among the natives there are many who have long nsako—some of which may take anywhere from several minutes to half an hour to repeat—but in reply to a casual greeting they use only a sentence or two of the whole and the rest of it must be inferred by the listener. For instance, an old chief of my acquaintance had for his losako "aolela" (he is crying) and one day I asked him what the person referred to was crying about. Whereupon he obligingly repeated the whole of the story about a man who had had many wives and they had all deserted him to his great shame and sorrow. Now for the natives it was only necessary for him to say "aolela" and they knew that he was referring to the complete tale with all its fine points and inferences which were much too subtle for me to grasp even after I had heard the whole of it.

Now and then, if some older man who happens to be standing in a group wants to make or emphasize some particular point by using one of the old proverbs, he may turn to one of the younger men and say, "onjikya losako" (ask me my proverb). Then, when he has been asked for it, he quotes the specific saying that applies to the thought to be brought out.

WOMEN, it may be remarked, are almost never accorded the honor of being asked for nsako unless they have attained a very great age or have gained a wide reputation for special ability or wisdom. Even then the cases are rare. We had a woman helper in the hospital dispensary at Lotumbe who had been there a long time and whom I used frequently to ask for her losako. She was full of snappy come-backs and got a lot of fun out of it but I think that the boys were never quite sure that it was as it should be.

Out on the edge of the village at Wema, lived old Nyang'ea Botulu, an ancient, dried-up, half-blind, toothless crone of the Basekentula tribe whom everyone used to ask for a losako. She must have been very old for her sons were themselves old men but whether she was wise or not I do not know. If her thoughts could have been known and the hidden memories of her mind been explored it would have made a remarkable record. If she could have written the story of her life it ought to have been tremendously interesting for the Basekentula were a warlike tribe and she had been alive when old Inonga had crossed the river at the head of his warriors and had driven out the Bakutu from their lands around Wema. But while the old woman would give you a losako in a weak, scarcely intelligible voice she kept her own counsel in other things. It may be she was very wise or only dumb.

The influence of the Christian teaching can be widely remarked in the nsako of those who have been associated with the missions and it is considered good form for the adherents of the Church to give quotations or sentiments from the Bible instead of the native proverbs. Now and then some of them will develop original nsako, based on Biblical principles but in their own language and of their own thought. It is a tribute to their insight and their appreciation of the fitness of things that I have never heard a native give a losako, which was taken from the Bible, that was not, to my way of thinking, definitely to the point and of some spiritual significance.

THAT this custom of greeting with nsako is an old one is indicated by the fact that the language used (especially in the verb forms) is quite different from that now spoken—an older version of their tribal tongue which is used only in these proverbs. It is a pity that it is impossible to follow these interesting sayings back to their origins in the past but with the Central African history stops with the memory of the oldest man or has become a tradition—passed on from generation to generation in their folk tales.

It would be a difficult and a long drawn-out task to attempt to give anything like an adequate idea of the proverbs of the Bankundo and Bamomgo peoples (a proposition entirely out of the range of my knowledge and ability) but in talking about nsako it would seem that a few of them, at least, ought to be mentioned.

I was on a trip through the forest, one day, and met an old man on the path near his village. I greeted him politely with a request for his losako and his reply was: "Yaka, kela tokend'oene." (Come on let's go and see.) He said it in such a conversational tone of voice that I thought for a moment that he really wanted me to go along with him and see some particular thing. So I said to him, "What is it you want me to see?"

"Oh," he replied, "the things that everyone may see as he lives and grows older."

And with that he walked off into the forest, leaving me to reflect on the excellence of his philosophy. For one does live and grow older and must, perforce, accept the experiences that come with the passing of the years.

A slightly different form of the same idea is embodied in the popular proverb: "Cika cena" (Wait and we'll see) and the head man of an Mbole village across the river from Lotumbe always used for his losako "Bienwa" (literally "to be seen" and referring to the wonderful happenings that occur and the great sights to be seen). A good proverb for a Congolese, that, for those now living have seen marvels of which their forefathers, who lived in these same villages before them, never dreamed. They have been subjected to the most rapid shift in culture ever experienced by a primitive people.

Repeated over and over in the nsako is the philosophy of hopelessness. Mpenge, the chief of the big village of Befili, who had in the neighborhood of three hundred wives and who was an unregenerate old heathen if there ever was one, had for one of his nsako, "Nkolo yolombo," (which in a loose translation means that the spirits have their eyes on you and you can't get away). Perhaps one hears more frequently than any other the dismal prophecy "Elo nk'esi" *(Continued on page 57)*

Secretarially Speaking

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN a young person is planning to go in for one of the so-called artistic professions, he or she must possess a certain amount of talent. A successful writer, a successful artist or a successful musician must necessarily have a flair for writing or painting or music. This is also true of the less artistic, but just as specialized, professions. A minister—to be a real disciple of God—must have a call. A surgeon must feel that an ability to heal the bodily ills of humanity is a direct gift from heaven; he must also have agile, clever fingers and a brain that works with speed and precision. A lawyer must possess the sort of a mind that reacts favorably to judicial matters, and a mathematician must get a kick out of the manipulation of figures. But almost anybody—and I mean *anybody*—with average intelligence and average perseverance, can become an adequate stenographer. And almost every stenographer, by making the most of each opportunity as it comes along, and by exerting, to the nth degree, the aforementioned intelligence and perseverance, can in time become a private secretary. And though to some of you a private secretary's job may seem to lack the glamor that other less run-of-the-mill jobs possess, it's nothing to be sneered at. Financially—or otherwise.

If a girl, or more infrequently a boy, desires to become a stenographer, it is very wise to put that desire to the test during the 'teen years which are spent in high school. Most modern high schools have a commercial course which trains a pupil for secretarial work. Some of these courses last through the entire four years of high school, some of them even begin in junior high. Some of the courses, however, are included only in the final two years and many city high schools have special night courses that are still shorter.

It is impossible to say, here and now, just how long a course you, who read this article, may require. The length of time you spend in training will depend upon both character and geography. Some people can accomplish in a year what it takes other people two years to accomplish, and vice versa. Also, your local high school may be less well—or better—equipped than the high school in the next township.

For those of you who decide rather late in the day to become stenographers, there are many business colleges available. The training which is given in these business colleges takes less time than the training that is given in high school, for it is more condensed. In high school a student must scatter her forces; she must take six or eight subjects, perhaps, along with shorthand and typing, whereas in a business college every hour of every day is given to the attaining of a specific goal. The usual stenographic and typing course, in a business college, runs from three to six months—although there are lengthier courses which embrace a greater diversity of subject matter.

I have said that to be a good secretary a girl or boy need not be talented. However, every normal young person has some natural interest or inclination. For instance, though you may not be able to draw pictures, you may be keenly appreciative of pictures, and though you may not possess mathematical genius, you may have a liking for addition and subtraction. Thus, when choosing the place at which you will eventually apply for a position, take your interests and inclinations into consideration. If you thrill to artistic things, seek employment with some company which is artistically concerned. If you are intrigued by commerce and trade, go to the marts of trade. You'll find it far easier to gain employment, to keep it, and to forge ahead if you know and care what the boss is talking about when he dictates a letter.

There are, to my mind, eight very important qualities that the embryo secretary must possess. They are—to list them rapidly—efficiency, neatness, loyalty, honesty, helpfulness, tact, initiative and selflessness.

If she—I'm using the feminine pronoun because this profession is almost entirely populated by women—lacks any one of these qualities, a stenographer is apt to stay put and never attain the status of private secretary. Without all of them—well, we won't go into that. Without all of them a person isn't fit for any job!

Taking the eight qualities in the order listed, we come first to efficiency. An efficient secretary knows how to spell and how to punctuate, and keeps abreast of the new rules in both spelling and punctuation. She knows where to look up a quotation, and when a phrase in a foreign language is thrown at her, she doesn't wince. An efficient secretary is punctual and prompt. She starts the day with the tools of her trade in perfect order—typewriter, notebook and sharpened pencils ready to obey the call to arms. She is cheerful and unobtrusive ninety per cent of the time. The other ten per cent of the time is a matter between her employer and herself.

(Continued on page 49)

Eskimo Spring

By
KERRY WOOD

☆

THE older people gathered around the heap of caribou skins on which lay Kuskaw, the father of Pallek.

They had been heading for the mission post when the storm came. It had forced them to stop and put up the large sealskin tent to give shelter to the three families in their group. The storm was three days past now, and they were still camped, delayed because Kuskaw had taken sick with cramps of the heart.

By the light of a feeble oil lamp, old Nama turned the pages of a Testament inscribed in the Eskimo language, selected a passage, and began to read:

"Thy will be done!"

He read just the one line, over and over. The others joined in. It became a chant.

Pallek looked at his father's face. The beams of the oil lamp, held close for the reading, fell full on the sick man's countenance. Kuskaw was pale under the yellow beams, for the pain was strong.

The chant became monotonous. A baby wakened and cried. His mother picked it up and fed it, then handed the child to Unnu, oldest daughter of one of the other families. Unnu took the baby and held it close to keep it warm, for the temperature had gone down again after the storm and the tent was hardly more than comfortable with a wind blowing outside.

Pallek's oval eyes rested for a moment on Unnu. She was a big girl now. He had not noticed that before, and he was somewhat surprised to realize that she was beyond girlhood and had become a woman.

With that thought, Pallek looked again at his father. But for the sickness of Kuskaw, they would all be at the mission post now, and Pallek would be arranging marriage with one of the Eskimo maidens there. He was ready for marriage, Pallek. He was an able hunter, a good fisherman, and could paddle a kayak well. He knew how to handle a team of sleigh dogs, too, and the winter had proved him to be an excellent trapper. The man at the mission post store had told him once before that he would give him supplies as to a grown man. Pallek was no longer a boy, yet he would remain a boy in status while he continued to take food at his father's fire. It was time he had a wife and founded a home of his own and took his true place as an independent member of the band.

"Thy will be done. Mmmm! Mmmmm! Thy will be done. Mmm! Mmmmm! Thy will be done. Mmmmmmmm!"

The chant went on, a steady sing-song of voices, old Nama's cracked tones leading the chorus.

Pallek glanced again at his father. There was no change in his pallid face, stolid with pain.

The boy pulled on heavy mittens and picked up a rifle. His mother was now among the chanters, so Pallek spoke to the girl Unnu, she being the nearest.

"I go to hunt. Tell you my father, should he ask."

Unnu shifted the baby in her arms.

"I will remember."

Pallek admired the sleek smoothness of her fat cheeks, the shiny gloss of her oiled black hair with its two tight braids. Her eyes smiled, then dropped modestly. Abruptly he stooped and swung aside the low tent flap and crawled through to the outside.

The dogs instantly set up a howling for food, clamoring close. Pallek threw a chunk of ice at them, and they retreated, snarling but respectful.

Ahhhh! The whip of the wind cut him after the close warmth of the tent. The air was keen in his nostrils, odorless after the atmosphere of the crowded shelter. He breathed deep, feeling his chest swell with the strain. Good!

The snow was deep and still soft, so he twisted his feet into snowshoes that were hanging on the tent sides. When these were on, he swung his rifle up, worked the lever and glanced into the breech. It was loaded, as he expected, and he felt his pockets and found three more cartridges there. Satisfied, the boy padded away.

In a moment he was beyond hearing of the tent, and the silence of the north seemed to tingle after the chant of the healers. Pallek turned then, and threw another missile to chase the skulking dogs back to camp. Then he faced the sea and trudged on.

Again he thought of the time when he would reach the mission and assert his independence. He would look at all the girls in the place, study the work of their fingers, hear about their abilities to tend sealskins and cook. When one was found that pleased him well, he would make sure that she had not been promised by word of her father. This obstacle out of the way, Pallek would boast to her of his own prowess in the hunt, seeking to prove himself a good provider and fitting mate. They would agree to marry. His parents would give them a sealskin tent, her people would provide the caribou sleeping robes, and friends would give presents of oil lamps, fat blubber, and skins for clothing, sinews for thread and bone needles for sewing. The missionary at the post would marry them, and his present would be a Testament like the one Nama carried.

Pallek smiled at the promise of the picture.

But for this April snowstorm and the sickness of his father, Kuskaw, he would have been in the post that very minute, perhaps already married.

Signs in the snow pulled him out of this reverie. His eyes darted at them sharply, but he relaxed when he saw they were only the dim tracks of an arctic fox. He smiled again. In the winter just past he had caught thirty-odd of these foxes, and the pelts were still in his fur bags. He would trade them in at the store when they reached the mission, asking supplies and cartridges in return. He glowed with the thought of all the equipment he could buy with his pelts.

Why did he keep thinking of Unnu?

Standing there, holding that child that was his own baby sister, she had looked very attractive to his gaze. Unnu! Pallek laughed a little at the thought. He had

known Unnu since she was only a young one, when he had been a young one with her. Their families had always been good friends and often camped together.

Unnu was a good girl. Smart with her sewing needle, clever with the skinning knife on the seal fields, skillful when it came to cutting out the choice parts of animals for food. Only yesterday he had heard his mother speak well of Unnu. The women had been talking then about Unnu marrying, he recalled with a grunt of surprise. Mmmmmm! Unnu would be marrying too, when they reached the post.

Somehow he did not like this notion of the girl getting married. He remembered that one of the growing boys of a family frequently in camp at the mission had always admired Unnu and sought her for play. He frowned with annoyance at the thought that this boy would now be a young man, like himself, and would be seeking Unnu for wife. Of course, Unnu could now marry if she chose, for she was large enough to do her part in the work of earning a living. But somehow Pallek did not relish the thought of her being married.

His wits were straying. Did he not know he was hunting? He dismissed his thoughts easily now that the rocky shore had been reached and his eyes could be busy searching for game. Far out in the bay a colony of seals showed like black specks on a big ice floe. The seals were coming north, heading towards the favored grounds where the females would give birth to the kits. It had been a late winter, else the seals would have been plentiful by this time. Pallek's eyes ranged the shore line in hopes of finding some at rest on the mainland.

None were in sight, though, so Pallek stooped and unwound the snowshoe bindings. The tide was going out and the beach was icy and rocky. Snowshoes were not needed here. He slung them on his back and then worked his way forward, careful of the ice-covered holes where danger lurked.

April, this, with good times coming. The spring seal hunt should have started by now, had the winter opened earlier. But it would begin soon, just as soon as the young were born. And after the long cold days when the food supply often ran low, April and sealing time was the finest season of all.

The faroff barking of the seals came to his ears. He licked his lips hungrily. If only some of them would come to the mainland. One needed a boat now to reach these flippers, and their kayaks were all stored at the mission post, far away.

A rocky promontory was ahead, stretching out into the steel-blue arctic waters. Pallek scanned it well, looking for a black seal head or for other sign of game. The larder in the tent was pitifully low at the moment. The reason was Kuskaw's sickness. Kuskaw was the mightiest hunter of their band and led all the men when they fared forth for game. With typical Eskimo forbearance they would all suffer empty stomachs, waiting for the leader to get well and lead them in the hunt again. The boy's impulse to hunt on his own had been a whim, a thought worthy of the leader's son.

Pallek climbed over the rocks, careful to keep the rifle-muzzle out of harm's way. His short, stocky figure came to an abrupt halt as he neared the crest of the headland. The wind had brought a new message to his nostrils. Pallek sniffed loudly, his little brown-black eyes glittering.

If his nose told the truth, food was close!

He clambered speedily over the rocks, hurrying to get a look along the shores on the far side. The stench grew stronger. Ahhhh! He could almost taste the fat, juicy skin, cooked in oil. And there would be oil—plenty in the tents and all the lamps could be lit. They would be warm and their stomachs full of the rich flesh. Pallek hastened, hope growing as the smell became more definite. Stranded whale!

Yes! There *(Continued on page 50)*

☆

Pallek looked at Unnu. They had just finished the skinning of the bear—his bear!

Illustrator **HENRY LUHRS**

A sled is a New England child's natural right, and the Preacher sees that these are supplied

FORTY YEARS A Country Preacher

[PART FIVE]

By George B. Gilbert

DARK DAYS

IN MY first parish, long before we bought the farm, the family that largely owned and ran the big factory nearby had always utterly dominated the church It was claimed—and though I can't prove it, I've always believed it true—that the minister used to line up at the pay window and get his envelope with the rest of the help. The church had been endowed somewhat by this family. At the end of the year, if there was a deficiency—and so far as I know there always was one—this family made it up. When a parish house was built, before my day, they arbitrarily dictated where it should be placed, quite away from the church down the street. If the church ever burned, this building was to be used as a church. That was a crazy idea, for it made an inconvenience in the work, and it was a poorly arranged building in every way—a perfect example of how people with a great deal of money might well *not* be qualified to boss or build a church.

I worked very hard to get the parish to pay its bills and become independent of this annual begging situation. I had some success in that endeavor. We built and paid for an addition to the church for the vested choir, and a Sunday School room for the little ones. We built a boys' club, and had two baseball teams most of the time. We took an old horse and a big express wagon to go on hunting trips every fall. When we returned, we had a great game supper for the club members.

A handful of old-timers that composed the church and ran it for years, didn't take to all these new-fangled ways, of course. We had a yell, a poor imitation of a college yell, that we gave out in front of the parish house before breaking up the meeting. The parish treasurer, who seldom came to church, said that every time the boys gave that yell they drove another "nail in his coffin"—meaning mine, of course.

All the time the storm clouds were gathering around me. Perhaps the greatest and saddest shock I ever had in the ministry came in this, my first parish, when I actually realized that the old long-time church members did not want these young men to be members of the church, or to sit in the old pews. Up in the old country church in Vermont, there would have been joy in the heart of the tiniest tot, as well as in the presence of the angels of heaven, over one new member that might enter the fold.

As I look back upon this period now, I think perhaps I carried the club business too far. There was something going on in the parish house every night in the week—yes, even Sunday nights. As assistant at St. John's Church in Hartford, my chief business had been to run boys' clubs. It is so easy for us all to do what we think we know how to do best!

I hope Divinity students now have a better training in what might be called parish work than I had. I knew nothing

about calling on the sick, nor anything about hospital work, so I neglected it. Whatever else a man may fall down on in a parish, he must not be lax in caring for the sick.

I know now that those regularly-attending church members, though old and Gospel-hardened, are really a wonderful asset in any parish. Those that are always there are such a cheer to a man as he looks out over his congregation during the first hymn. Then, too, a young inexperienced man is handicapped in ministering to old people. I badly needed the advice of an older head—I realize that now.

In the December instalment of this story, I mentioned the "Rectory." The wife of the chief owner of the factory, who had a bushel of money in her own right, suddenly decided to build a new Rectory for the parish. She never consulted a soul as to where to build it, or how big to build it, or how to arrange it. It was to be modeled after her summer home in Bar Harbor, Maine. I suppose she meant well, and it gave her something to manage (note the word) during building operations. It gave her a chance to drive out with her friends and company and show them what she was doing for the church. It was not near the parish house, and still farther from the church. There was a house right near the parish house with a nice garden plot, easy to heat and just the right size. It would have been a perfect place, but, I, the rector, was not consulted about it. The whole house, while very beautiful and expensive, was a headache.

When we, perforce, moved into it, we found what a job had been unloaded on us. On a corner lot there were rods and rods of sidewalk to shovel and sweep. There was an enormous lawn to keep mowed, and it was such a house to try to heat! Any day the builder might arrive with wealthy guests to show them her handiwork and benefactions. And I had never had any such experience, toadying to the rich or being object of a Lady Bountiful.

It was about this time that Labor Day came along. When there was a slack time, the factory just shut down and the owners with their families usually went to Europe and left the parish and the help to shift for themselves. So I gave vent to my feelings in that Labor Day effort. Of course the Lady Bountiful was not there —she used to come once a year—but she heard about it all right.

Now, after all these years, I doubt if that sermon was wise. Nothing was gained by it, for anyone, but trouble. Having been brought up on a farm, and never having stepped inside a factory, all I knew was hearsay, all from one side. Of course the reaction of the factory bosses was, "What does he know about it, anyway? Let him try to work with the bunch we have to work with for awhile."

So there was a side of which I knew nothing. In matters of strict right and wrong the pulpit stands adamant, but in controversial matters both sides must be presented, and—very important and far from easy—both sides should be presented at the same time. This can not be done in a church service—one needs the forum type of gathering where people can answer back. Any young preacher rides to trouble right here. The Labor Day pronouncements of the Federal Council of Churches are always good, and in presenting these, which are probably just about what the average minister wants to say anyway, one has a tremendous backing.

But this Labor Day matter was really very small in comparison with the events that were to follow. With a number of young people coming on, a minstrel show every year, and hymn-singing a feature in Sunday School, people said, "Why don't we have singing like that in church? What sweet young voices!" With a choir of many years standing and faithful, but getting older all the time, there was a chance for friction right away. The young people could not unite with the older choir members, as anyone who knows music would understand. Time would have brought about the desired result, but, when we are young, we haven't learned the art of waiting. We get the idea that if we have better music in church—a vested choir with a processional and a recessional —the church will be packed to the belfry every Sunday. But it will not. For a few Sundays a few fond parents will drop in to see Johnnie with his big white collar and Susie with her big bow tie, but that is all your choir would amount to, as far as attendance goes.

So having a young choir caused a great rumpus. It was a fine thing for all the young people, and no one can measure the good it did them, but I doubt if it was

Being a real Country Preacher, Mr. Gilbert fixes the henhouse, (Left, top). And on his way from Sunday School, he picks up a load (left, bottom). Above are the Preacher and Moms as they looked in 1923

worth the ill feeling that resulted. Probably it would have been just as well to put our energy in some other direction. The best character-building and soul-saving work I have ever done was in a mission where I have never had a choir and will never have one. The people whose feelings were hurt kept running to Lady Bountiful with their tales of woe and dreadful treatment. I had thought the fact the church had grown considerably, with so many baptisms and confirmations, would offset almost anything, and would be foremost in the people's minds. But far from it. It didn't count one iota.

One day we received a letter in the mail from a lawyer asking me to call at his office "concerning a matter of interest to me." He informed me that the woman wanted her house—this Rectory she showed off with such gusto and piety. This was a terrible blow for us. No one thought we could stay in the parish after this. It was difficult to get a rent anywhere, as no one thought we had money enough to pay. But the great mass of the parish was behind us. All the young people said they would help us move.

At last we got a rent. Moms went to Washington with Shelley, only a year and a half old and still frail. Nights, after the factory closed, the young people came with a borrowed horse and wagon and helped me move. Although we had only the first floor, it was good enough, but a dreadful come-down from the Rectory. Yet I didn't mind it so much, for here we had a fine little garden plot, a hen house, and a tool shed.

But it was very hard for Moms, having no bathroom, no hot water, no furnace, and no electricity. We did have gas for light, and a gas stove beside the coal stove, which helped some. Moms tried to put on a cheerful look when I was around, but I knew, and she admitted afterwards, that she was crying most of the time when I was out. (It didn't do Lady Bountiful much good putting us out, for we stayed in this house and parish for seven years after that.)

I was glad I never told Moms about the last night we stayed at the Rectory. I heard a noise at the back door, opened it, and a huge railroad tie fell toward me, which I fortunately pushed away with my hands. I think that night as I lay awake planning to get up before daylight to carry off that great, heavy, dirty tie, so Moms would not know it had been there, was the darkest one I have ever known. That dirty tie seemed to be a symbol of the dirt that was continually being gathered and thrown at us by the few that saw the church still going on. It was another drop in the bucket that was eventually to drive us out of that town.

Say what you may, however, a few persistent fault-finders and story-starters can have an awful wearing-down power. While the appreciation and gratefulness of the poor in spirit and poor in worldly goods is always present to buoy us up, there is also an ingratitude always ready to pull us down. At the last business meeting in that parish, we needed one more voter to make a quorum. I went down the street and asked a man to just step into the parish house for two minutes. What I had done for that man, his family and his children, would make a book, and a big book too. But he wouldn't step over. It cut me to the quick. Later, when I had resigned, he told me how sorry he was and how bad the children felt to think I was leaving. I reminded him of that night: "And if you had just stepped over to the parish house, I would have undoubtedly been in this parish today, and, quite likely, for the rest of my life." He gave me a look as if stunned—speechless and motionless. It is wonderful how God can turn the cussedness of one into the cure of many; and I know now how lucky it was for me, in the long after years, that he *didn't* step over to that meeting.

Our worst financial difficulties came when we left this church. I could only pick up supply work here and there. Two more babies came along. Butter was missing from our table, but we had some hens and a fine garden. I took long trips with my bicycle, picking great quantities of blackberries for canning, and wild grapes for grape juice. The woman next door had some beautiful pears which she let me pick "on the halves."

"What are you going to do with your share?" she asked me, as I was at work up in the top of a tree.

"Why, I don't know," I answered, "probably can a few and give the rest away."

"Give them away!" she cried. "What are you going to do that for? The grocer is going to give me fifty cents a basket for mine, and he will buy yours."

But we gave ours away. The neighbors on the other side of us had been such good neighbors, and always kept an eye on our house when we were away. A few days before Thanksgiving when I was returning home from out of town, I phoned Moms to see what I should get for dinner. "Oh, you don't need to get anything," she said. "I don't? Why not?" It seemed that Mr. Berry, next door, had just sent over a big fat rooster for our dinner. It was certainly worth four times as much as the pears. In fact I got so much for those pears that I was actually ashamed. It was almost robbery!

If We Only Could

When people's cars get old and worn
And then begin to toddle
They go somewhere and trade them in
And get the latest model.

Now I have very often thought
That when my joints get achy
And when my hair has all turned grey
And knees are rather shaky,

And when the onward march of time
Has left me rather feeble,
How nice 'twould be to find a firm
That deals in wornout people.

How nice 'twould be, when feet give out,
Or we have damaged livers,
If we could go and buy new parts
Just like we do for flivvers.

And when my form is bent with age
And gets to looking shoddy,
How nice 'twould be to trade it in
And get a brand-new body.

—*Chester Larue Hampton*

After I was graduated from the School of Pedagogy in Hartford, I was in the field for any Sunday School work that might happen along. I had always been strong in having friendly relations with the other churches, other denominations, and soon got the reputation of being a rather "poor" churchman. I often attended the county convention meetings, and sometimes spoke there.

Soon I was asked to do some work for the State Sunday School Association. I went around speaking—largely on boys' work—for three hundred dollars a year. This was a great help. I was also on the Sunday School Commission of the Episcopal Church of this Diocese; a commission which was contemplating the possibility of hiring a state-wide worker.

Of course my qualifications came up for consideration. The Sunday School of the parish I had had for nine years had grown from a mere handful to a roll of 149. I had worked out and had printed on cardboard an opening and closing service that was thought good enough to be put on exhibition at the New York Sunday School Commission Office in New York City. But my work for the State Sunday School Association had decidedly increased suspicion on the soundness of my "churchmanship."

At the meeting in which they were to discuss the candidates they wanted me to leave the room. It didn't seem just right to send me out alone, so John Lewis (now a D.D.) of Waterbury went out with me. They must have had some discussion, for we waited and waited and waited. At last we went in again. I had been ruled out. At our County Episcopal gatherings in those days the archdeacon went out of his way to speak about this minister or that minister that was a "good churchman." The "sound churchmen" would glance at each other knowingly.

The East just couldn't be farther from the West than my way of running a mission was from the way the archdeacon of my county thought one should be run. There was always friction when we got together. One day he sent for me to come to his study, and did he give me the "razz!" He went into the matter of vestments—I didn't wear enough. The prayer book I didn't use enough. The stereopticon lantern—"a flash in the pan"—I didn't leave at home enough. The crazy coffee-pot idea I didn't let cool off enough.

He never mentioned what I might be doing with boys and girls, with the young people, and the old people. Instead, he ran on and on apparently caring nothing about these important things. It struck me as something worse than tragic—it was comic. When he stopped, I just laughed right out loud. That was too much. "Get out of here," he cried, "and never come into this place while I am here again."

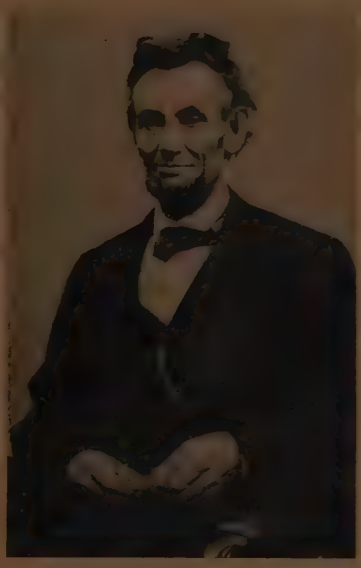
Of course you can argue with an archdeacon, you can tell him what he says isn't true, you can even use that short and ugly word—but if you laugh at him, look out. That truly is the limit of insult.

I kept pegging away, however, and spoke on country work at Convention. In a write-up in the *Churchman* of New York City it was stated that "He tells funny stories at the Diocesan Convention, and gets everything he wants." I could realize more and more *(Continued on page 56)*

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré Morrow



The last life photograph of Lincoln ever taken. Made by the photographer Gardner, April 9, 1865, only five days before Lincoln was assassinated

Quality of Mercy

JUST at this moment in world affairs, I find this episode in Abraham Lincoln's life, which I will describe, very moving. It is an incident which I never have seen mentioned in a life of Lincoln.

All during the Civil War John Bright, the great English member of Parliament, and Charles Sumner, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the U. S. Senate, carried on a political correspondence. Sumner used to read the letters to Mr. Lincoln. Bright was one of the few important friends to the Northern cause in English public life and Lincoln had deep admiration for him.

In the spring of 1863 came a letter of a different kind from Bright:

"Dear Mr. Sumner: The son of a widow living at Birmingham, which Town I represent in Parliament, finds himself in trouble at San Francisco. His family wish me to do what I can in his favor; he may only be a foolish young man who has thoughtlessly and ignorantly brought himself into trouble.

"I write to his family to say that *hanging* is not much the custom of your Government, and that I will write to an influential person in America who may perhaps be able to save him from any severe punishment. Is it too much for me to ask you to procure his liberation on condition that he shall at once return to England? I think your Government might do this for him without harm to anybody, and I shall feel grateful to them if they can set him free. I enclose a letter from his brother which will inform you of the case more particularly. In bringing this matter before you, I assume that there is no *special* guilt in the young man's conduct."

The facts were these: Alfred Rubery, an English boy, twenty years old, had been one of the principals in a plot to start an insurrection in California which would return that state to the Confederacy. Rubery, among other activities, carried on the necessary correspondence with Southern sympathizers. Different committees were organized throughout California. The schooner *Chapman* was bought, filled with arms and ammunition and plans were made to seize larger ships. But on the eve of her sailing, March 15, 1863, the U. S. Navy seized the *Chapman* and unearthed the plot. Alfred Rubery and an American principal named Greathouse were among those arrested.

Sumner took up the matter with Stanton, Secretary of War. On June 1, 1863, the California authorities reported to Stanton. "Alfred Rubery is one of the principals in the *Chapman* affair. He is in confinement at Alcatraz Island. The case is in the hands of the U. S. District Attorney. No facts have been elicited showing him to be an object of executive clemency. The feeling here is strong against all such actions." So Stanton turned thumbs down and Charles Sumner went to Mr. Lincoln.

It was a hectic time at the White House. With 800.000 men under arms, Lincoln had just been obliged to ask for 100.000 more. It was the eve of the battle of Gettysburg. Lincoln was being torn in two by the importunings of big business, ravenous for war profits. California had long been a cause of deep anxiety to the President and this plot had been absurdly near success. He turned Sumner's plea down as far as immediate action went. He must wait and see.

In September, the battle of Chickamauga was lost with terrible carnage. In November, Lincoln made his Gettysburg speech. In December, Sumner went once more to the President. John Bright had written again and yet again. The young sister of Alfred Rubery had gone insane with grief over her brother's impending fate. His mother was ill. Lincoln listened attentively. "Poor souls!" he said, "Poor souls! I don't want John Bright to think I've been too hard! But California has been very bitter about this young Englishman's sharing in this particular brand of treason. Does he say that the girl is hopelessly insane?"

Lincoln took a turn up and down the room, then sat down at his desk and began to write, carefully: ". . . . whereas, the said Alfred Rubery is of the immature age of twenty years and of highly respectable parentage; and whereas the said Alfred Rubery is a subject of Great Britain and his pardon is desired by John Bright of England: now therefore be it known that I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, these and divers other considerations moving me thereto, and especially as a public mark of the esteem held by the United States of America for the high character and steady friendship of the said John Bright, do hereby grant a pardon to the said Alfred Rubery. (Signed) A. Lincoln"

He handed the paper to Sumner. "This is with the understanding," Lincoln said, "that the boy goes straight home to his mother and sister."

"Yes! Yes! A thousand thanks!" cried Sumner, starting for the door.

"Let me know what John Bright says," Lincoln called after him.

"Yes! Yes!" said Sumner.

Six weeks later he was back with John Bright's reply.

"Dear Mr. Sumner: Your letter of the 15th of Dec. gave me much pleasure. I am greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in the affair of Rubery. His poor mother has written to me to express her gratitude for what you have done for her son. It is a curious fact that her daughter has been apparently quite restored to reason and to health by the receipt of the news of his pardon and of his probable early return home. I have heard that in the announcement of the pardon a reference was made to the part I have taken in the matter. If that be so, I should like to have a copy of the document, if one can easily be obtained. May I ask you to convey to the President my warmest thanks for the leniency he has shown to Rubery, and for the consideration he has shown to my representations on his behalf. I have not heard the subject spoken of in any society in England where it has not produced a kindly feeling toward America and toward the Gov't of the United States. . . ."

"Now isn't it good to think of that dear girl restored to reason!" said Lincoln with a sigh of great content. And so the episode passed into all but forgotten history.

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ESTABLISHED 1878

The Faith of Washington

AS WE approach again his birthday anniversary, and as we face the unseen future events of a world plunging yet deeper into war, it may not be unprofitable for us to remember the faith of George Washington.

Concerning his faith and religious experience there can be no valid question. Profoundly he believed. His father, who died when George Washington was twelve years of age, was a vestryman in the Church of England. Mary Washington, the mother, conducted the family altar after the death of her husband. She had her devotional spot beneath a great tree, and at Fredericksburg, Virginia, its stump may still be seen. There she knelt at her private devotions. She taught her sons to pray, and throughout their lives they gave testimony to her Christian character.

Early in his career, as a young colonial officer of the Crown, Washington accompanied General Braddock on the illfated expedition into what is now western Pennsylvania. Braddock lost his life. Four times the clothing of Washington was penetrated by enemy bullets. Two horses were shot from beneath him. I find this sentence in the letter written to his home following that escape: "By the all-powerful dispensation of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability." Before departing for New York to take the Presidential oath of office, he said—and surely that document should be one of the holiest things of the American people—"All that remains for me is to commit myself to the care of that Beneficent Being."

Washington was the author of a book of prayers for his private use. The language is of his time. The prayers deal with matters that concerned him, his house and his people. Frequently they are theologically phrased. All the human elements of his surroundings, of his physical estate, are included in this personal prayer book. He always had grace at the table. An amusing incident is told of an occasion when, though a clergyman was present, overlooking that rather significant fact, Washington offered his own prayer as usual. Embarrassed, he apologized, saying, "At any rate, the reverend gentleman will observe that we are not entirely graceless at Mount Vernon."

WASHINGTON'S Farewell Message included two supremely vital matters. First, he warned his people against entangling alliances with foreign powers. He admonished them to remain aloof from the quarrels of Europe. That word is still a sólemn note for this nation. It remains as a trumpet of warning to our generation, though it does not release us from responsibility to think through with each new occasion and to reach the conclusion the event itself justifies—to do this with the vitality, the fearlessness, the unselfishness, and the faith of Washington himself.

New occasions teach new duties, and the Father of his Country was the servant of duty and the captain of one of the world's supreme new occasions. There is not one sentence in Washington's Farewell Message that suggests the American people should ever be neutral in the presence of wrong. Where religion is being liquidated, for instance, where democratic institutions are being destroyed, where freedom of speech and of worship are being denied, and where men and women for conscience' sake as they worship God are being imprisoned and executed—there and always, neutrality of thought is sin, and to think is to be!

Not merely to save America, then, but to help save the world, America's sons, her wealth, the very genius of her republican form of democratic government—all must be strengthened and increased, trained and enriched, in the spirit of the Prince of Peace Himself, who said, "For I am among you as one who serves."

But quite as timely as Washington's historic warning against entangling alliances is Washington's message concerning religion. This is the second and equally vital emphasis of that immortal farewell document. Said he, "Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supporters. Let us with caution indulge in the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." That word, that profoundly moral and spiritual admonition, is, I think, the most important of the Farewell Message.

A supercilious and frothy school of literature in the field of biography has emerged to question the testimony of Isaac Potts, the Quaker, who found Washington in prayer at Valley Forge. The very existence of Isaac Potts has been denied. But even so, the plaque on the ancient Sub-Treasury Building in lower Manhattan is still factual. I am with those who believe in this Quaker. Again and again I have gone into Wall Street to stand before that bas-relief. There, with his horse tethered nearby, the Cincinnatus of the West kneels in prayer. His face is lifted to a frozen sky. His hands are not raised in command but clasped in supplication. He is calling up divine and infinite reinforcements. Nor was that prayer left unanswered!

Faith without works is dead, and George Washington followed prayer with action. It was during the Valley Forge winter that he turned into cash every possession upon which he could capitalize and poured the money into the shallow treasury of the Continental Congress. This he did even as that Congress was plotting to relieve him of his command. He pledged his treasure, he pledged his future, he pledged his life. All that he possessed and all that he might hope to possess or to become, he dedicated to the brave dream of American freedom. That pledge and dedication became a covenant. Always a covenant has two parties in agreement. He felt himself in partnership with Heaven; he believed himself to be companioned by the Almighty. And as the comrade of God, he went on in the great business of establishing liberty and democracy on the North American Continent.

In the prayer life of a home the worthy future of a nation is anchored. For us that anchor seems now to be dragging. Certainly, if generations ahead are to believe in prayer and practice the belief as Washington believed and practiced, then the present generation of childhood must be taught to pray. How vividly you and I recall the gracious presence, the incidents, the words spoken first by lips so tender and so true! Other things pass from me, but these do not pass. The prayers that were offered for my life, the prayers in which I was privileged to join, the prayers that reach back into the gray dawn where memory begins, have been the anchor of my soul. This nation may well profit from the prayer traditions of the home and from the personal Christian faith of George Washington.

We shall not forget that the greatness

(Continued on page 48)

☆ LOVE ☆

A Sermon by

LOUIS HADLEY EVANS

Dr. Louis Hadley Evans

was born in Indiana. He was educated at Occidental College, Los Angeles, and at McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. While in college he was active in athletics, and starred in football. Later he received his D.D. degree from Washington and Jefferson, and from Jamestown College. He was married in 1922. His first pastorates were on the Pacific Coast, including three years at Pomona, California. He has been pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, since 1931. Dr. Evans is especially active in youth work, and speaks to thousands of youth every year. He has traveled extensively, and is a member of the Presbyterian Board of Missions and numerous other organizations.

THERE can be no question that love is the greatest of the Christian graces and virtues. Whenever the virtues of Christians stand in a group, love towers head and shoulders above them all. "Now abideth faith, hope, love; but the greatest of these is love." There is finality in that statement. Of all the Christian graces it gives the palm to love. It is the highest attitude of heart—that characteristic of the human heart which most symbolizes the character and similitude of God.

Unlimited praise, approbation, and importance are added to this virtue: "Hereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another." The lack of this virtue carries with it tragedy: "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." The presence of the antonym of love—hate—holds the darkest prospect of all: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

There are three possible attitudes which the human heart may assume toward its fellow men. These are hatred, indifference, and love.

The antonym for love, *hatred,* is quite characteristically guarded against by the Christian. So unquestioned is the counsel against it that the soul is immediately on its guard against its intrusion. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." So unmistakable and unequivocal is this sentence that every wise soul immediately declares war against the vice of hatred. One Christian declared, "I shall never do my soul the wrong of allowing it to hate anyone." Hatred has all the qualities of the "boomerang"; it returns to its source with greater tragedy than it imparts to its object.

In fighting hatred every means of grace must be employed. The Holy Scriptures will so evidence the love of Christ that malice shall go slinking from its presence. The Holy Table of the Sacrament will make us face the possibility of this sort of guilt and give rise to the personal question, "Lord, is it I?" More than all else, perhaps, will the Christian fight this vice with prayer. "Pray for your enemies—for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Wisely the Lord knew that this would mean the death of malice. One cannot long hate him for whom he prays. Prayer lances the pus sacs of hatred in the human soul; it is the most effective lancet of spiritual surgery. If you have difficulty forgiving your enemy, pray for him—test the impossibility of the survival of hatred in the face of the onslaught of earnest intercession for its object.

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Does one who hates thus ask God to condemn him, then? Is it true that God's willingness to forgive us stands inseparable from our willingness to forgive our enemies? Is the love of God, in its forgiving aspect, only operative when our forgiveness operates toward our enemies? This consideration motivates us to the most energetic cleansing of our hearts of hatred. This is a most necessary surgery of the spirit of men.

Indifference, while it may not be the antonym of love, is at least the tragic absence of it and is equally dangerous. "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." Here not hatred, but the mere lack of love, ends in the same sort of spiritual sentence and tragedy—death.

Here we are face to face with the great positive necessity of love. Here we are face to face with the enormous danger of a "vacuum." Here is expressed the tragedy of a heart not filled with hatred, but emptied of love. God as well as nature abhors a vacuum.

It is of this state of heart that we all may be most easily guilty. Having driven from our hearts' inn the presence of hatred, does love come in as a tenant of the cleansed heart—or is the heart untenanted by it? Cain's guilt lay not alone in his murder of his brother—the fruit of his hatred; it lay in his post-murder question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" This was the fruit of his indifference. They are twin sins.

Under the caption of this lack of love come the innumerable sins of omission: the absence of zeal in the missionary enterprise, the untouched fields of heathenism, the spiritually uninstructed youth of our land, the deficits of rescue mission budgets, the tragic necessity of too many orphanages to take the place of hearthsides, original or acquired, the unevangelized souls of any community, the strangely silent lips of Christians.

A clergyman was staying at a large hotel in a Midwestern city during a course of addresses he was giving. Responding to a knock at his door he found a man standing there with a typewriter in his hand, evidently a salesman. "I am not interested" only saw the man take a seat and appear loath to go. A knock on the door and the same man stood there with the same typewriter the afternoon of the same day. Again the same lack of interest in the machine on the part of the clergyman and the same hesitancy about leaving on the part of the salesman. A knock on the door the next morning with the same results. As the man's hand was on the doorknob, a voice said to the clergyman's heart, "Perhaps he is seeking Christ. Speak to him!" He inquired as to his relationship with Christ. He settled it in that hour. Rising from his knees he said to the clergyman, "For two long years I have sought Christ. I am not a typewriter salesman, I am the manager." He named one of the world's largest typewriting firms. "I did not come to sell you this typewriter," he continued. "I came to find Christ. My firm is filled with church officers and professing Christians. But not one has ever asked me about my soul or said a word for Christ in my presence. *(Continued on page 64)*

"NEW WINE

By CHARLES J. ST. JOHN

As told to Frank S. Mead

HE WAS back, after ten years. I think he had spent that ten years in jail, for a robbery "rap"; he had the telltale prison pallor on his cheeks when I bumped into him out in front of the Mission. Bareknuckles Tim, they called him along the Street. Bareknuckles! He stood there on the curb looking like a wandering rascal come back to his old haunts. Hard, booze-soaked, grizzled, grim, he was back on the Bowery. He looked up and down the Street and up at the Mission, and he rubbed his tough old knuckles and said out of the corner of his tough old mouth, "Humph. Looks the same as it did the day I left it. Yeah, everything's the same. Just like it always was. Same old Bowery, ain't it, Buddy?"

He was right about that, and wrong. To his bleary old eye it *was* the same old Bowery. The same rags and ruin, the same swirling, choking dirt on the sidewalks, the same crushed old men and half-crushed young men, the same dirty flop houses and cheap whiskey joints and policemen and panhandlers and poverty. Just the same. These poor ye shall have always with you; there's no end to the

IN NEW BOTTLES"

[MARK 2:22]

poverty-parade—it's the same Bowery yesterday, today and forever.

And he was wrong. His eyes were whiskey-dim and stone-wall blind and as I walked up the street away from him it suddenly came to me that I might show him a lot of things that were different. A lot of new, changed things along the old Street. I went back, but he was gone. A cop probably picked him up. Or a bartender. They come and go like that, down here. They are ships, passing. . . .

But I'll find him; he's as much a Bowery fixture as the paving stones and the dirt. Bareknuckles will be back. He's a chip on an awful tide, floating in just one direction—back, down. When he does come back and I see him again, I'm going to take him on a personally conducted tour and show him the new Bowery that is taking the place of the old one.

I'll make him stand on the curb and study the faces that flash by. Old men, young men, yes—but not quite the same old and young that he knew in his heyday. Social Security and old age pensions and city and state and national help have taken a lot of the old ones off our hands. We still have them, but not in such numbers. The old fellows have a little income now, so there are fewer of them pounding the pavements and sleeping in the icy alleys.

Yet the sidewalk is just as crowded as ever. There are new recruits to take the place of the lost vets. New, fresh, young ones. Young men. Boys. Kids just out of high school. Here and there a college man—Harvard, Ohio, Stanford. They'd break your heart, as they break mine; they're too young to be here, but here they are. They don't know what it's all about. They fall easily for schemes and wiles of crook and confidence man that an oldtimer would laugh at. They're babes lost in a deep dark wood. Old Doctor Time has done a facelifting job on the Bowery and changed the whole thing—he's made it look horribly, tragically young.

Fred is typical of the whole new crowd. Fred's from Sandusky, two years out of high school. He was the "middle boy" of the family, with two older and two younger brothers. There wasn't any money left to send Fred to college and not much to feed and clothe him with, either. He began to see that he was a burden to the family, so one day he just pulled out. Out, and almost down. He just left, for nowhere. He got there. He had no money, no job, no prospects, no friends, nothing. Of course, it happened. It went from bad to worse to the Bowery. There wasn't any place for Fred but the Bowery. He's no drunk, no thief, no vagrant. He's a victim of circumstances he can't control and he doesn't know what to do about it.

Now our job with these young newcomers on the Street is a lot different from the job we had to do with the old Bareknuckles variety. These young men don't want charity; they don't want to be handed a meal or a pair of socks; that hurts. They don't want to live like hoboes; the old jungle is not for them. Bareknuckles may have loved it, but Fred and his companions are young enough to hate it; they still have their self-respect and their ambitions and their dreams. They've been caught up a dead end street and they need someone to help them fight their way out of it. That's where we come in. *What we've got on our hands now is not a problem of food and clothes only, but a question of morale.* These boys need food for their souls.

I'd show Bareknuckles how we're trying to give them that. I'd take him to one of our 6:30 prayer services. That means 6:30 A.M., not P.M. And not just at Christmas and Easter, as you have it in your churches, but all year round. Prayer at 6:30 A.M., when they need it most. That is the worst hour of the Bowery day, when they come out of their night's lodgings into the cold, filthy, lonely street before anyone else is up. That's when they hit bottom. So we're doing something new, something we never tried before, at the Mission: gathering them in for prayer before they go out. When they do go out, God goes with them.

I'd invite Bareknuckles back for the second meal of the day at the Mission. He wouldn't understand that; for years the Mission has been able to serve only

one meal a day. Did you ever try going without food for twenty-four hours? Try it, and you'll know how they feel. Two meals a day now; I wish it could be three. I'd give him an overcoat, if he really needed it. We will give away a thousand before the winter is out—as good overcoats as any mission in the country can supply. But we'd let old Bareknuckles know that he couldn't sell that coat and come back for another; we expect him to bring it back in the spring and let us store it for him until the snow flies again. There's a card-index file to stop that. We live and learn.

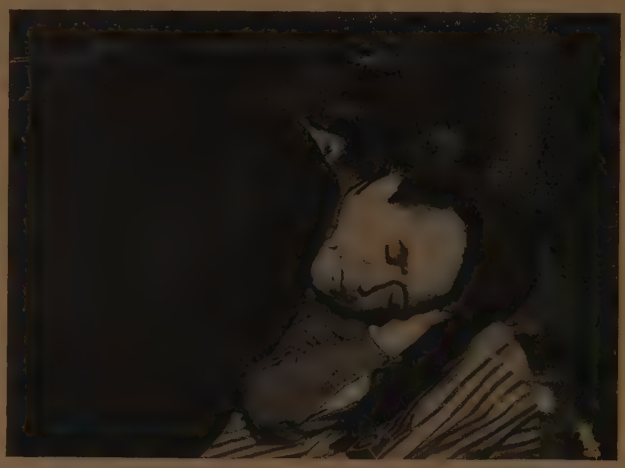
I'd send Bareknuckles out to the hospitals, with one of our hospital visitors. He'd visit the men in the D. T. ward, the alcoholics, the half starved, the man who slipped under the street car and lost his legs, the man who had his head cut open in a fight. Cripples, T. B's, the lame, the halt, the blind, the broke. We pray at one bed, scold at another, write a letter home for this one, put up a little Christmas tree on the table for another. Twelve months a year we do that; we have new, full-time hospital visitors at the Mission now.

I'd take him uptown to look at a pile of furniture set out in the street. Dispossessed! Put out on the sidewalk. A bill collector or a lawyer may be there, slapping a judgment on the furniture. We get them in, somewhere, for the night; next day Bareknuckles could go with the truckload of rebuilt furniture from our workroom (last year we furnished 132 apartments for the penniless and the dispossessed). They live miles from the Mission; it's a new work, just taken over, but—they are in need, and they need us, so. . . .

I'd take him into the chapel and show him the radio microphone on the pulpit. That wasn't here when he was a power on the Street; there wasn't any radio then. But today we've made good use of that mike on the pulpit; with it we've doubled, tripled our work. It isn't a question, any more, of just serving the Bowery; we tell seven states about our work and we serve the needy in those seven states. What *Christian Herald* readers started, the radio has completed: Bowery Mission isn't local, or even national, these days. We are getting letters, appeals for aid, from Canada. We send wheel chairs to Toronto, as well as overcoats to Oshkosh.

"Tim," I'd ask him, "Do you remember what happened to the men who died on the Bowery?" Tim would remember. It was too horrible to forget. "Sure," he'd reply. "Sure. Potter's Field. Where else?" Aye, where else? Who wanted a dead tramp? Who cared? No friends, no relatives we could find, nobody but the man at the morgue and the pilot of the sea-going hearse that took the bodies of the city's pauper dead up the bay to Riker's Island, where they were quickly dropped into quicklime and forgotten. I could give Tim some good news about all that: "Thanks to the radio, Tim, we can bury them decently now. Bury them, not like tramps, but like the children of God they really are. Last year we saved thirty-seven from Potter's Field, and this year we'll save more."

It works like this: A man dies, of hunger, cold, or just plain brokenheartedness and despair. When I go on the air on Sunday afternoon I tell my radio audience that there is a boy dead down here—some mother's boy, who hasn't a chance at a Christian burial unless somebody helps, quick. Our *Christian Herald* friends can't help here: this is an emergency. We've failed to do very much for this boy while he lived, but let's skip that; he's dead now, and we don't want to see him buried as you'd bury a dog. A man in the radio audience (he may live two, three, five hundred miles from the Bowery) telegraphs me before we go off the air that he has a lot in a New York cemetery where we can bury the boy; he may even send me the deed to that lot. I've buried my boys all around this Metropolitan area, in such donated cemetery lots. Bareknuckles would lift his eyebrows at that. He might even think there was a catch in it, somewhere, for in his day it was a case of "Sure. The Potter's Field. Where else?" Now, thanks to God and the radio, we can bury them as Father God and Elder Brother Christ must want them buried.



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NOTHING BREAKS DOWN WHAT IS LEFT OF A MAN'S MORALE LIKE HAVING NO PLACE TO SLEEP. YET HUNDREDS OF MEN, LIKE THIS ONE, HAVE TO SLEEP IN THE ICY ALLEYS. BOWERY MISSION GIVES SHELTER TO AS MANY AS POSSIBLE OF THESE UNFORTUNATES

Bareknuckles might be interested in getting a job; I doubt it, but he might. We could help him get that job, prison record or no prison record. We're one of the few agencies in New York City that can call up a prospective employer and say, "Look here. I've got a man just out of jail who wants a job. I want you to take him." And we have a list of employers who *will* take them, for they know we won't fool them. We could place Bareknuckles. We could place him once, twice, three times; his employer would report on him, he would report on his employer, and it all goes down in our records. If the employer fails to do the right thing by a man trying hard to make good, we cross him off, if the man himself fails after three or four assignments, we cross *him* off. There's nothing haphazard about it. We have three college men managing this, and managing it well. It has to be that way today; it must be intelligent, scientific. as it never was before.

Don't think we're hard or unchristian when we cross them off our list. We have to cross off the confirmed idlers and the confirmed drunkards in order to protect those who really want to make good and get up on their own feet again. It lets us do a better job with fewer men—with those who need it most. It involves a lot of social case-work we never dreamed of, ten years ago. But times and conditions change, and the Mission keeps up with both.

No, Bareknuckles, it isn't quite the same down here, not quite the same Bowery or Bowery Mission you knew before you left to serve your time, ten years back. We still do all the things we did then, and we do a whole lot more. New days, new ways. Take booze, for instance. Even that has changed. The booze victims you knew were victims of cheap, dirty saloons; they were men born in poverty who looked to liquor for an escape from the awful reality of their lives. But the men you see on the Bowery now are ex-lawyers, doctors, business men who had a chance and missed it; they are the victims not of the low saloon but of the swanky, gleaming cocktail bar. Take the young fellows. There just aren't jobs for them, as things are. We've got a huge army of unemployed young Americans on our hands in this country, and they're just so much unexploded dynamite. They're a great field for the Communist. Either the Communist will get them, or Christ will, and we're doing a lot of work for them that we never had to think of before, just to see that Christ gets them.

Do you ever read your Bible, Bareknuckles? Do you remember what Jesus said about putting new wine into old bottles? "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved." That explains the job we're doing now. New wine (young men) in new bottles (a new technique of mission work). It can't be done the way we did it yesterday.

Only one thing remains the same, Bareknuckles: the need of God on the Bowery. We may change a great deal in our methods of dispensing food, overcoats and courage, but this will never change: we're helpless with these men unless we can get God into them. You remember the poet who said that "Only God can make a tree?" Well, only God can make a man—and keep him a man. Without God, we still accomplish exactly nothing. With Him, we could accomplish a great deal, even with you.

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The Little Busy Fly

By HELEN WELSHIMER

BEFORE long now, over millions of American breakfast tables, Jim Smith, average citizen, will put down his coffee cup, turn to his wife and say:

"Mary, it's turning warm. We'd better get the screens up from the cellar, have 'em cleaned and put in. Or else we'll have the house full of flies pretty soon."

At about the same time, health departments in thousands of cities and towns will warn restaurants, coffee pots and dairies to screen all food and milk.

Manufacturers of insecticides, fly paper, swatters and spray guns will come out of hibernation and get ready for an annual summertime trade running into a dollar volume expressible in eight figures.

Students in medical schools will prepare graduation theses on the fly as a carrier of lethal diseases, including among others encephalitis, dread sleeping sickness of hot weather countries which is borne by the tsetse fly, a tropical first cousin of our everyday housefly and a particularly nasty member of the tribe.

While all of this costly warfare is getting under way to protect us against our top ranking tormentor, a man out in California is deliberately breeding flies by the hundreds of millions.

He has found a use for flies, at last, and has put them to work—work that soon will be bringing more beauty into your home and mine.

Under his control, the shiftless, vagrant fly becomes a better worker than the industrious bee. The man who is performing the miracle of making flies do an honest day's work after all these centuries is David Burpee, president of the famous W. Atlee Burpee Seed Company and proprietor of half a dozen vast flower ranches, one of them Floradale Ranch which lies in the sun-drenched Lompoc Valley in southern California.

Many scientific miracles of flower culture have been wrought at the Floradale experimental ranch, a recent one being the mating of French and African marigolds to produce Burpee's Red-and-Gold Hybrid which swept last year's flower shows with first honors the country over. The latest is using flies as pollinators in developing new flower forms. Their debut as insect laborers probably will be the biggest horticultural news of 1940.

Not so many weeks ago, I visited Floradale and was taken to see the flies at work.

A sight of breath-taking beauty met my eyes. For 400 solid acres a carpet of radiant, shining color stretches over the floor of the valley, off to the distant blue hills that enfold this lovely paradise.

Over one thousand varieties of American garden flowers grow in the valley, their seeds being shipped to every state of the union and abroad. Some 600,000,000 marigold seeds alone are shipped every year from the ranch.

As you walk through the dazzling fields, you will see scores of sun-bonneted girls, patiently hand-pollinating flowers with camel's hair brushes.

You will pass through the trial fields where new varieties of flowers, flowers of colors and forms you have never seen before, are being grown.

You will see the "cages," muslin coops which are placed around specially promising plants to protect them from outside pollination during experimentation to develop a new or superior flower.

And then, in the middle of the fields, you come to a low, table-like platform, enclosed in wire netting. Inside you see a lung of beef that is somewhat the worse for wear from the hot sun. Around it swarm the blow flies from the fields outside.

Thomas Little, noted Burpee hybridist, tells us that this is where the blow flies are bred. A blow fly is any fly that lays its eggs in deteriorated animal matter.

"We find blow flies to be superior to bees as pollinating agents," he says. Then he explains.

When a bee alights upon a flower, his single, fixed idea is to collect as much of its nectar as he can carry and lose no time in hustling it back to his hive. If he is caged and thus restrained from returning to his hearthside he quits work then and there. He flits no more from flower to flower and thus ceases to pollinate.

The fly is a wandering nomad, with no home to call his own. He has the time of his life with the sweet juices and collects no load to hamper his activity. He continues to flit and pollinate long after the more serious bee has weighted himself down with his homeward bound burden.

The fly platform bearing the beef lung is five feet high, two feet long and a foot and a half wide. It is tilted, so that one side is three inches lower than the other. Along this lower side runs a sand-filled trough which, in turn, slopes down to a bucket filled with sand.

The flies lay their eggs in the meat, then go their careless way. In two or three days the eggs hatch into larvae and the larvae feed for ten days or two weeks on the meat until they are three-quarters of an inch long.

They work their way down the inclined platform into the trough, start burrowing and follow the sandy trail down into the bucket. Then, following the law of their nature they proceed to pupate, to encase themselves in the silky cocoon from which they are to emerge in another two weeks as winged flies.

But here man steps in to beat nature and slow up the process. When the cocoons are collected from the bucket they are clapped into refrigerators. The cold retards their final emergence as flies until the hybridists *(Continued on page 63)*

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

February, 1940

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1

TRAVELING LIGHT

"LAYING ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT."
READ GALATIANS 5:1-7

WE ARE in the second month of the new year. Have we retained the visions with which we began? Have we made better progress so far? Or have we been gathering up some of the resentments and bad habits which hampered us before? If you recall how Stanley had to leave behind his treasured books as he journeyed in quest of Livingstone, or how Shackleton, seeking the South Pole, had to strip his men of everything but the sheer necessities so that they might reach their goal, then you will understand why we should travel light. Determine that you will not carry the burden of unforgiven sin, of enmities, of worry.

Help us this day that we may give Thee preeminence in all things. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2

PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT

"DO IT HEARTILY, UNTO THE LORD."
READ COLOSSIANS 3:16-25.

WE WERE watching a college boat crew on the river. They were training for a race, and it was fascinating to see such strong, clean manhood. Yet their coach perceived what was hidden from us. The men were pulling at the oars, but they were not using the weight of their bodies. Then he shouted, "Put your backs into it!" His words might be addressed to the Christian. So often we are content with less than our best. We do what is assigned, and few could find fault with our tasks. Yet there is that extra something of earnestness that would bring added glory to our Lord.

O Thou who didst counsel the extra mile, who didst not spare Thyself for us, inspire us to give to Thy service our best. Amen.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3

UNPROMISING DAYS

"IN THE CLAY GROUND."
READ I KINGS 7:40-51

THIS is one of the deadest months of the year! The ground is dull and bare. The skies are often like lead. And our mood is affected by them. The times are inopportune for good work, for high achievement. What is the use of trying? Yet when the sacred vessels were to be cast for Solomon's temple, Hiram sought a suitable location for the work. He found a site. It was a stretch of land which was useless to the common eye. Nothing would grow there. It was derelict and waste. There the casting was carried out. So in the least promising times, in the darkest experiences, God can bring forth the precious if we are but willing.

For Thy servants who have been beset by difficulty, and yet have emerged greater for their trials, we thank Thee. Help us also to overcome. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4

FADING FACES

"CONSIDER. . . . CHRIST JESUS."
READ HEBREWS 3:1-12.

THE famous picture of "The Last Supper," by Da Vinci, brings people from all over the world to Milan. They come to gaze upon the face of the Divine Redeemer, and His apostles. Yet the colors are slowly fading. Before many years have passed, it is said, the features will scarcely be recognizable. Is Christ becoming less real to us? Does He mean less to us as time goes on—or more? That depends on the use we make of the means of grace. To leave the Bible unread, the heart unbowed in prayer, means that He is not what He might be to us. Cultivate the inner life. Let nothing dim the splendor of your faith.

Gracious Lord, who art ever near to Thy followers, "E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me," let me see Thy face each day. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5

AN IMPOSSIBLE PRECEPT?

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."
READ MATTHEW 5:43-48.

TO LOVE some of our friends is hard; our enemies, impossible. So we reason. Yet our Lord did not command what He Himself did not do, nor what is beyond us. Edith Cavell faced death at the hand of her foes. Yet she said, "Standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough . . . our victory must be over ourselves. We must have no bitterness; by no other means will peace be conclusive." Those words are timely. All who love peace must strive for it with devoted hearts. All who hate war must do so without hating those who are compelled to share in it. We can do much to bring in Christ's rule.

We may count ourselves of little account in the scale of things, O God, but Thou canst use us for Thine ends. Make us willing to serve Thee. Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6

WHAT GETS US DOWN

"THERE WAS NO MORE SPIRIT LEFT IN HER."

READ I KINGS 10:1-9.

WHEN the Queen of Sheba saw the magnificence of Solomon, she was so overwhelmed that "there was no more spirit left in her." And when we contemplate the mighty acts of God, as recorded in the Scriptures or seen in history, we might also be amazed. The things which, to use a current expression, get us down, however, are not the wondrously fine and noble things of life, but the base and terrible. Wars of man's making, social injustice which could be removed, age-old evils which could be remedied—these take toll of our faith. They need not. Wilberforce toiled for years before he saw the end of slavery. Livingstone gave his life to Africa with his goal unreached. But God is God. In Him we trust.

Save us, O Father, from judging merely by the seen, and forgetting that Thou art our Helper. As laborers with Thee, may we ever strive for the better day.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7

THE CHOICE

"CHOOSE YE THIS DAY."
READ MATTHEW 6:19-24.

PORTIA, in "The Merchant of Venice," placed her portrait in one of three caskets. Of her three suitors, he who found the picture was to win her hand. The gold casket said, "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." The silver, "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." The leaden one, "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all that he hath." The world holds out many inducements. Sin proffers much that seems of worth. Yet the Christian, coveting the true riches, and choosing to serve the Highest, shall not fail of his

reward. Christ offers us the cross, plus the crown; trial, but also triumph; hardship, but the honor of bringing His kingdom in.

Enlighten our eyes, arouse desire in our hearts, that we may ever choose Thee and Thy will, so that life may find its chief treasure. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8

PETTY PINPRICKS

"BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT ENDURETH."
READ JAMES 1:1-12.

SOME days everything is upside down. We start with an item in the newspaper or the radio, a letter in our mail, an irritating happening, and the whole day is spoiled. We become more annoyed with every hour. Things seem to be conspiring to thwart our best efforts, and to ruin all we attempt. Yet, the truth is, nothing can really go wrong if we keep ourselves right. To start the day with a few verses from God's Word, a brief season of prayer, would attune the soul to the Highest, and nerve it to take what comes with equanimity. Then, in patient trust, quiet determination to keep ourselves in hand, we can get the best out of the worst.

O Master, who dost know our human frailty and our limitations, we pray from our hearts for that steadfastness and strength which will keep us true to Thee.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9

FOR THE HIGHEST

"A LIVING SACRIFICE."
READ ROMANS 12:1-9.

THERE is a famous bell in Peking, some two hundred years old. Failure had marked two attempts to cast it. Then the chief artificer's daughter was told by an astrologer that a virgin's blood must be mixed with the metal or the bell could never be founded. She resolved to sacrifice herself. As the giant crucible was brought to the mould, she flung herself into the white-hot metal, with the cry, "It is for my father." So the great bell was successfully cast. That may be legendary, but this is true: Christ gave Himself to bring harmony between God and Man. Ought we not to give our best to Him? Not by death but by life can our sacrifice avail.

O Thou who didst not spare Thine only Son, but didst deliver Him up for us all, inspire us in grateful love to offer our best unto Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10

THE TEST OF CHARACTER

"THAT THE TRIAL OF YOUR FAITH. . . ."
READ I PETER 4:12-19.

IS LIFE hard? A century ago, a good man of Paris, passing through severe trials, went to his minister. Why did God let him suffer? The answer came: "The king of France has two castles. One stands inland, remote from attack. The other is on the coast, where it is always liable to siege. Which of the two commanders stands higher in the estimation of his king?" The man replied, "Why, surely, he who must face the dangerous and harder task." "You are right." We can see that. When the Master gives us a difficult sphere to fill, a place hard to hold, He shows His confidence in our faithfulness and ability to be true. So have faith in God—and be brave!

Thou dost not lightly assign us our duties or forget us when we become weary or afraid. Steady and strengthen us by Thy grace. Amen.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE

"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH."
READ I SAMUEL 3:1-10.

HOW is your radio working? Perhaps we should ask, how does it work? Wonderful things become commonplace. We take them for granted. But how does it work? Apart from the mechanics of the set, and the power connections, all we do is to turn the dial and "Tune in" to the desired station. It may bring the delights of some mighty symphony or the enrichment of a human voice. No matter what, we get usually that for which we tune our set. If our hearts are in tune with the Infinite, God's voice will bring comfort, counsel, courage and cheer, according to our varying needs. Call it praying, call it tuning in, faith brings results.

Pardon us, O Father, that we do not hear Thy voice, complaining that Thou dost not speak when it is we who fail to listen. Speak to our souls today. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12

A MAN OF MEN

"A MAN BY KNOWLEDGE INCREASETH STRENGTH."
READ PROVERBS 24:1-12.

IN A poor cabin in Kentucky, in a little store in Illinois, toiling to overcome poverty and illiteracy, we follow the steps of a youth. Finding his feet, and eventually qualifying as a lawyer, he still knows difficulty. Flushed by temporary success, flung back by reverses, he yet believes in God and in himself. He is called to the highest position this country can offer. He shoulders the responsibility for a grim struggle in which the sword becomes red with the blood of brethren. When the dark clouds of war are at last dispersed, his sun goes down in the lurid mists of martyrdom. But his life was not in vain. The Union was preserved. Millions of slaves were freed. His example remains.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13

GREASE AND GRIT

"THE OIL OF JOY FOR MOURNING."
READ ISAIAH 61:1-3.

NO MAN in his senses would allow grit to get into a machine. The one thing which the engineer strives against is friction. Lubrication is as important as fitting each part. Now in the affairs of the soul, a similar condition obtains. When we allow life's happenings to produce fret and worry in the heart, that means friction. Efficiency is reduced. When we ought to be at our best, we are frequently at our worst. But the oil of grace is ministered to the soul. Thus life, adjusted to the Father's will, can accomplish much, with the least possible wear and tear. Try this out.

Our Father God, who dost supply all our need, keep us so close to the sources of peace and strength, that our lives may know Thy peace. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14

GRIT AND GREASE

"HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."
READ I THESSALONIANS 5:14-24.

GRIT and grease are, as we have seen, opposed. Yet, in another sense, both are essential. The drivers of our transcontinental trains see that they have an ample supply of lubricants. They also have the sandbox filled. There are places and times when the rails become slippery. The wheels fail to grip. Then by the use of grit on the rails, traction is restored. Grit is essential for life's journey. We could so readily give up, bemoaning our lack of headway. Well, grit means grip. Therefore, today, instead of fruitless repining take hold of yourself, and let quiet determination do its work.

We dishonor Thee, O Lord, when we give place to complaint and despair. Endue us with Thy Spirit that our way may be marked by true courage. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15

FIGHTING WINDMILLS

"NOT AS ONE THAT BEATETH THE AIR."
READ I CORINTHIANS 9:19-27.

DON QUIXOTE is a comical figure. Mounted on his poor horse, with his makeshift armor, he saw the windmill's revolving sails. He was filled with a mad belief that they were some mighty adversary challenging him to combat. That is where we get the phrase about fighting windmills. But where people get the idea that the Christian is engaged in a similar exploit is hard to say. Evils, real enough, demand the resolute resistance of all Christians. If we are to leave the world better than we found it, we must strive to abolish war, bloodshed, and hate, social injustice and corruption. And for this, we need the whole armor of God. Are you in earnest?

So set Thy love in our hearts, O

(Continued on page 46)

PECAN PIE, PRIDE OF THE OLD SOUTH

MARTHA WASHINGTON

© F. S. Lincoln

RALEIGH TAVERN (RESTORED), AT WILLIAMSBURG, WHERE WASHINGTON STAYED

When Martha Washington Cooked for George

Mount Vernon's Dishes Still Appeal and are Suggested for a Church Supper

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

SOUTHERN hospitality flourished in full vigor at those "kettledrums" and suppers Martha Washington served for her husband's birthday parties at the Mount Vernon farm. The "kettledrum" was a glorified afternoon tea. Birthday cake—a rich poundcake, frosted and decorated with lighted candles and wreathed in smilax and flowers—served as the table centerpiece. If it was to be a birthday supper, she served an endless list of "collations" to pile the tables high. No meal was ever complete without its beaten biscuits; its golden brown waffles served with honey. Creamed chicken was a popular dish of the day. Baked ham had its place of honor at the table head before the host and carver. There might be petticoat tails (the primitive ice box cookies) and a sponge cake that called for "as many eggs as you please, their weight in sugar and half their weight in flour." Apple ambrosia, along with the cake Martha discovered, keeps a husband content.

Washington spoke frequently of the dishes Martha made and wrote to a friend: "I am fixed, I believe, at this fine seat with an agreeable consort for life and expect to find more happiness than I ever experienced amidst a wide and bustling world."

Washington treated his meals with the respect they deserved. One of his rules when guests were coming to dinner was to allow five minutes for variations in watches and then go to the table regardless of any one absent. When lagging Congressmen arrived, the President's only apology was, "Gentlemen we are too punctual for you. I have a cook who never asks whether the company has arrived but whether the hour has come."

Little did Martha Washington realize that dishes made by her cooks in the outkitchen of the estate would still be honored in American homes today, surviving the years and numerous changes in dietary fashions. One of the most cherished possessions of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania is a stout little volume, the cook book of the First Lady of the United States. The pages of this book, so carefully bound in leather, are nutmeg toned with age. The pages are dogeared by use; one page is burned where a cook of long ago, perhaps Martha herself, got the book too near the fire. The recipes are in the handwriting of Mrs. John Custis, Martha's first mother-in-law. The young Mrs. Daniel Custis who, after the death of her husband was to become the wife of the first president, thought highly of this book and later used it in the Presidential kitchen, eventually bequeathing it to her beloved

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY SUPPER

Herb Soup
Virginia Baked Ham
Mess o' Greens
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Celery Radishes
Cucumber Ring Pickle
Martha Washington's Light Potato Rolls
Southern Pecan Pie

VIRGINIA HAMS WERE SO PRIZED IN THE COLONY THAT THEY HELD A PLACE OF HONOR AS A STANDING DISH FOR EVERY MEAL

grandchild, Eleanor Parke Custis. The book contains recipes for preparation of fish, game, meats, vegetables, cakes, puddings, pies. It holds household hints. There are directions for preserving the staple foods for winter. Desserts take the most space. Just one we quote, this for a violet cake, considered the ultra in refinement.

"To make Violet Cakes: Take a quarter of a pound of sugar and put to it two or three spoonsful of water, and boyle it to sugar again. Then take fresh gathered violets and clip ye green from them and shred them very fine, and then mingle them with your sugar on ye fire, and then a walme or two. Then drop them on a plate and they are made."

Not a practical recipe to follow in this modern time. Most of Martha's recipes seem a little strange today if not modified, as her method of making pancakes. The recipe reads, "Take warme creame, and mingle flower with it and eggs well beaten.

WORLD'S FAIR
WASHINGTON HALL MENU

Virginia Fried Chicken
Corn Pone
Baked Potato
Bowl of Greens
Olive Oil and Lemon Juice Dressing
Mary Ball Washington's Gingerbread
or
Ice Cream

Leave out one half ye whites. Put in what spice you will and a little grated bread, but noe sack sugar nor ale. Put in a little rose water and stir all well together."

There is no better cue to the food of the Martha Washington era than the food served today in the dining rooms of the old Travis House and the Williamsburg Inn of Williamsburg, Virginia. Old-style Southern hospitality that flourished with such vigor in the Colonial town of Williamsburg has been restored in all its pre-Revolutionary splendor.

In the past decade, while the miracle of restoration has raised a slumbering village once a capital metropolis, to its former glory, the good living of its people has been brought to life again. Just as the archeologists excavated 150 odd Colonial foundations, exhuming tons of junk and treasure, so food historians milled through old books, ransacking family recipe collections to recover the secrets of those dishes that crowded the tables of the Washingtons, the Randolphs and the Lees.

As the Williamsburg gardens are strictly in the period of the 18th Century, blooming with the nostalgic fragrance of half-forgotten flowers, so do the menus of her inns stick to the foods known to the colony 200 years ago. When the Williamsburg restoration committee decided that things like green gage pie and Brunswick stew were as necessary to the revival of the historic period as holly hedges and the Governor's palace, Virginia school children were asked to ask their mothers and their grandmothers for the oldest recipes in the family cook books. Prizes were offered and the contributions rolled in. The recipes called for butter the size of an egg, "a generous goblet of sugar." They measured molasses by glups and spices by pinches. For three years the food historians dug into the ageworn cook books that Martha Washington and her contemporaries had studied with such devotion "for the way to a man's heart" they told each other, gravely nodding, and they believed it too, and profited by it and their husbands loved them well.

The recipes suggested here for a Washington's Birthday Church supper came from the Williamsburg Inn. Not all of these are 200 years old but every one is distinctly American and a Southern born delicacy.

Virginia Ham

Virginia hams were so prized in the colony that they held a place of honor as a "standing dish" for every meal from breakfast through supper. These hams were one of the most prized gifts a Virginian could send home to England to those who had sent Gloucester cheese or antimonial drops. Of these hams the Rev. Hugh Jones, an early writer said: "Their bacon is excellent, the hams being scarce to be distinguished from those of Westphalia." The cooking of the ham amounted to a ritual, it being no uncommon thing to find the ham recipe kept within the pages of the family Bible. There are several ways of preparing this staple delicacy but here is one we liked best, handed down four generations in the Eggleston family.

VERY BEST DISH

To Mrs. L. D. Houshold of Muskogee, Oklahoma, goes this month's prize for the "Very Best Dish." She writes: "Whenever I serve this Cherry Pudding I am asked for the recipe. I have served it at Missionary groups, Christian Endeavor parties for the young people and family gatherings and I always hear 'Oh's and Ah's, and this is surely good.'" We suggest the recipe for Washington's Birthday celebrations.

CHERRY PUDDING

8 eggs
8 cups sugar
1½ cups butter or Crisco
4 cups sweet milk
8 cups flour
8 teaspoons baking powder
4 cups cherry meats
4 cups pecan meats

Mix and sift flour and baking powder. Beat egg yolks until thick and beat in half of the sugar. Cream fat and add remaining sugar, creaming until light. Add egg yolk mixture and beat well. Add flour alternately with milk, beating until smooth after each addition. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put cherries and nut meats in bottom of 4 well greased pans (8 x 12) and spread batter over. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until done. Turn out and when slightly cooled cut in squares.

SAUCE

8 tablespoons butter
6 cups sugar
12 tablespoons flour
6 cups cherry juice

Melt butter. Blend sugar and flour. Combine with butter and add cherry juice slowly. Cook in double boiler until thickened. Cool. Add whipped cream to sauce and spoon over individual pieces of cake.

. . .

P. S. Remember there is a one dollar bill waiting for "Your Very Best Dish" served at local church suppers. Give recipe in quantity for serving 50 portions. Address your contribution to the Church Housekeeping Bureau, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Next month we are using eight of these "Very Best Dishes" in place of the usual Church Housekeeping article.

BAKED HAM

12 pound smoked ham
½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
½ cup vinegar
3 cups dry bread crumbs
½ cup water from ham
¼ cup melted butter
½ cup finely chopped chow-chow
Cucumber pickle to garnish

Wash ham. Cover with cold water. Add vinegar and sugar. Simmer four hours or until tender. Remove skin. Score fat in diamond shapes. Combine bread crumbs, water from ham, butter and chow-chow, making a thick paste. Pat this into cuts of fat, and make a layer over it. Garnish with slices of cucumber pickle. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) two hours. Approximate yield: 30 portions.

Vegetables were as popular on 18th Century tables as they are today. Fre-

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Father, that we may be found truly valiant for the right—those on whom Thou canst depend to the full. Amen

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16

BEACONS OF BLESSING

"SHINE AS LIGHTS IN THE WORLD."
READ PHILIPPIANS 2:12-16.

THESE dark wintry nights are full of danger for the ships approaching our coasts. To the uninitiated, the voyage across the trackless ocean is where danger lies. But the mariner does not fear deep waters. It is when he draws near to port that the perils await him. There are sharp rocks which would rend his vessel like the keen fangs of the wolf. All around our coasts, however, there are lighthouses which, tended by faithful hands, fling their bright beams over the sullen waters. They point the mariner to safety. Are our lives as consistent to the right? Do we serve to guide others on the way to the heavenly haven? Does our light shine?

O Thou who art Thyself the light of the world, enable us to reflect the light of Thy radiant love, that we may aid others. Amen.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17

WE SEE WHAT WE LOOK FOR

"LOOK NOT AT THE THINGS . . . . SEEN."
READ II CORINTHIANS 4:11-18.

"IN THE mud and scum of things, something always, always sings." The poet is right. There are redeeming features in the most unpromising lot. There is cause for rejoicing amid the most depressing circumstances. Times change; God endures. Friends prove faithless; He is ever the same. Hardships have to be faced, and trials surmounted; yet the divine promise is that as our day so shall our strength be. If we look for the worst in human nature, for the injustice in life, for the handicaps which are ours, we shall find them. Yet if we look as diligently for the best in others, as Jesus did; if we seek to discern God's purpose; if we strive to hear His voice, joy shall be ours.

Pardon our blind and foolish ways. Often as we forget Thee, Thou dost not forget us. Nor will Thy mercy fail.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18

REPREHENSIBLE SILENCE

"LOVEST THOU ME?"
READ JOHN 21:14-19.

THERE is a picture in a European gallery entitled, "She never told her love." It shows a maiden seated by the roadside, looking regretfully at her lover as he disappears in the distance. He has waited for some sign that his affection was reciprocated. Yet through some strange diffidence, the girl's lips have remained sealed. Now he has gone, and with him happiness. What reprehensible silence! But is it not the same with us? Our loved ones pass beyond reach of our voice. Then we wish we had spoken the gracious, kindly word. Even more important, does Christ wait for a definite expression of our love and loyalty?

O Divine Master, whose love for us has been unmeasured, suffer us not to take Thy grace without due acknowledgment of our love to Thee. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19

ON GIVING UP

"BE YE STEADFAST, UNMOVABLE."
READ PSALM 125.

THE Greek army, defending its frontiers, was once hopelessly outnumbered. Beaten and demoralized, it was driven back to a narrow gorge, through which the men pressed like a rabble. Suddenly, the commander saw the advantage which the position offered. Where he had failed in open country, the narrow defile could give victory. We often betray our Lord by bemoaning our lot. But in the narrow limits of daily toil, in the straitened places of sickness and affliction, courage to hold on may be ours. The coward thinks of giving up; the Christian is held up by the sufficient grace of God. That means valor.

Help us to accept Thy dispensations, not with sullen hearts, or craven fears, but with that confident faith which makes the heart brave. Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME

"ABHOR THAT WHICH IS EVIL."
READ ROMANS 12:9-21.

HAVE you ever watched the persistency and folly of a night moth? We sat in a tiny country hotel, where candlelight alone was available. Through the open window, a moth came sailing in. It made at once for the candle. Again and again, as we thrust it aside, it returned to the danger zone. Then, with a sudden dart, it thrust itself into the flame, and perished. Although we know that we cannot sin with immunity, that disobedience to God always brings grief and loss, how foolish we are. We take risks which our Father never intended. We find ourselves in groups where religion is ridiculed, or mingle with the worldly and unbelieving. Then we wonder why we fall into sin, or why our spiritual resistance is lowered.

We daily pray to be delivered from evil, and yet we wander from the path of obedience. Keep us this day by Thy mighty power. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21

THE GUIDING LAMP

"A LAMP TO MY FEET."
READ PSALM 119:105-112.

WE SELDOM traverse dark lanes like our fathers, with only a storm lamp. Yet even driving an automobile by night may reveal what the Psalmist had in mind. The powerful headlights fling their beams far ahead. Even though they show only the immediate stretch of road before us, they move with us. And the careful driver can thus follow the turns and curves, and move cautiously where the highway narrows. So God's providence does not show all life's road or we might grow discouraged by its length. But light enough for the daily tasks, for each stretch of the journey, shall be ours. And the Word is the lamp.

Teach us to depend upon Thy Word, that reinforced by its promises, guided by its light, and cheered by its comfort we may reach the Holy City. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22

THE SECRET OF THE VALIANT

"BE STRONG IN THE LORD."
READ EPHESIANS 6:10-18.

"FIRST in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." What worth lies within the compass of the familiar words. Yet while we acclaim the courage and fortitude of Washington, he was great because he sought the secret of true valor. No President of this nation ever more openly confessed his dependence on God, and allegiance to Him. He viewed the high call of duty as from Him. He discharged his obligations as a service to the Almighty. Thus the strength of purpose and the unwavering devotion to what he felt was right. If we resolved each day that we would do nothing on which we could not ask the Divine blessing; that we would attempt nothing without seeking that blessing, life would be transfigured.

Great is the honor Thou hast given in entrusting the work of the world to our hands. Grant that we may remember Thine honor is entrusted to our keeping. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23

"HALF A LOAF?"

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE IS BREAD ENOUGH."
READ LUKE 15:11-24.

"HALF a loaf is better than no bread." That is true. The plight of the dispossessed and famine-stricken in other lands brings the truth home to us. Half a loaf may mean the difference between life and death. In another sense, however, to be content with half a loaf is blameworthy. Our Heavenly Father seeks to enrich our lives, and we choose poverty. He desires to feed us with the finest wheat, and we choose the husks of worldliness. He has given Christ as our example, and we live by the standards of people about us; to save us from sin, and we palter with evil. Why choose less than the best?

Forgive our folly and waywardness. Touch our eyes that we may see the true riches, our hearts that we may desire Thy will. Amen.

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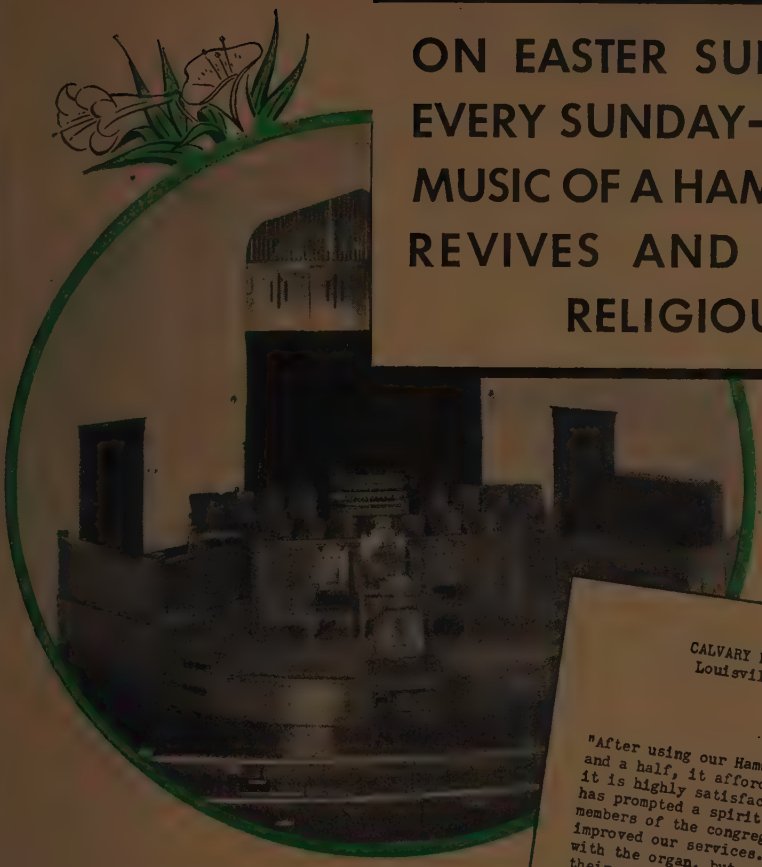
ON EASTER SUNDAY AND ON EVERY SUNDAY—THE GLORIOUS MUSIC OF A HAMMOND ORGAN REVIVES AND STRENGTHENS RELIGIOUS FAITH



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(Continued from page 21)

an establishment of 15 cottages, with a resident physician's house and a trained staff.

The sanitarium never made money. Indeed, Trudeau took excellent care that it didn't. It cost him $12 a week to care for a patient whom he charged only $7 a week, and to make up a $27,000-a-year deficit he went to the rich for contributions. Edward Harriman never forgot the spindly, unconquerable invalid, and no matter what decisions crowded the financier's desk, he'd drop everything to let Trudeau in. Always he sent his visitor off with a thumping check. Once when Trudeau, in despair over finances, was vowing that it would be better for every one if he put a keg of dynamite under the sanitarium and blew it sky-high, a check arrived from a woman whom he did not know. Trudeau looked at the figures, and thinking there was some mistake, sent the check back, only to receive it again. It was for $20,000.

Although Trudeau never took a dollar in salary and often dipped into his small income to meet pressing bills, he was always worried that people might think that the rapid growth of the sanitarium meant he was getting rich. When his old country doctors' buggy finally collapsed, and his ancient mare, Kitty, was on the verge of foundering, his friends, as a surprise, presented him with a fine carriage and a high-stepping horse. Trudeau looked at it and exclaimed in horror: "I can't ride in that thing. People will think I don't need money for the sanitarium."

But it took more than money, and more than Trudeau's own immense capacity for work, to keep the sanitarium alive. It was something which the people in Saranac came to recognize as the "Trudeau spirit." When a young doctor, himself ill and penniless and without friends, saw how hard it was for Trudeau to manage without a resident physician, he volunteered for the job—without pay. Many doctors who went to Saranac for their health remained to study under Trudeau. Some joined the sanitarium's permanent staff, others remained in Saranac as specialists, and still others went forth to transplant Trudeau methods in unbroken ground. Two generations of "T. B." specialists stem directly from the country doctor of Saranac.

Few cases were ever turned away from Saranac. Trudeau found it hard to close the door even upon the utterly hopeless. "My sympathies are naturally with the vanquished," he confessed. "It takes most courage to fight a losing fight." His own career documents that observation. Tragedy crowded him to the end. His eldest son, just completing his medical training, contracted pneumonia and died; and this final blow was too much for Trudeau. Broken-hearted, he died in 1915. By that time the number of sanitariums in the nation had grown to 386 (there are now 732, with a total of 200,000 beds); and the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis had been founded, with Trudeau as President. His theories had been vindicated and absorbed into common use, and thousands of men and women are now working and living as normal people who but for him might either be dead or tragic discards. This has been accomplished with the help of but two important developments since Trudeau's day—the use of X-ray for diagnosis, and collapse therapy.

Today the sanitarium has 200 patients, but in the community around it are 3000 more, in various stages of illness, who have been drawn to Saranac by its great reputation, and by the specialists who have graduated from its clinics—both as patients and teachers. Now, as in Trudeau's time, the sanitarium is for people of limited means. It charges only $21 a week for services that cost over $25, and the deficit, which runs about $62,000 annually, is made up by contributions and income from a $1,250,000 endowment. This snug institution, with its laboratory, its post-graduate school, its research fellowships, is the outgrowth of the one-room cottage of 1884; but the change is chiefly a change in dimensions. The spirit remains the spirit of the founder, whose reclining likeness, cast in bronze by Gutzum Borglum, still broods over the mountains and forests exactly as he used to contemplate them from the foxrun of Pisgah. On the base of the figure is a simple inscription, Trudeau's favorite quotation: "To cure sometimes, to relieve often, to comfort always." That, after all, is the physician's job.

(Continued from page 36)

of Washington is measured by a great surrender. He surrendered himself to a cause worthy of such a surrender, a cause so worthy that in addressing it, he had not given aught until he had given all. His plantation and his savings, his security of person, his hope for economic and social advancement, his ambitions of every sort were laid in full knowledge of the portentous event upon Freedom's young and trembling altar. It was because he so emptied himself of self that Fame has found so large a place in which to store her treasures of remembrance.

But above every other quality named or that may be named, above all the qualities that have won for George Washington first place in the hearts of his countrymen, is his faith in God, which led him to a deathless faith both in the people and in the ability of the people to govern themselves. The power of George Washington's life was the authority of his soul. His strength and poise and wisdom came not from his massive form, nor from his courageous heart, nor out of his majestic head. They came from God.

If you would come upon the secret of his success, do not go to Cambridge where under the elm he took his high command, nor to Long Island, nor to Trenton, nor to Yorktown, nor to Mount Vernon, where on holy ground he waits the rallying of the final judgment; but go as I have again and again gone and as I shall go yet again, to the ancient Treasury Building with old Trinity looking down through a m st of years. There see the figure of a man, another man of the ages, kneeling in the snows of Valley Forge and calling into counsel the Captain of his salvation. George Washington's final appeal was not to the court of a king, but to the throne of Heaven.—DANIEL A. POLING

(Continued from page 29)

Neatness is the next quality on the list, for a sloppily typed letter or article or report has caused many a young hopeful to search through the help wanted columns. Smudges and erasures can ruffle the temper of even the most lenient office manager.

In regard to *personal* neatness—well, an executive feels that his secretary is his representative. She must, at times, meet people for him and carry messages for him. If the secretary is down at the heels, if her slip shows and if her hair or nails are untidy, she certainly isn't doing her boss proud—and she certainly isn't doing herself proud! By this I do not mean that a secretary must dress to kill; over-dressing mirrors not only bad judgment but bad taste. Working in an office is not the same thing as attending a party, so skip the frills and the furbelows and eschew, by all means, too much makeup publicly applied.

Loyalty and honesty go together, more or less. They are almost as inseparable as Siamese twins. A secretary who is worth her salt will not betray her employer's secrets any more than she will forge his name to a check. Even when she knows in her heart that he is wrong, she will try to justify his behavior to the rest of the office force or—perhaps this is the better plan—she will keep her own counsel and shun the sympathetic ear. A private secretary is trusted with many of her employer's secrets; she must keep them inviolate. She is also trusted, just as often, with his bank account. She must keep this inviolate, too.

A good stenographer or secretary must be helpful—but not too helpful. She must know when to give advice and when to keep her mouth shut. If she has made a study of her boss, if she is aware of his idiosyncrasies and can read his moods, she will realize exactly when it is best—and when it is not best—to offer advice, aid or succor. Enough said.

Tact is the oil that lubricates the machinery of every office or commercial enterprise. Without it the wheels cease to turn. An executive would rather trust his affairs to the hands of a young woman with tact—a young woman who wears spectacles and flat-soled shoes—than in the slim fingers of a raving, tearing beauty who is incapable of smoothing away the rough edges. A secretary's tactfulness has helped many a boss to reach the high places, and when a boss reaches the high places he's apt to take his secretary along with him.

Initiative is in the next to the last niche, but it's close to the top of the stenographic musts. A secretary must know how to interpret rules and she must have enough courage and intuition to sense the rare occasion upon which a rule should be broken. When the boss is ill and has forgotten to cancel that vital appointment, she must be able to step into the breach. When the boss is on vacation and wires back for the information that he has all too carefuly concealed, she must know where and when to look for it.

Selflessness covers a multitude—not of sins, but of virtues. A selfless secretary doesn't count the cost of going without

(Turn to next page)

"Don't let daddy lick me again!"

An old, old problem solved in an up-to-date way.

1. MOTHER: Oh, John, why don't you let him alone? He's only a child.
FATHER: Well, *somebody* has to make him listen to reason.

2. MOTHER: That's the first time I ever heard of a hairbrush being called "reason"!
FATHER: Look! Let's settle this right now. He needs that *stuff* and he's going to take it whether he likes the taste or not!

3. MOTHER: That's right, Mr. Know-it-all—get him all upset and leave it for me to straighten him out.
FATHER: Aw, don't get yourself in a stew!

4. MOTHER: I'm *not!* All I know is that Millie Bliss used to jam a bad-tasting laxative down her boy until her doctor put a stop to it. He said it could do more harm than good!
FATHER: Then what laxative *can* we give him?

5. MOTHER: The one Millie uses—not an "adult" laxative, but one made *only* for children...Fletcher's Castoria. It's mild, yet effective. It's SAFE, and Millie's boy *loves* its taste!
FATHER: O.K. I'll get a bottle. But boy, he better like it!

6. MOTHER: Would you believe it, John? I never saw a spoonful of medicine disappear so fast!
FATHER: I wouldn't have believed it if I didn't have my glasses on. I guess this Fletcher's Castoria is OKAY!

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Violin	Mandolin	Banjo
Guitar	Clarinet	Ukulele
Accordion	Trumpet	Other Instrument

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

(Continued from page 49)

lunch or staying to take dictation of an evening when the others have gone home. She'll endure physical and mental discomfort, if need be, to further the business of the day. She does not live by a time clock and she must realize that personal after-hour appointments must sometimes be sacrificed to an urgent and unexpected need, which is impersonal. She must submerge her own ambition in the ambition of the individual for whom she is working. Only in this way will she ever merit a rich reward.

In summing up—and it's about time I summed up, isn't it?—the stenographer's job, and the private secretary's position, is not an easy one! A certain amount of drudgery goes with it, and a certain amount of heartache, also. But despite the numerous drawbacks it's a job that has a more elastic age limit than almost any other, and it's a job that is always present—even in times of depression or the more bitter times of recession. If I had a young daughter, and she were the proud possessor of fifty gleaming talents, I would still send her to a business school so that she might take up shorthand and typing. For when talents fail—and oftentimes they do—there is still an urgent need for fingers that are nimble upon a keyboard and a brain that can follow and grasp dictation, and a spirit that is willing to bow pleasantly beneath direction.

(Continued from page 31)

it was, washed half ashore on the rocky beach below him. Kellellugak, the white whale!

Pallek laughed aloud with glee, scrambling down towards the prize. His people would move the tent close and feast. This was better than begging strange food from the mission people, or trading hard-won furs at the store for canned meat.

Kuskaw would be well pleased with his son. His mother would praise him loudly. The other hunters would grunt their words in honor, smiles on their round faces. The women would sing as they worked with the blubber and cooked the choice parts, and his name would be heard in their songs. Unnu—she would be pleased with him, too.

He swung himself down off the last rocky ledge and was on the beach itself. The whale towered before him. It had been dead only a short time and was still prime eating. The high tide had brought it in, and the water was running out now and leaving it high grounded. That meant they would have time enough to work and get the best of it safely away before the next tide carried it back to sea.

Pallek sniffed with relish the strong meaty smell. He was almost alongside the carcass now, and he gave a great shout of delight as he started to run the last few feet.

Then Pallek stood suddenly still. Fear turned his blood cold, and the snowshoes sprawled on the ground, the thongs slipping through his nerveless hands. His mouth hung open and quivered with terror, and the steam of his breath stopped.

His shout had disturbed another who had found the stranded whale. Around the end of the big sea mammal came a lumbering giant of a polar bear, long teeth showing under the curled black gums as the huge beast growled its anger at being disturbed at meat. It saw the Eskimo and reared high on its hind legs, front paws half raised. Nennuk was fresh from the storm den and full of the irritation of the spring. He advanced towards the human, little eyes glinting murderous fury.

An older hunter would have run. No Eskimo dares to shoot at a polar bear with his old-fashioned gun, unless there be many other men with weapons near and a large number of dogs to help with the fight. But Pallek had no time to be wise. There was the great bear, menacing and terrible. Pallek jerked up his weapon; his thick outer mitts came loose and his gloved fingers grooved around the trigger, thumb pulling back the hammer. He hardly bothered to do more than point the gun in the beast's direction.

There came a terrific explosion and a horrible roar. Then a great silence, charged with amazing knowledge. Pallek looked twice and again before believing that the bear had fallen. His day had come! He was a man of men! The giant bear was dead at his very feet, the huge black claws raking out for his flesh at the end and now relaxing. Pallek fled.

Incredulous, his people listened to his jabbering. Almost they scoffed, hearing the wonder of his claims. Then the men, still unbelieving and half grumbling, donned their heavy clothes and followed him to his treasure.

Swift was the joy.

"It is so!" they told the waiting ones at camp, rushing back. "Pallek is the bravest of hunters—alone he has killed Nennuk, the great bear! And look you at the whale skin we bring—he has found us a feast!"

Kuskaw would not stay on his back; happiness made him well again. They struck camp at once and hurried to a new site near the game.

All worked. All were happy with the feasting. Men and women sang, and it was even as Pallek had hoped: his name was in the song. But with more praise than he had ever dreamed of hearing. Intoxicated with the joy of it, he whipped out his knife, pushed a woman aside, and helped Unnu with the skinning of the huge bear. The others busied themselves carrying away pack after pack of whale meat, sections of thick skin, blobs of rich blubber fat.

"Pallek is a man! Pallek is a man!"

How sweet the music of that chant, led by old Nama and the mighty hunter, Kuskaw. Even the children, hands greasy with the whale flesh, sang his honor with the rest. Soon would come the feasting.

Pallek looked at Unnu. They had just finished the skinning of the bear—his bear!

She plunged her knife into the body, questing for the heart. It would be his, and the eating of it would make him braver still.

He looked closely at the girl. How wonderful to see her plump fingers red with the blood of his greatest kill. How beautiful she was, this girl who was now a woman.

Inspired, Pallek spoke:

"Will you go to the mission to make a marriage, Unnu? With me?"

Unnu handed him the bear's heart, her own in her glad eyes.

(Continued from page 15)

tural level of the people with the extermination of exploitation of one man by another, it will naturally die out. Antireligious propaganda and since 1929 the complete suppression of religious propaganda were only to accelerate the end of religion in the Soviet land. Thus religion is doomed even without persecution.

In 1905 Lenin wrote, "Religion is a kind of spiritual intoxicant, in which *the slaves of capital* drown their humanity and their desire for some sort of decent human existence." Today, after twenty-two years of the Soviet regime, there are no slaves of capital in Russia. A Socialist State of workingmen and peasants has been formed. . . ." It is obvious that there are no capitalists or exploiters, and consequently no slaves of capital in Russia today.

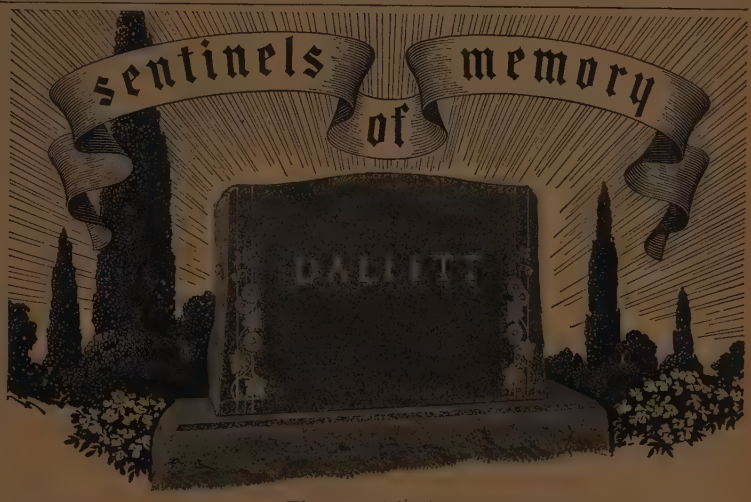
On the other hand, Stalin in his speech before the same Convention gave numerous figures to prove the rise of the cultural level and the growth of prosperity in Russia. Just as Stalin emphasizes the prosperity of the workers and of the peasants, so is a prosperous life stressed by speakers at the sessions of the Supreme Council (Congress) and at other meetings, as well as in editorials and in numerous letters to the editors of Soviet newspapers.

All conditions seem favorable to the conclusions of the Communist leaders concerning the inevitable annihilation of religion in Russia, yet it is far from dying out. In 1929 the leaders of antireligious propaganda at their convention predicted that in three years, that is to say, about the end of 1932, all the churches in Russia would be closed, and very soon the Russian people would forget the very meaning of the words "religion" and "God." That optimism of the enemies of religion, however, has proved to be unwarranted, because in 1936 Yaroslavsky, the commander-in-chief of the Militant Godless, was forced to confess that it is not an easy task to destroy religion and the Church.

The Soviet Government is not blind to its failure on the antireligious front, and it stresses the necessity of reorganizing antireligious propaganda so that it may be more systematic and efficient. Whatever may come out of the new efforts against religion, the fact remains that neither exerting force, nor raising the cultural level, nor increasing the prosperity of the Russian people has proved powerful enough to eradicate religion, and under the new Constitution of 1936 the average clergyman and the believer feel much safer than before.

The Constitution, however, does not guarantee religious freedom in our sense of the word, though it mentions "freedom of conscience." Article 124, the only article which deals with religion, confirms the separation of the Church from the State and the school from the Church, as established by the first decree of January 23, 1918, and adds these few words: "Freedom of service of religious cults and freedom of antireligious propaganda are acknowledged for all citizens." The Constitution considers this sufficient for "ensuring to the citizens freedom of conscience."

Unfortunately nobody knows how many believers there are in Russia today. A recent editorial in "Pravda," August 20, 1939, confesses that there are no statistics relative to the question. According to the census of 1926 there were still one thousand clergymen in Moscow, but all calculations concerning the number of believers in Russia today are guesswork. Nevertheless, it should be much larger than the eight hundred thousand suggested by Yaroslavsky in 1936. First of all, there are sectarians, such as the Josephites, who do not register their churches; then many congregations have more members than the required number of twenty which Yaroslavsky takes as the basis for his calculations. From a secret source uncontrolled by the Soviet Government there has come to my knowledge a new religious movement whose rise goes back to 1929. It is similar to the Ten Movement in China. The difference is that the Chinese openly profess their faith, while the Russians do not reveal it. These new Christians have no churches and no ritual, nor do they call meetings, though they are united in groups usually of twelve, sometimes of eight or ten. No man knows more than eleven others. They pledge brotherly assistance one to another and visit each other only individually to avoid any suspicion of the secret police and the Godless. They assign a certain time every day for prayer and spiritual meditation; they know whole chapters of the Bible by heart and constantly recite them to themselves, so that the use of the Book is necessary only in the beginning. They do not deny icons, but they are determined to defeat any persecution and do not keep anything that may indicate their adherence to religion. They stress Christian conduct and try to walk in the steps of the Master. They do not believe in political struggle, considering any regime unimportant; politically they are loyal to the Soviet Government, but while it teaches them hatred, they practice love. Their goal is to serve God through man and to carry the Spirit of Christianity to the next generation through the madness of antireligious fire. Their conduct is the best religious propaganda against which any law is powerless. If this be true, as I have every reason to believe, how right Jesus was in saying, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."



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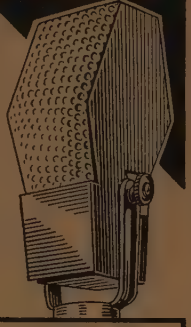

EVERY SUNDAY

Station	Kilocycles	Time
WHN (New York)	1010	6:00-6:30 P.M., EST
WOL (Washington)	1230	7:00-7:30 P.M., EST
WAAB (Boston)	1410	2:30-3:00 P.M., EST
WFIL (Phila.)	560	2:30-3:00 P.M., EST
WCAE (Pittsburgh)	1220	2:30-3:00 P.M., EST
WGR (Buffalo)	550	3:00-3:30 P.M., EST
CKLW (Detroit)	1030	2:30-3:00 P.M., EST
WMBI (Chicago)	1080	1:30-2:00 P.M., CST
KXOK (St. Louis)	1250	1:30-2:00 P.M., CST
KFEL (Denver)	920	5:00-5:30 P.M., MST

Write for Announcement Cards

The MOODY Bible Institute OF CHICAGO
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(Continued from page 26)

Loveless goes to the microphone to announce the next number, a song by the men's octet, you sidle over to the Assistant Director Ralph Stewart and pick up a few more crumbs of information. The amiable Stewart tells you that during the forty-five hours per week that WMBI is on the air, no fewer than fifty-two different programs are presented, covering every imaginable phase of Gospel work. Among the most popular are the ones featuring messages by well-known speakers, the Radio School of the Bible, the round table discussions, the broadcasts in foreign languages, the religious newscasts, the program for shutins, the story dramatizations, the "Dr. Quiz" feature, the children's program (called the K.Y.B. Club), and the hymn-sings.

The staff will regale you for hours, if you stick around, with stories of striking conversions and answers to prayer resulting from the broadcasts. Carved on the cornerstone of the WMBI's modern transmitting plant at Addison, Ill., is the slogan: "This station is dedicated wholly to the service of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

They tell you that WMBI never makes frantic appeals for money on its programs. The simple announcement, occasionally made, that "These programs are kept on the air from funds sent in by interested listeners," suffices to bring WMBI the support it needs. Virtually the entire maintenance of Moody Bible Institute is on this "free-will offering" basis. The budget for the Institute's work, says Houghton, runs to an average of $900,000 a year. The greater part of this comes in, via the "faith" route, from a large number of small givers. With the Institute and all its projects working as a non-profit-making, non-endowed, free-tuition-to-all-students proposition, you can imagine the amount of faith necessary to balance that budget. But, somehow it comes!

"We don't run anything we can't run on our knees," the Institute's president states firmly. The "Let's Go Back to the Bible" campaign is a good sample of this knee-action mode of operation. It is stirring the country. It is bringing to millions a message that has long been needed, and doing it in a big and efficient way.

When you have listened to this program and watched it in operation, you leave the "West Point of Christian Service" with a lilt in your heart, a sense of Christian pride. This, you feel, is the kind of thing that D. L. Moody would applaud if he could listen in. And turning over in your mind this ambitious effort to win friends for and influence people toward the Bible, you recall the statement made by P. Whitwell Wilson when someone groaned during a recent English crisis: "Oh, for an hour of Gladstone!" Rejoined Wilson, an admirer and biographer of the famous evangelist: *"An hour of Moody would do the world no harm."*

In this campaign, the world is getting an hour of Moody—once a week. It will take time, perhaps eternity, to reveal just how much that means to the world.

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BOOKS FOR LENT

Selected by Dr. George A. Buttrick,
President Federal Council of Churches

BY request, Dr. Buttrick has prepared the following list of books especially suitable for Lenten reading:

The Lower Levels of Prayer, by George S. Stewart. $1.00. Cokesbury. A fine book with a modest title: practical insight on *how* to pray.

Suffering: Human and Divine, by H. Wheeler Robinson. $2.00. Macmillan. A study, clear and deep, of a perennial problem.

Why Be Good? by James Reid. $1.50. Cokesbury. A cogent and realistic answer to a basic question.

These Shared His Passion, by Edwin McNeill Poteat. $1.50. Harpers. Searching studies, in glowing words, of the "inside" characters of the Passion Week.

What Use Is Religion? by Elmore M. McKee. $2.00. Scribners. Clearcut chapters, modern and quickening, on a central theme.

So They Crucified Him, by Frank Stone. $1.00. Scribners. An outspoken, penetrating message about the last days of Christ.

Remembering Christ, by Walter Russell Bowie. $1.50. Abingdon. Studies in the life of Christ: strong and radiant chapters to help us remember Christ.

The Evangel of A New World, by Albert E. Day. $1.50. Cokesbury. Honest thinking about Christianity and our chaotic world, which points "the way out."

As He Passed By, by Allen Knight Chalmers. $1.50. Abingdon. Striking studies of some people whom Jesus touched.

Personalities of the Old Testament, by Fleming James. $3.00. Scribners. Not strictly a Lenten book; but a scholarly and vivid account, for any season, of Old Testament biography.

Three Trumpets Sound, by Allan A. Hunter. $1.50. Association Press. A book, not without trumpet voice, about Gandhi, Kagawa, and Schweitzer.

One Generation and Another, by Robert R. Wicks. $1.50. Scribners. Not strictly Lenten, but timely: it offers a realistic and reverent faith about home and family.

This Nation Under God, by Arthur Holt. $2.00. Willett, Clark. Not strictly Lenten; but an astringent, urgent, and creative study of the Christian bases of democracy.

Live For Tomorrow, by Ralph W. Sockman. $1.50. Macmillan. Discourses for alert and modern men who wish to live for a better tomorrow.

The Nazarene, by Sholem Asch. $2.75. Putnam. Extraordinary insight concerning both the mind of Christ and of his age.

God In Our Street, by George Stewart. $2.00. Abingdon. A book about God, Christ and the Holy Spirit.

Readings In St. John's Gospel, by William Temple. $2.75. Macmillan. A competent and enriching interpretation of the Fourth Gospel.

The Challenge of Jesus, by Hugh T. Kerr. $1.50. Revell. About Jesus as revealed in the Fourth Gospel: it will reach and help all wayfarers.

The Hand of God, by Oswald W. S. McCall. $1.50. Harpers. Meditations on the mystery of God.

(Continued from page 45)

quently mentioned are cabbage, turnips, sweet and white potatoes, lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, cymlings (a form of squash), celery, beets, onions, spinach and sweet corn. All of these are served in the Williamsburg taverns today and one special dish which we suggest for your supper menu, the mess o' greens. Take turnip tops, coarse spinach leaves, parsley and outside celery stalks and cook with a ham bone. Drain off vegetables when tender, season with butter and serve with slices of hard cooked eggs.

In Williamsburg is the Custis Place where Martha Washington and her first husband kept house about 186 years ago and it was in this kitchen that she first made these Potato Light Rolls.

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S LIGHT POTATO ROLLS

4 large potatoes
6 tablespoons butter
¼ cup sugar
2 teaspoons salt
3 cups water drained from potatoes
2 yeast cakes
1½ cups warm milk
3½ quarts sifted flour

Peel and cook potatoes in rapidly boiling salted water until tender. Drain, saving water. Add butter, sugar and salt to hot potatoes, beating well. Add potato water. Dissolve yeast cake in warm milk. Add to potato mixture. Add 2 quarts flour, beating well. Add enough remaining flour to make a dough stiff enough to knead. Knead until smooth and elastic. Brush top with melted butter and place in 2 large bowls. Cover and let rise slowly, 5 hours or until doubled in bulk. Place on board and lay out flat, but do not knead again. Shape into small rolls. Place in greased pan. Let rise until very light. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20 minutes or until done. Approximate yield: 8 dozen rolls.

Virginians had a sweet tooth that demanded filling. For this, Southern cooks contrived "devasting dainties" in tremendous quantities. Many a dessert amounted to a meal in itself if you counted the calories. Molasses and maple sugar supplied the sweetening, for this was before the beet sugar industry had gotten under way.

SOUTHERN PECAN PIE

2 recipes Plain Pastry (see below)
1 cup butter
2 cups granulated sugar
1 dozen eggs, unbeaten
3 cups pure New Orleans molasses
Juice of 4 lemons
1 quart pecan meats, sliced

Line four 9-inch pie plates with pastry. Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, molasses and lemon juice and beat with rotary egg beater. Add pecan meats and pour into pastry-lined pie plates. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 10 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 30 minutes longer. Yield: 4 pies—cut 25 to 28 servings. This pie is exceedingly rich and slices should be small.

PLAIN PASTRY

1 quart sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups cold shortening
½ to ⅔ cup ice water

Sift flour, measure, add salt and sift again. Cut shortening into flour with two knives until mixture looks like coarse meal. Add ice water, 1 tablespoon at a time, mixing with knife until dough cleans bowl of all dry particles. Use as little water as possible. Chill before rolling. For pie shells bake in hot oven (450°F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Make enough pastry for four 9-inch one-crust pies.

One of the most familiar recipes from Martha's cook book is Washington Pie—now a frequent entry on tea room and restaurant menus. The pie is actually a fluffy cake baked in two layers (or one layer split) then filled with sweetened whipped cream or golden custard sauce. This top layer is lightly touched with a spoonful of powdered sugar.

Those who attended the New York World's Fair last summer and visited Washington Hall and its restful dining room on the screened-in porch overlooking Fountain Lake, may prefer Virginia fried chicken, batter dipped, for your church supper. Here we give the recipe served in the Terrace Restaurant.

With the golden chicken went corn pone, a baked potato, one side slit criss cross, this puckered up into a four cornered pocket to hold a lump of golden butter. Martha Washington's salad bowl of many greens was passed among the tables. This was a combination of shredded lettuce, watercress, romaine, finely cut celery, sliced cucumber, cubed tomatoes, small dices of green pepper, thin slices of radishes, well tossed in a dressing of olive oil and lemon juice, seasoned daintily with marjoram.

For dessert there was gingerbread; the gingerbread Washington ate when he was a boy; the gingerbread General Lafayette praised so warmly when he visited Mary Ball Washington's home. The recipe comes from the cook book of Washington's mother, the very one sold recently by the Kenmore Association of Fredericksburg, Virginia, to buy back Kenmore's historic home of Betty Washington Lewis, sister of George. Unlike most cake recipes of Colonial days, this one requires but 3 eggs.

Virginia Batter Fried Chicken

Beat 4 eggs together and add ½ cup of milk and salt and pepper to taste. Add 4 tablespoons of flour. Dip chicken pieces into this batter, roll in flour and then in bread crumbs. Dip again in egg batter and then again in the bread crumbs. Fry slowly in deep fat. After frying, put pieces in the oven to crisp the outside.

CORN PONE

1½ cups white cornmeal
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar

Pour enough boiling water on the above mixture to make a stiff batter. Mold into patties. Fry on a hot griddle with very little fat until crisp on the outside.

MARTHA WASHINGTON SALAD BOWL

Shredded lettuce
Cubed tomatoes
Sliced cucumbers
Sliced radishes
Finely cut celery
Finely diced green pepper
Chicory

Combine ingredients in any desired proportions and arrange in salad bowl lined with feathery chicory. Serve with Special French dressing made of equal parts vinegar and olive oil and brightened with a little lemon juice and seasoned with salt, pepper and a dash of marjoram. This salad was passed in a large wooden

(Turn to next page)

HERE'S THE SECRET THAT GIVES BAKED BEANS MORE FLAVOR!

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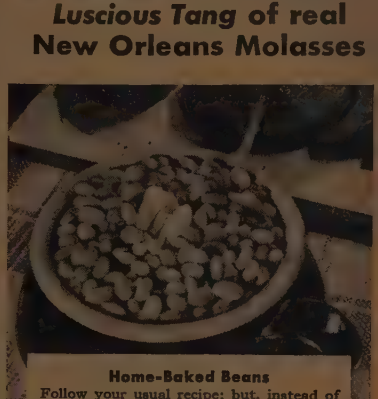

Home-Baked Beans
Follow your usual recipe; but, instead of sugar, use Brer Rabbit Molasses. To one quart (4 cups) dried beans, use 2 tablespoons to 1 cup of molasses, according to taste.

Canned Baked Beans
Add 2 tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses to one can of baked beans before heating.

IF you want to give joy to hungry appetites, serve a bubbling pot of beans, baked with plenty of molasses. Brown bread, too—piping hot.

But be sure the molasses you use for both is pure New Orleans molasses—the real, old-plantation kind. How to get it? Just ask for Brer Rabbit Molasses, made from freshly crushed Louisiana sugar cane!

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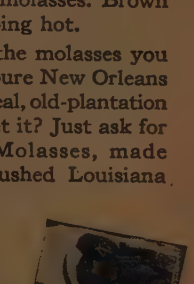

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CASH FOR YOU

Search Your Attic For Fortunes In Old Envelopes

Among the old letters of many families are hundreds of very rare stamps and envelopes. Many have been found and sold for fortunes. Single envelopes have been sold for as high as $6,000.00, and many have brought upwards of $100.00 each. It sounds "fishy," but it's true. They are valuable because they are rare. And they are rare, not because there are only a few, but simply because most of them have remained stored away and forgotten, in old trunks, family chests and closets.

Make a thorough search through your attic or storeroom for such old letters—anything mailed from 1845 to 1865. Fortunes in rare stamps have been found in old boxes which no one ever dreamed contained anything of value. Send these to Mr. Harold C. Brooks, Box 236, Marshall, Michigan, and he will immediately write you stating whether they are of value, and if so, will offer what they are worth to him. Mr. Brooks is not a dealer, but a private collector and for those he is seeking will pay more for them than a dealer. Although the rare issues are especially desired he also buys some of the commoner kinds and many people are in this way getting extra cash with very little trouble and no expense.

MR. HAROLD C. BROOKS,
Stamp Expert, Marshall, Mich.

The publisher of the *Christian Herald* has known Mr. Brooks for years and you may place fullest confidence in his integrity. Mr. Brooks states that there are so many different stamps similar in appearance he cannot quote values from descriptions, but must see the envelopes. Furthermore, he is not interested in buying stamp collections but only the old envelopes bearing postage, so do not cut the stamps from the envelopes. Those especially wanted are United States issues, but he also collects Confederate, Canadian, Hawaiian and certain foreign stamps provided they are on the original envelopes and mailed not later than 1865.

If envelopes are sent in a bunch they should be very carefully wrapped—if possible between cardboard to protect them from becoming wrinkled or creased. Do not write on the face of the envelope. Mr Brooks is fully acquainted with all issues even though the postmark shows no year date. Private letters inside the envelopes may be kept by you, as only the envelopes are collected. (Coins, old books, newspapers, etc., or other kinds of relics are not wanted by Mr. Brooks—he collects only postal material.) If you have reason to believe your envelopes to be of especial value, send them by registered mail or insured parcels post.

This notice may not be printed again, so make your search now before the address is lost or forgotten. Tell your friends or ask permission to look over their old letters. Many elderly people have kept hundreds of such letters. Mr. Brooks' address is as follows:

HAROLD C. BROOKS,
Box 236, Marshall, Michigan.

Mr. Brooks will carefully inspect all such material sent him and will advise what he can pay for it. No one is obliged to sell unless his offer is entirely satisfactory. If his offer is not acceptable, the material will be promptly returned to the sender. (Adv.)

(Continued from page 53)

bowl at all meals served in Washington Hall.

MARY BALL WASHINGTON'S GINGER BREAD

½ cup butter
½ cup firmly-packed brown sugar
1 cup molasses
¾ cup warm milk
2 tablespoons ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon or a mixture of cinnamon, mace and nutmeg
3 eggs, well beaten
3 cups sifted flour
1 orange
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 tablespoon warm water
Raisins

Cream butter; add sugar, beating until light. Stir in molasses, milk and spices. Add eggs and flour alternately, beating until smooth after each addition. Add grated orange rind and then stir in the juice. Add baking soda dissolved in water and beat until very light. Add raisins. Bake in shallow loaf pan, (12 x 16) in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 minutes or until done. Approximate yield: 10 portions. Serve warm with whipped cream.

Martha Washington's recipe book gives no directions for making of ice cream. But in the President's accounts for 1784 he noted down the purchase of "a cream machine for ice," the first American ice cream freezer on record. So if you prefer ice cream to gingerbread or wish to substitute it for one of the pies it is in keeping with the Mount Vernon board. Here is a recipe for green gage plum ice cream and Petticoat Tails.

GREEN GAGE PLUM ICE CREAM

5 cups stewed or canned green gage plums
4 cups sugar
⅔ cup lemon juice
2 quarts heavy cream
3 quarts milk

Peel plums, remove pits and put through fine sieve. Add other ingredients. Mix until sugar is dissolved and freeze. For best results use a churn freezer; though cream may be frozen in automatic refrigerator if stirred once or twice during freezing period (2 to 4 hours). Approximate yield: 1½ gallons.

PETTICOAT TAILS

2 pounds (4 cups) butter
2 cups powdered sugar
2½ quarts sifted flour
2 teaspoons vanilla

Cream butter until very soft. Add sugar and beat well. Add flour gradually, beating until smooth after each addition. Add vanilla. Chill dough until it can be formed in 4 rolls 1 inch in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill until firm. Slice very thin. Bake on ungreased sheet 7 minutes or until pale brown. Cool before removing from sheet.

NOBODY LOVES A COUGHER

Here's Quick, Safe Relief

Is coughing robbing you of life's comfort? Do friends shun you—fail to invite you to social gatherings? Are you glared at in public places because of your frequent coughing, so annoying to others?

If your cough is due to a cold, try Pertussin. You will be delighted with its quick, throat-soothing effect. Pertussin helps the moisture glands in your throat to function naturally after a cold has retarded normal secretions.

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STAMPS . . .

Straight Edges

By Winthrop Adams

FOR years "wise" stamp collectors shied away from straight-edges. They were always apologized for by the owner. If we'd only known that some day such stamps would be in demand, we wouldn't have laughed quite so hard.

Don't throw away those straight-edges; hither and yon we begin to hear of Straight-Edge Stamp Clubs, the members of which are interested in no perfect perforations. It's a logical development; only a few straight-edges can possibly appear in hundreds of any issue; they should be in demand, and they are.

Check over your collection, and cellophane your straight-edges!

Values

Our new stamp evaluator is busy, so busy that we write a hasty note for the benefit of those interested. Remember, no communications without return postage can be honored. Please don't send us mountains of common stamps; look up as many as you can in your Standard Catalogue, and find their value for yourself; then forward us those you are not sure of.

And hereafter, please forward them through Mr. Adams, at Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Last Year

Looking back over the new stamps issued in 1939, we find that the year will take sixth place among the best stamp-producing years. Total number of stamps issued is set at approximately 2,248. In 1938 it was 2,608. Slovakia led with 82 new stamps, Bohemia and Moravia were second with 68; third place is a tie at 58 each, between Nicaragua and Russia. Poor U. S. is 'way down in thirty-second place, with only 22; we are tied with French Oceanica and Luxembourg. And believe it or not, Costa Rica, Iraq, Liberia, Palestine, Peru and Portugal issued no new stamps at all!

More commemorative stamps have appeared in 1939 than in any previous year; it also produced more semi-postals. Use of individual portraits (portraits, figures or statues) gained; there are nearly 100 of them, from forty governments.

Clothesline

The new U. S. commemorative celebrating the admission of Washington, Montana, North and South Dakota into the Union in 1889, has been given a nickname: the "Clothesline Stamp." Take a good look at it, and you'll know why; it looks for all the world like somebody's wash hung out to dry. The states have the appearance of clean white sheets on a clothesline (the Canadian border).

A Minneapolis bluing firm has already capitalized on it: they have an advertising label which reproduces the design almost line for line, except that a basket of clothes takes the place of the compass under Montana; there is a housewife hanging up the "sheets" and under the picture runs the legend: "United States For Ma Stewart." You guessed it: it's Stewart's Bluing.

Speaking of labels, have you ever seen a stamp anywhere that looks more like a cheap advertising label than the U. S. World's Fair (N. Y.) stamp? We've had a pretty monotonous run of three-cent blues, but that one takes the philatelic cake.

Stamps To Get

Manchukuo has just issued a stamp picturing a locomotive. It looked more like a pussycat than a locomotive, and everybody began to joke about the "pussy-cat stamp." Ridicule is one thing the Japanese cannot tolerate; hence, the printing was stopped and the government called in all they hadn't sold. A good big bundle of them reached the U. S., and you can still buy them, cheap. They will be good items to save.

Western Samoa, some time back, put out a Robert Louis Stevenson commemorative issue. Just what happened in this case we don't know; there are rumors that someone, or some stamp organization, cornered them. They are still to be had—at an advance in price. I think I'll put that issue away, too—in singles and in blocks.

Question Box

Question: Are stamps on envelopes mailed from Baltimore in 1861 of any value? Answer: Sorry. We can't judge stamps at long distance. See notice of stamp evaluation above.

Q: Do you know anyone with an American collection to sell, or loose-leaf books? Also albums? Ans.: Try the members of the Stamp Club. Thousands of people have collections for sale. Watch the stamp columns in the daily papers.

Q: Is the head of a living person ever used on a U. S. Stamp? Ans.: No. There's an unwritten law against it. You'll find some foreign countries, however, using American portraits (Lindbergh, Earhart, etc.)

Q: Under what country are the Bavarian stamps surcharged "Deutsches Reich" classified? Also, what country "Afrique Equatoriale Française? Ans.: Under Bavaria and French Equatorial Africa.

Q: Is there any loose-leaf arrangement in albums whereby you can buy the sheets of one country at a time, complete? Ans.: Yes. Try the Naribo line. It's reasonable, and good Why not arrange your own pages, on blank paper?

Pictures

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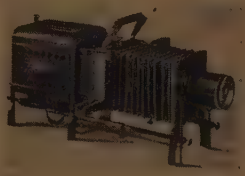

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THE 1940 Play Catalog, copiously illustrated, is yours for the asking. You can also get the five issues of *Logmeppe*, the world's most widely distributed drama newspaper free if you will send in your name and address. ...Row, Peterson plays are thoroughly tested before publication, and are unexcelled for use by amateurs.

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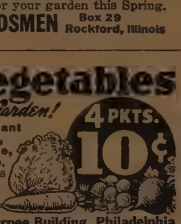

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(Continued from page 34)

that the sympathy of the clergy was with me, and the laity were always with me—there was never any doubt of that. They have an eye for results, and little patience with haggling over methods.

A few years after my set-to with the archdeacon, I was elected to the Executive Council by a majority of one vote. Since then, just about everything that I could handle or cared for has come my way. Where once I stood quivering on the carpet, I now lounge in the seats of the mighty. No longer do wrathful archdeacons banish me from their presence, for I am now my own archdeacon, working for myself, reporting to myself, bossing myself. I am also Missionary for the Department of Missions, Deputy to the New England Synod, and the requests I get to speak are more than I can fill.

Horse and Buggy Days

While, of course, the horse and buggy days are gone forever in most sections of the country, yet I can't help thinking that, for the country minister, traveling in a buggy had its advantages over the automobile. Someone has said that "civilization takes as much as it gives"—sometimes I am inclined to think that it takes more than it gives.

If, when going along behind a horse, one met a team, one would usually pull up for a little chat. I said "for a little chat" but wasn't it more to run your eye over the other fellow's horse? What couldn't one tell about a man by the looks of his horse! A great deal more than by looking at his car, today, for the horse wasn't bought on the installment plan, nor obtained by turning in the old one. It was only a horse, but it belonged to its owner and not to the finance company.

How many ribs could one count? Had the horse been cleaned off that day? Was the harness tied up with strings? No one was so poor that he couldn't mend the harness with rivets and oil it once a year. "Nice limber harness," a little Italian boy said to me one day, as he was helping me put the horse up. That boy sized up his minister then and there.

"That minister is no good," said my sister one day up in Vermont, as the new preacher drove around the corner on his way up from Randolph. "Why, he hasn't washed the spring mud off his buggy yet."

Visiting your parish with a horse made it necessary, frequently, to stay all night with some family—I delighted in this. If I could get away from home on Saturday afternoon, I could work up my remarks or "sermon" on the way. I read as we climbed the hills, the reins over the dashboard and the horse taking his time. I usually took ice cream in the summer for the Saturday night party. I had to hustle to get the chores done and make that night's milk into ice cream; then I drove eighteen miles to the party.

But in winter I found it hard traveling. One night, because of the deep snow and bitter cold, I would not have taken the long trip had it not been for the sake of getting a girl to her home. She had a position in the city where she worked during the week. This particular Saturday night she felt that she had to go home to get some things. We were five hours on the road. I walked ahead of the horse leading him and breaking a path most of the way. The light from the girl's home looked good to me that night, if ever a light did.

One night I was taking the "over the hill" route which took me on a lonely stretch through the solid woods. It was just getting dark, when, quick as a flash, the horse jumped to the right of the road, throwing me out into the bushes and overturning the whole wagon-load of papers, magazines, grip, graphophone, records, and what not. Father had often told us, "If your horse ever tries to run away, hang onto the reins." So I hung onto the reins and I was dragged a good fifty yards before I could stop him. I have always thought that a deer or a cat jumped out of the bushes and frightened him. The lantern was smashed, and I had no light. The horse was astride one shaft, but fortunately the shaft was not broken. I got the wagon righted and felt around until I thought I had picked up everything. When I arrived at last at the home in which I was to stay all night and rapped on the door, a woman came with a lamp in her hand. She took one look at me, screamed, slammed the door and ran. My face was covered with blood and dirt: I was enough to make anyone run, but I was finally allowed to come in. . . .

As I have watched these families with whom I stayed all night and whose children rode along to church with me, grow up, I have not, for the most part, been disappointed. Perhaps I never made as much of Bible readings and praying in these homes as I should, yet I have found that these can be overstressed. Many times people can be strong on creeds but short on deeds. Usually the families asked me to say the blessing, and this was an opportunity for a short earnest prayer. But I have always gone on the theory that instead of having certain set times for devotions, one should try to keep in touch with God all the time.

(Next month, "New Fields.")

More Money

FOR YOUR CHURCH

Wouldn't you like to give the ladies of your church an enjoyable and interesting afternoon or evening and at the same time raise money for your church with very little work? The Christian Herald cooking schools have been making it possible for church women to do this for the past ten years. Instruction—fun—refreshments and money for your treasury.

Open Dates There are still a few open dates after March 1st in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. Drop a card for information to—Miss Helen Evelyn Jones, Church Food Adviser, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

(Continued from page 28)

(sorrow is never far away).

You may be prosperous now but don't forget the evil days that are coming, is the meaning of "Wamben'olo, tofelak-'obe," and watch out for those little signs that indicate to you that adversity is about to come upon you for "Bie, bie, la bu, ntalenak'esi." ("Bie," the noise the leopard makes on the leaves of the forest, and "bu," the sound of his springing on his victim; are never far apart.)

The man who fails to invite others to eat with him is apt to have his lack of generosity brought home to him by such replies to his greetings as "Bofambe ntatongak'ilombe nda lingongo," (food doesn't build a house in the throat) or "Mbala nko mbimbi," (Just looking at food doesn't fill one up.) A hungry man might quote "Botema, etama; okokaaka ntaata," (stomach, go to sleep. The one who gives you food hasn't any) or "Basal'-afe nko nzala." (Two gardens, no hunger.)

A mild scepticism as to the perfection of one's friends may be expressed by "Bokolongo w'osongo ntasambaka joko," (a good stalk of sugar cane is not without holes); a forward chap may be put in his place with "oa mpifo ntakosulaka," (a really important man doesn't cough to draw attention to himself); and if there is occasion for using a slightly gruesome version of our glass house epigram one may recite "Eemb'emoko ntasesak'enkina," (one corpse doesn't laugh at another).

Among the nsako of some of the native preachers of my acquaintance were the following: "Lobiko ele Yesu," (Life is in Jesus) "Tobika l'eketo," (We live by works) and "Tawezake banto baoi" (Don't judge other men).

Little Congo girls may weep without restraint but no small native boy ever got away with even a few tears without having said to him: "Jwende ntalelaka," (a male doesn't cry)

Bometela, the head hospital boy, frequently gave for a losaka, "Me, me, aokita nta," ("me, me" to indicate the bleat of a kid, becomes a goat i.e. little beginnings have big endings) and old Bongembe the hospital sentry, had for a favorite: "We mongo oyafita." (You, yourself, have caused your own ruin). A couple of old lepers, whom I saw at the dispensary nearly every day for several years, never varied their nsako from: "Nko jibongo, lokolo ntatunama," (without a knee the leg can't bend) and "Mpia eki lobi ntasesaka nyama ea loswe." (Yesterday's sharpness doesn't cut today's meat). In the first case the man was referring to the fact that he was dependent on our treatment for what health he had and the other was no doubt thinking that the strength of his youth was ineffective, now that he was old and diseased.

When carried on in the native fashion, this manner of salutation is a pleasant and dignified custom and it is a pity to see it dying out as it is slowly doing under the pressure of the new ways of life. Perhaps it might be adopted into other languages and by other peoples. We might even take it up in this land of clever repartee. Imagine the excellence of the advice that might be obtained by a young man who, on his way to work, met his banker, a lawyer, a preacher, an auto dealer, a golf pro and a fellow Rotarian!

...ever pack a suitcase?

How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex* sanitary napk less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully *folded* center (with more material where you need it... l in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally—it's less bulky! Less apt to cha too... for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!

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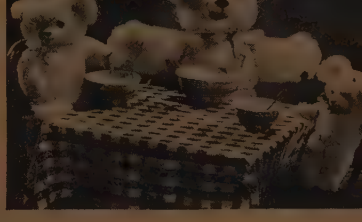

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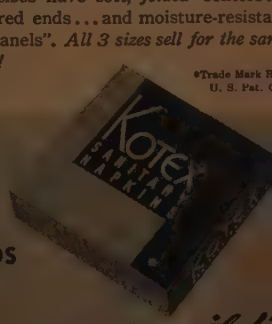

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(Continued from page 23)

Grand Champion. Jimmie shut his eyes a minute, trying to figure how many calves he could buy if Rex brought, say, fifty cents a pound. He could see them, plain as day, grazing on the flat reach of prairie land, their white faces raised now and then to snuff the breezes, redolent of sage, of mesquite, of the crisp thin air. Like magic they grew into larger herds, bought with the profits of the ones that came before. It was a dream too frail, too beautiful to endure. He shook himself, and looked straight ahead, down the level stretch of road that lay before them. And so, he saw buildings silhouetted against the sky.

"That Amarillo?" he asked.

"So it is," Mr. Lane replied. "You can see things a long ways in this country."

Jimmie's heart began to go rat-tat-a-tat, and he had trouble with his breathing, as he did the time he finished the fifty yard dash with Bill Bates at his very heels. Not long, now. . . .

His heart was still doing odd little skips and jumps when, on the morning of the next day, he stood waiting for the judges to announce their decisions. They had got down to the final eliminations; they consulted notes, they ran hands down sleek curled hair, they came near and peered, and stood off and squinted. Jimmie tore his eyes off them and their slow deliberate work, and looked at the crowd standing round, to calm himself. And then he saw Pop, backed up against a column. He had caught a ride in, after all.

Jimmie noticed he looked sort of lost and crowded back, like a person who felt out of place, but was determined to stick it out anyway. Jimmie knew a swift surging pity for Pop, seeing him alone among the men who should be his own kind. Back in Illinois there hadn't been a better farmer anywhere than Pop; he could be good down here, if he just thought so, and wasn't too stiff-necked to learn from the men who knew. Funny, he wanted to do something for Pop, just like he did for Mom. Only, he didn't have the faintest idea of what it would be, and the thing he must do for Mom was clear as crystal in his mind. He was going to make her well. Soon as ever he sold Rex he was going to hunt up Dr. Dillingham, the one that made Mrs. Lane's sister well. He was going to put the money down in front of him, and say,

"You got to fix her up, Doctor. Here's the money."

"That was why he couldn't let himself think of starting a herd with his money. Plainer than the vision of his own calves came the look on Mom's pain-pinched face.

It might have been minutes—or hours—or years—before the judging was over, and the Big Man got up to announce the results. His name was Mr. Adkins, and he went regularly to Washington to talk with the President about agriculture in the Panhandle. He wore a big hat now, like all the cattlemen, and cowboy boots with his trousers tucked in at the tops. When he stood up before the loud speaker, there was a hush to the farthest end of the huge building.

Jimmie looked at Pop again. Gosh, he looked funny; anxious like, and excited, as if he were almost as nervous about it as Jimmie was. Maybe Pop wasn't really as cold and uninterested in Jimmie's affairs as he seemed. Maybe that was just his way of covering up the things he really felt. Come to think of it, it might be hard for a father to see another man step in and do the things for his boy that he wasn't able to do himself. That might explain the way he'd been treating Mr. Lane. Thinking these things, it was with a start that he heard his own name called.

"—Jimmie Faulkner," Mr. Adkins was booming. "First place to Jimmie Faulkner's calf, the Grand Champion."

A roar of applause shook the building, Jimmie heard it, his world spinning round his ears, his heart caroling to his numb brain,

"First—first—first—"

"We're proud of Jimmie," Mr. Adkins went on. "But there's some one we're overlooking in this deal—Jimmie's father. Boys don't become the right kind of men, unless they have the right sort of daddies backing them. If Mr. Faulkner is in the crowd, I'd like him to come to the platform and take his bow along with his son."

It happened so fast that you couldn't tell how it was done. Before you could wink an eye, hardly, Pop had been pushed up to the platform and was standing there with his son, a queer mixture of embarrassment and pride on his lean face. Then somebody in the back of the building began to yell—that high, shrill yip-yip-yippy of the cowboys, the yell the plains people give to folks they want to honor. They did it for the Governor, the time he came up from Austin; they almost split the echoes with it when the wife of the President of the United States rode down their streets. And now, they were doing it for Pop!

And Pop was bowing and waving his hand to the crowd, all smiley and bright. "Gosh," Jimmie was thinking, "Pop's good-looking—and young. Funny I never noticed it before."

And because Rex was Grand Champion, he went up for sale first. Men pushed forward to bid—big men who owned the ranches that spread out for miles around, and the banks, and the property spiked with oil wells. They pushed one another good-naturedly for vantage points, throwing in unbelievable bids, and having a grand time doing it.

"Sixty-six cents," a man called. His big hat was on the back of his head, his face was shining with heat and excitement. Jimmie recognized him with a start—Nash Dixon, owner of the Dixon Herds, the like of which was not to be found in all the country round. Just thinking of the Dixon herds made Jimmie dizzy.

"Sixty-six," Mr. Dixon called again, "and cheap at the price."

They sold Rex to Nash Dixon, and presently he came to seek Jimmie out.

"Fine calf you got there," he rumbled. "Looks like you got the makings of a good cow man. Ever think of starting your own herd, in a small way?"

"Yes, oh yes—" Jimmie breathed. Thought of it! The idea had burned like a flame in his mind and heart for months.

"Tell you what I'll do," Mr. Dixon went on. "I got two young heifers I'd just as soon let you have, instead of the cash, if you want it that way. You could raise your own Grand Champion for next year."

Jimmie's eyes bugged. Two heifers,

from the Dixon herds! It was a thing to make seasoned cow men turn green with envy, and here he, Jimmie Faulkner, could have them for the asking. And then hope faded from his face, like flame leaving a candle.

"Thank you, Mr. Dixon," the boy said quietly. "But I think if you don't mind, I'll take the money."

"Suit yourself, son," the man said. But you could see he was puzzled. A boy who said he wanted to start a herd, turning down two Dixon heifers! He knew he must explain why he made the choice—it was only fair, after the man had been so kind to him. He lifted his head and looked Mr. Dixon straight in the eyes.

"It's my mother," he said clearly. "She's sick. There's a Dr. Dillingham here who can make her well. That's why I need the money. If it weren't for that, I'd take them, because I want them—worse than anything in all the world."

"Oh," Mr. Dixon said quickly. "In that case—"

And soon there was the crispness of a check in Jimmie's fingers.

"Try again, Son," the man said in parting. "Better luck next year."

Jimmie watched him as he walked away, and when he turned, there stood Pop. There was a queer urgent look on Pop's face, as if underneath all the dead hopes something very like ambition was stirring. But when he spoke, Jimmie's world came crashing down around his ears.

"Give me that check," the man said.

"But—" Jimmie began, his brain numb with the shock of it. Strange Pop had been; cold, and harsh and curt; but never in his wildest dreams had Jimmie thought him capable of this.

"The money is mine," the boy was thinking crazily. "He has no right—he can't do this to me—"

"Hand it over," Pop repeated, almost fiercely. "Quick—"

Jimmie had never disobeyed his father; now, with the habit of years strong upon him, he handed over the check, his heart sick within him. The man almost snatched it from his hands, and ran off, as if someone were after him. Jimmie turned and walked silently back to the barns, his heart a dead weight in his bosom.

The truck lurched along the highway, the prairie stretching out on either side of the road, boundless, illimitable, inscrutable with the wisdom of all the ages brooding over it. Here and there in ranch houses lights pricked the gathering darkness, clear and bright against the dark purple of the evening sky. A new moon hung its slim cresent against the horizon. And in the quiet of it the stormy heatt of Jimmy Faulkner beat over and over the refrain.

"I hate him—he had no right—"

"Tell you what," Mr. Lane broke in, "the day I sold you that calf was the best day's work I ever did. I'm that proud of you."

"Pop didn't help me buy that calf," the boy was thinking bitterly. "All the way down the line he did nothing for me that other boys' fathers were doing. And yet, it's my dad that comes along and takes the money, once the calf is sold—"

"I reckon you'll be starting your own herd now, and you won't call the king your uncle. You sure got a pile of cash for that calf."

(Turn to next page)

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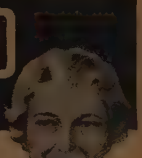

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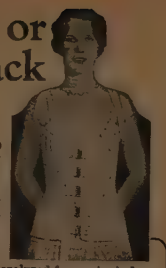

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(Continued from page 59)

Jimmie didn't answer; he couldn't bring himself to tell Mr. Lane what Pop had done. Some queer, shamed hurt within him forbade his mentioning it. So, he was silent until at last the Lanes drove up to his own front gate, and stopped.

Jimmie put out his hand, like a man; and like a man, Mr. Lane took it. Jimmie had the feeling that some way, the man understood that in the boy's heart there was a trouble too deep for speech.

"Goodbye," Jimmie said. "And thanks, for everything—"

They drove off, and Jimmie started toward the house. As he did so, he noticed there was a car in the yard, and his heart missed a beat. Was it the implement salesman? Or the banker Pop owed for the wheat seed? Was that what Pop had done with the money—Jimmie's money!

Suddenly Jimmie knew he could not face Pop. Not now. He turned his steps toward the barn, and let himself in, in his heart the hot bitterness of tears too long unshed. Unerringly in the darkness he made his way to Rex's stall, and release. Even a twelve-year-old may cry with impunity, under cover of darkness at provocation such as this.

Even before he got inside the stall, he knew it was not empty. Dimly the boy could see forms, and hear a soft, uneasy stamping. He groped for the flash light that was always kept on the ledge, and trained its flickering light on the dark bulks that loomed up before him.

Two heifers, sleek and shining, turned their broad white faces toward him. How had they got there? Had Pop—

The very thought of it was like a lighted fuse in his brain. Madly he rushed toward the house; forgetting the presence of a stranger, he jerked open the door, flung himself into the room.

They looked up as he entered—Mom, and Pop, and the tall thin man with the understanding face and the restless, mobile hands of a poet.

"No operation, I am sure, Mrs. Faulkner," the man was saying. "Some treatments will do the work I think. But I'm glad your husband brought me out today, for your case needs immediate attention."

Jimmie knew it was wrong to burst in on his elders so. But he seemed to have no control of the torrent of words that rushed to his lips.

"Pop," he cried, "I don't understand—those heifers in the barn—"

Mr. Faulkner turned to face his son, and even in his excitement Jimmie recognized the new look; the look that had been always on his face in the old days.

"Mr. Dixon sent them out," the man said quietly. "I caught him just as he was leaving, and explained that you had changed your mind."

Joy sang like a harp in Jimmie's brain. Pop it was who had done this; Pop had overheard him tell Mr. Dixon how much he wanted his own herd. That was why he was in such a hurry to get that check. Pop had got him the thing he wanted most in the world.

The two things. For Pop had brought the doctor out to see Mom, just like Jimmie had planned to do. And now Pop was saying, with new sureness, "I'll take care of this bill when the wheat crop comes in, Doctor."

And the Doctor replied, "That's all right, Mr. Faulkner. A great many bills wait for the harvest season, in this country."

He said it just as if Pop was one of them—just as he'd say it to any of the others who had always lived here, and knew the land.

And suddenly Jimmie knew that, at last, Pop *was* one of them. Pop belonged. No longer was he a stranger; no longer an alien in a new country. This morning a lonely man had stood by himself among strangers; this evening a native son was falling into the language of the land, naturally, as if he had spoken it forever. Jimmie guessed it was the cowboy yell that turned the trick—the yell that told Pop that, down here in the plains country, they thought he was pretty fine.

He walked over to his father, straightening his shoulders as he went. And then he put out his hand, as he had done to Mr. Lane only a short time ago.

"You'll show them," he said firmly. "I bet you'll be the best farmer in this whole Panhandle of Texas, before long."

A look came into Pop's face—a look that not even the yip-yip-yippy from hundreds of throats had brought there this morning. He took the hand the boy extended.

"I think," he said queerly, "we'll show them together, you and I."

And, sure as shooting, Jimmie had a feeling that they would.

(Continued from page 18)

bodies, together with comparative reports of previous years and relation with National Mean Figures of comparable cities, to be available for public inspection."

Thereby is indicated the really devastating attack upon the machine, the answer to whether the crumbling organization will be permanently replaced by something better. Our Committee knows that machine workers have been making up the personnel of our public offices. As fast as possible, the drones, the incompetents, the ward heelers, are being edged out. Within a few weeks after the Committee started work, the heads of the city's legal division, and of the departments of public works, welfare, water, personnel, and purchasing were all ousted or resigned. And the work will go on.

Meanwhile our tax experts show that at least one-third the public money went for graft and waste, and can be saved the taxpayers in the future. The public relations group keep up a constant barrage of information, and plan a permanent system of periodic reports on the state of the public business through the press, the radio and by special publications.

Thus we offer the pattern for making permanent the cleanup of a community: Fearless, honest officials, backed by citizens thoroughly aroused to the consequences of leaving their local government to self-serving hands, working through a volunteer group made up of public-spirited leaders, well organized for their duty of vigilant citizenship in order to see to it that the government functions "for the people."

Yes, it can be done!

NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON is a scholarly mind, a great preacher and a popular writer. In his newspaper column he said recently: "Why empty the garbage can in the drawing room? The dirt in life does stick and make a smudge. But sheer filth is disgusting; it not only sticks, it stains. Why do our novelists do it?"

He adds this about "The Grapes of Wrath": "'It's life,' they say. 'It's the way people live today! It's the way they talk!' Some people, yes; and that fact could have been told without the smear."

He deals with Aldous Huxley with equal frankness: "His mysticism is all mixed up with the love-life of baboons, and things no decent baboon ever thought of," and then concludes: "It is too much for me. Without being finical or pernickety, I'll take my mysticism clean, without the filth. As Lincoln would say, if people like filth that is the thing they like."

I stand one hundred per cent with Dr. Newton and I see encouraging signs! The dark horizon of the twentieth century literary world is perceptibly brightening. In recent great novels, some of the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson, who could be realistic without the "smear of filth," has been recaptured. Things are looking up!

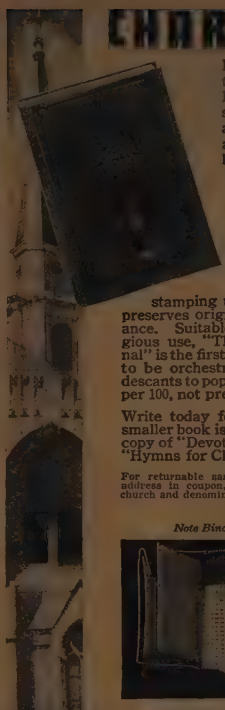
These Shared His Passion, by Edwin McNeill Poteat, (Harper & Brothers, $1.50). It takes more than the overworked word "tension" to explain Jesus Christ; nor does He yield to the laboratory method of the new scholarship. Dr. Poteat always writes brilliantly. In this his latest book, he introduces each chapter with a reconstructed fictional account of one of the Gospel narratives. As a writer of fiction, he would, I think, go far; but as an interpreter of Jesus, I do not find him a safe or convincing guide. His chapter on the temple cleansing is little short of appalling. He is logical with himself at least and does not dodge the issue he raises. But in charging that Jesus, being tempted, was overcome by His temptation, he would rob the world of its only sufficient and perfect Saviour. When in this same chapter I read: "And this troubled heart of the world is betrayed once again by desperation or terror into the futile business of plaiting whips with which it hopes to drive out the chicanery and cruelty that corrupts the courts of our temples, etc.," he implies something concerning Jesus worse than weakness or error. After reading *These Shared His Passion*, I wish that the author would stick to fiction!

Love in the Sun, by Leo Walmsley, (Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., $2.50). No novel of the year has received higher praise from the critics on both sides of the Atlantic. Certainly, Mr. Walmsley writes magnificently without neurotic characters and the "psychology of sex," and he cuts to the heart of the essentials of life. His story is, I think, great by the sound tests of human and sustained interest. There is an uninterrupted vitality that carries one through to the conclusion. But why, oh why leave religion absolutely out? A painful omission it is! Why, oh why confine the name of deity to oaths—even though they are gentle oaths?

As a Driven Leaf by Milton Steinberg (Bobbs, Merrill Co., $3.00). Here is a vivid, accurate picture of life in Palestine from the Second Century A. D. The book carries a message for readers of every religious faith. More than any novel I have read, it gives to profound philosophical truths the reading quality of fiction. Both Christians and Jews will read it with appreciation for its scholarship and sheer beauty. "Faith and reason are not antagonistic" and "all truth rests ultimately upon some active faith. . . ." These are the conclusions that sound forth like a trumpet. Perhaps so completely a frustrated life, so tragically defeated a human soul, has never before been presented in fiction. The story proves that life is more than a formula and that not even Euclid has the conclusion.

The omission of any adequate reference to the early Christian church is a weakness that the novel does not overcome. Intellectually, it is a painful omission. For the Christian, the Elisha of the novel is as hopeless as any religion without Christ.

Verdun, by Jules Romains, (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50, 500 pages.) Jules Romains is the author of scores of novels, plays and volumes of poetry, and he has wide influence not only in France but in Europe and the United States. His "Men of Good Will" series is truly monumental. Universally it is accepted as his masterpiece. For thirty years he has gone forward toward "Verdun," for which always previous work has been in a sense preparatory. It is a story of the World War. Many will accept it as *the* story.



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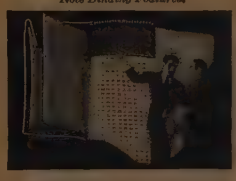

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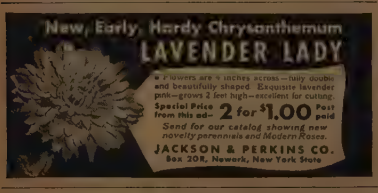
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From A Garden Note Book

By Donald H. Kingery

☆ ☆ ☆

WHEN I drove our family auto down town this cold morning, the heater kept me warm inside the car, even though there was snow outside, lily pool frozen tight as tick and all the world shivering. But what is there to say about gardening up here in the North, even if flowers are blooming down South by now?

Somehow, I keep thinking of how grandfather used to go about his work in winter in the old buggy, with Mollie between the shafts. Underneath his feet would be a big round soapstone that had been heated on the kitchen stove. Around his legs and knees was a buffalo robe, on his head a coonskin cap. He kept warm.

Which reminds me too, that at the rear of his big lot was the stable, hay mow overhead, with lots of room on the ground floor for such things as garden tools, an old cupboard for keeping supplies of seed along with copper sulphate, dusting sulphur, and the like, as lines of defense against pests. West of the stable was the manure pile. Outside the south window was his hotbed.

Hotbed—that is where my thinking arrives. A hotbed is an essential element of gardening to one who has space and opportunity to use it. Grandfather used to get busy at his, regular as clockwork. Some time toward the last of February or into March he would clear it out, fill in a layer of manure in the bottom and go about preparing and seed sowing.

Here he would sow seeds of vegetables such as tomatoes, cabbage, peppers, cauliflowers and the like. Likewise he would sow some of his flower seeds that could be transplanted later.

However, my own little hotbed is quite different from the one that grandfather had. Coils of electric cable under about five inches of soil in the hotbed supply the heat, with a thermostat to regulate it for me. Here I grow all the vegetable plants we need for our place and some of the annual flowers that I like to get started early. The right time to get the hotbed going is six to eight weeks before it is safe to do outdoors sowing or planting.

Speaking of roses and thinking, too, that it is time of year to get off an order for those to be planted this spring, may I say a word about the hybrid perpetual roses. These are commonly known as the June roses. They are older and of late years, less fashionable, yet they belong in every garden or somewhere about a lawn.

These hybrid perpetual roses grow taller than the hybrid teas or monthly blooming. They are much hardier and not nearly so much troubled with diseases. They bloom in early June, with one burst of magnificent blooms. The blooms are large and of perfect form. Some well-known ones are Frau Karl Druschki, Mrs. John Laing, Paul Neyron and Ulrich Brunner. If these hybrid perpetuals are given the same care that the other roses are given, they sometimes give an additional bloom toward fall.

A task for the man of the house and garden, for women folks are not so likely to think of it, is a dormant spray. A man versed in fruit growing gives the fruit trees such as a matter of course. But much of the shrubbery and ornamental trees need the same kind of dormant spray, particularly to control the various kinds of scale insects. Lime sulphur at dormant strength is cheaper but for shrubbery or trees near buildings, a dormant miscible oil spray is better for it will not leave stains. Any warm day between now and when growth of leaves is beginning, will do. Full directions for spraying are supplied by manufacturers of the oil and these vary for different brands.

Somewhere on my shelves I have a garden book that tells me what to do month by month. I seldom look at it. I can't even find it now. After all, that book would just put a lot of notions in my head.

Gardening is a matter of common sense. You just watch the weather and the neighbors. If one lives where it is possible to do spading or seed sowing or hoeing or whatnot in February, it doesn't take a garden book or a fellow writing about it in a magazine, to tell him what to do. If instinct doesn't prompt, sight of busy neighbors will.

If a fellow lives where I do, then gardening in February consists in making up lists from catalogs. Of sweeping a space free from snow and scattering some grain for the birds. Of keeping an eye on house plants. Of checking over tools and gadgets. Of making sure there is a supply of dormant miscible oil spray ready for a suitable warm day of outdoor spraying for scale. Of thinking about that hotbed.

I like yellow flowers and this applies to shades of orange and golden hue. This is why I always aim to have plenty of marigolds, of calendulas and always a few rows of nasturtiums. There are two new annual flowers, for 1940 introduction, that I want to say a special word about, for I was lucky enough to see them growing in a trial garden last year. One of these is the tall snapdragon, Golden Rod—a magnificent yellow flower. The other is the new dwarf bedding petunia, Cream Star. This appears a cream color from a distance, but there is pure yellow down inside the throat of each blossom. It has a wonderfully fine habit of growth.

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When Gums Shrink, Plates Loosen—See Your Dentist

(Continued from page 41)

Each quart of cocoons yields a million flies and millions are needed for the work Burpee has for them to do.

In order to understand what that work is, it is necessary to explain that many flowers are self pollinating. They have both male and female parts but they need help in getting their fertilizing pollen sprinkled over them. In nature, the insects of the fields provide this help. Man can do it for them by hand, but it is a long laborious process.

When the bees and flies roam the seed growing fields at Floradale, it doesn't matter if they carry foreign pollen because the flowers are so firmly established in their reproducing characteristics that they resist outside pollen from these promiscuous carriers.

The danger comes when a new line is in process of being founded by the hybridists because the new line has not established itself and may be contaminated by nature's hit or miss methods.

So the hybridist takes the chosen plant which is to become the parent of a new line and cages it, or "selfs" it, under muslin to keep out vagrant insects which have visited other flowers.

Into the cage is placed a handful of blow fly cocoons. There they hatch into flies—flies which never have roamed the fields and which can bear no impure pollen to the new born flower. The flies must eat and there is only the selected flower to feed upon. In feeding they pollinate, they work for man in the creation of new and beautiful flower forms.

Sharing honors with the W. Atlee Burpee Seed Company in the development of the new blow-fly technique is the United States Government whose experts are using the flies in the pollination of onions. Dr. H. A. Jones and Dr. S. L. Emsweller, U. S. hybridists, are leaders in pioneering the new onion pollination.

The astonishing discovery that flies have usefulness and can be put to work raises again the question as to whether any of God's creatures are truly useless. Now that the meandering playboy of the insect world has proved his worth to man, is it not that much easier to surmise that no creature is upon the earth which does not have some function to perform, however small and however hidden from our eyes?

At any rate, while you must continue to screen your house this summer, you may glance at that bowl of lovely marigolds on the breakfast table and reflect that the flies buzzing without your window did their share in bringing them to you.

★

If I Were
A "SARCASTER"

I'd say it must be very flattering to the clergy to have a seven year old lad ordained to the gospel ministry and invested with all the privileges and honors of a prophet of the Lord. He will be a Doctor of Divinity by the time he's ten, I suppose. I haven't yet heard, however, of any infant prodigy practicing medicine. The cure of the body is supposed to require knowledge and training and experience. The cure of souls—well, "that's something else again".

—McAlpine

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But...

● Although many things have changed, Sani-Flush has not. It is still the easiest and best known way to keep toilets clean and sanitary. Use it twice a week. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (Also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) *See directions on the can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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Successful Home Method That Anyone Can Use On Any Reducible Rupture Large or Small

COSTS NOTHING TO FIND OUT

Thousands of ruptured men, women and children will rejoice to know that the full plan so successfully used by Capt. W. A. Collings for his double rupture from which he suffered so long will be sent free to all who write for it.

Merely send your name and address to Capt. W. A. Collings, Inc., Box 547 W, Watertown, N. Y. It won't cost you a cent to find out and you may bless the day you sent for it. Hundreds have already reported satisfactory results following this free offer. Send right away—NOW—before you put down this paper.

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(Continued from page 37)

When I heard you were to preach in this city I said to myself, 'Surely he will say something.' I came here three times, sir, expecting you would have something to say for your Lord. As my hand was on the doorknob today and I was about to leave, I said in my soul, 'Doesn't he care either?' Then with tears swimming in his keen eyes he said, "You almost missed me!" How many do we "miss" day by day! O the silence that has indifference as its father; the indifference that has lovelessness as its sire! How can a knowledge of Christ plus a love for men ever add up to silence? The knowledge of Christ and love for man will inevitably, according to spiritual arithmetic, add up to and result in the propagation of that faith in the life of another.

It is not that which was said unwisely and falteringly that I fear most. The sudden invective and the outburst of unfitting words are not the most dangerous sins of the tongue. It is the silence of the tongue I most fear. It is this forgiveness we all need most deeply—not for the things we have said amiss but rather for the fact that we have said nothing at all! It is the blasphemy of silence of which I speak, that sin of lip that so belies our faith.

Wherein lies the cure for this lovelessness of silence? What was it, after all, that gave Paul the urge for utterance which even the mailed fist of Rome, clamped over his mouth, could not arrest? What made him say, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel?" It was the Cross —its truth, its gift, its redemption, above all, the Man who was hanging upon it. It is from the foot of that Cross that men go out to plead, to preach, to publish and to propagate that faith.

Then there is *love*. "We *know* that we have passed from death unto life because we *love* the brethren." This assurance and certitude, "we know," is inseparable from the fact that we "love the brethren." It is an unmistakable badge of the Christian order.

Love manifests itself in *pity*. It binds up wounds, it heals the broken-hearted, it comforts the widow and sustains the orphan. It pours the healing oils of forgiveness into the festering wounds that malice has dealt, it flavors and savors service with the condiments of heaven, it shares its freedom with the world, it breaks down walls of superficial division, it obliterates color lines, it puts to death prejudice, it gives to the lover the joy that dawns in the hearts of them that are kind. "It droppeth as a gentle dew from heaven." It blesses him that loves and him that is loved. It supplies one with a fountain source of sympathy that is inexhaustible. It bestows upon one a pity that does not tire, a philanthropy that knows no fatigue.

Love manifests itself in *patience*. Once we love, the "widow by her continual coming does not weary us" with her needs; the unemployed with their requests are not unwelcome; the sinner with his need does not "interrupt us" in our busy life but presents us with an opportunity for service; love has illimitable patience in listening to "tales of woe;" it, "suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked;" it enhances long-suffering, greatly increases a disposition's tensile strength and removes to a great distance its breaking point; it makes us surprisingly tolerant of another's weaknesses, and quick to praise another's points of comeliness and strength.

Love will have a *program*.

It will march with bared sword against all forces that militate against love and tenderness and in the hearts of men.

Wherein lies the Christian's fear of war? Certainly not in the possibility of violent death. Christ never flinched from that—He accepted it willingly. The Church after Him has experienced too many areans, furcas, gibbets and stakes to fear the violence of physical death. What we fear in war is this: that we should do violence to the law of love—that we should slay that in our souls. As was suggested in the book, "All Quiet On The Western Front," some who escaped shells on the battlefields of the World War, died in their souls. Love died, trust died, faith died, brotherhood died, truth died. This is the more miserable death. This then is the burning question of the hour, Will war permit us to still love our brothers?

It may be legend more than truth, but someone has said that a certain kind of musk, in growing near the battlefields during the World War, lost its fragrance and that fragrance has never been regained. How long it takes love and brotherhood to recuperate from the wounds of the battlefield only God who maketh the hearts of all men can know.

Of all the Christian graces, may the Lord grant us this: the ability to love. Of all life's lessons may we learn this and execute it. Above all the gifts of life may we desire the best gift—and this is love.

Let this humble discourse end with this prayer of Louise Knight Wheatly,

"There was a time when in my daily prayer
I asked for all the things I deemed most fair,
And necessary to my life—success,
Riches, of course, and ease and happiness;
A host of friends, a home without alloy;
A primrose path of luxury and joy
Social distinction and enough of fame
To leave behind a well-remembered name.
Ambition ruled my life. I longed to do great things
Great things, that all my little world might view
And whisper, 'Wonderful!' Ah, patient God,
How blind we are, until Thy shepherd's rod
Of tender chastening, gently leads us on
To better things!

Ah, Love Divine, how empty was that prayer
Of other days! That which was once so fair,
Those flimsy baubles which the world calls joys,
Are nothing to me now but broken toys,
Outlived, outgrown. I thank Thee that I know
Those much-desired dreams of long ago
Like butterflies have had their summer's day
Of brief enchantment, and have gone. I pray
For better things. Thou knowest. God above, my one desire now—
Teach me to love."

I Saw the Hungry Fed

SOMEHOW I felt embarrassed and uncomfortable watching the long line of hungry men make their way to the dining hall below—I felt a little as though I were watching someone suffer and being too calm about it.

There were old men on that line: old men to whom the years had brought a beauty of soul that shone through their eyes, and there were old men with bleary, shifty eyes who had seen much of life through an alcoholic haze. There was a startling number of young men on that line: young men with clean eyes and straight bodies, not at all the usual panhandler type of the city's streets. Looking at them brought memories of days spent on a farm in Maine; I wondered what promise the city could have held for their kind.

Plates heaped high with boiled beef, cabbage, potatoes and two thick slices of bread were being carried to high tables at which the men stood while they ate—I didn't like the idea of men standing while they ate but then I realized how much easier they made their way to their places and how much faster more men could be fed.

Hidden behind a great cooking pot I watched these hungry ones eat: some of them wolfed their food, never stopping until their plates were empty; others seemed to linger, drawing in the agreeable odor of the steam of the food and chewing each mouthful almost as a cow chews its cud, hating to finish what might be their last meal for days.

The pastor discovering my hiding place insisted on my meeting some of the men. I had no heart for this—I was too unhappy to greet them properly, but I was curious about the boy whose face had seemed so familiar. No one seemed to know much about him; the pastor said he seemed above average and could use a typewriter like an expert. When I left I suggested they send the young man to my office—we might have some work for him.

I had not been able to get away from the memory of that boy's face so that I was prepared for his early morning visit—but I was not prepared for the sadness of his story. When he told me his name I knew I had once called him pal—we had been children together in a small western town. When I knew him he was living with two elderly sisters—he had lost his parents while still a baby.

Two years ago he had been hit by an automobile—and since then a spirit of restlessness had kept him a rover, homeless, lost. His sisters had sent him to a farm to regain his health—they never saw him again. There was an unnatural light in his eyes and a hectic flush on his cheeks as he told his rambling story but I still caught a glimpse of the lovely child I had known. I could not bear to think of him wandering cold, hungry and homeless, in his strange world—he promised to come back that afternoon and do some work for me and I in the meantime tried by telephone to reach his sisters. He didn't come back—I never saw him again.

Yes, I saw the hungry fed; I knew one of the hungry—I am still searching for him. Old men, young men, bums, thieves—. I care not what they are—I say FEED THE HUNGRY so that not one among them shall suffer—who am I to judge them? Or ask the reason why?

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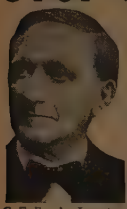

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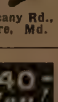

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(Continued from page 46)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24

"HAVING GIFTS DIFFERING."
READ ROMANS 12:1-8.

A LEGEND tells how God sent three singers to earth. One was a youth. With his golden harp he wandered among the young, singing of love and its wealth. The second was a mature man. He went to the merchants of the city, telling of the joys of true labor. The third was older. He entered the cathedral, and with the mighty organ, he sang of God's redeeming grace. Which sang the sweetest? A fourth messenger from heaven came, saying, "God gave a different gift to each . . . to charm, to strengthen, and to teach. And he whose ear is tuned aright will hear no discord in the three, but the most perfect harmony." Our gifts are varied, yet we all have some ground for praise.

We daily bless Thee, Our Father, for Thy goodness to us. Help us that we may never be blind to our mercies, but with thankfulness and gratitude magnify Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25

"THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE."
READ PSALM 46.

WE WERE in a little inn among the Welsh hills. The sun had gone down with a flaming ray. Then as darkness fell, the thunders growled ominously. The rain descended in a flood. The lightning drew its scimitar, and slashed the skies into ribbons! What a night! Pity any traveler who might be caught on those bleak hillsides. That shows the difference between the Christian and the non-Christian. The one is safe from the sure retribution of sin. The other has no such refuge.

Help us, O Lord, to feel that gratitude which Thy love should ever inspire. So shall we seek to bring cheer and aid to other lives. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26

"THE DAY OF THE LORD . . . A CLOUDY DAY."

READ JOB 22:12-25.

WHAT do you see in these February skies? Only cloud and gloom, instead of azure blue and golden sunshine? Yet we may discover beauty in unlikely places. Tennyson gazed at the heaped-up clouds, which the sun had momentarily pierced, and they appeared as "Looming bastions fringed with fire.", True, only a poet could discern some castle stronghold thus formed by the vaporous mass. But the Christian can see, even when the sunshine of prosperity is blotted out, some redeeming mercy. The cloudless skies of summer Italy can become very uninteresting. So can the placid life, without its trials; such a life is without its triumphs. Look for God's gracious hand in every day.

Giver of every perfect gift, even Thy providences which bewilder have some blessing to impart. Help us so to trust Thee that our souls may know Thy goodness, Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27

"I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST"
READ II TIMOTHY 2 1-11.

A DISCOURAGED man lay awake, night after night, worrying about his affairs. Not far away, he could hear the heavy freight trains climbing the incline. One night, however, the efforts of one became vocal. Struggling up with its heavy load, it seemed to say, "I think I can . . . I think I can." Then, as it reached the top and began to run down the other side, he heard, "I knew I could . . . I knew I could!" It was a message from the Infinite. The next day, he essayed his tasks with new courage. Instead of allowing them to daunt him, he said, "I think I can." Then, as each was completed his heart exclaimed, "I knew I could . . . I knew I could!" Say it over.

Blessed Lord, who faced life even as must we, help us to know the victory which Thou dost give the trustful and obedient heart. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28

"WHAT I DO THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW."
READ LUKE 12:1-7.

THERE is nothing stranger than human nature. We love the baffling, as the vogue in mystery books proved. Some situation confronted us which was purposely made as tantalizing as possible. But patiently we followed each slender clue, sure that in the end virtue would triumph. In the spiritual realm and in life's experience, we are the reverse. We fret and fume because we cannot understand God's dealings with us. We lose heart because there is so much we cannot understand. If only we had faith and patience! In the end, God will reveal what is hidden, and we can quietly trust Him to vindicate Himself.

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And There, some time, we'll understand."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29

"WITH THE TEMPTATION . . . THE WAY TO ESCAPE."

READ I CORINTHIANS 10:1-13.

IS THERE no escape from life's temptations and trials? Faith can work wonders. It can find the way out. When Theseus entered the labyrinth where the monster lived, and from which none had escaped, Ariadne gave him a ball of twine, and a short sword. As he moved into the maze, he unrolled the string, laying it on the ground. Then, having slain the beast, he retraced his steps by following the string. So with the sword of the Spirit, the cord of trust, God provides the way out of our troubles.

O Christ, who didst pray that Thy servants might not be taken out of the world, but kept from evil, we ask that faith which will mean victory. Amen.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

☆

FEBRUARY 4

Holding Life Sacred

(A principle of temperate living)

Gen. 1:27-31; I Cor. 6:19, 20; II Cor. 6:16 to 17:1

THE teachings of this lesson may come under three headings: (1) In the image of God; (2) Glorify God in your body; (3) Let us cleanse ourselves.

1. *In the image of God.* Either a cursory reading or a detailed study of the first chapter of Genesis displays the lofty character of its expression and the climactic arrangement of its material. This becomes evident from the order in which the different creative works are described. Each step in the program of creation seems to be a preparation or even a condition for the next. In the case of living things, it is easy to trace progress from lower to higher, with man the climax of all.

"What is meant by the 'image of God' which man is said to bear? . . . It can be nothing but the gift of *self-conscious reason,* which is possessed by man, but by no other animal. In all that is implied by this—in the various intellectual faculties possessed by him; in his creative and originative power, enabling him to develop and make progress in arts, in sciences, and in civilization generally; in the power of rising superior to the impulses of sense, of subduing and transforming them, of mounting to the apprehension of general principles, and of conceiving intellectual and moral *ideals;* in the capacity for knowing God, and holding spiritual communion with Him, man is distinguished from other animals, and is allied to the Divine nature." (Driver, *The Book of Genesis.)*

The point of our lesson is that when man owes the very excellence of his physical being to the highest thought and purpose of the Creator, he has every reason to maintain that excellence in every degree. When the physical, mental or spiritual capacities of man are lessened, or unfairly used, it is undoubtedly a sin against the Creator. Why should one ever attempt to destroy or misuse the highest gifts which God has bestowed upon him?

2. *Glorify God in your body* (I Cor. 6:19, 20). It should be clear from the Genesis verses that any deflection of God-given powers would tend to defeat the Divine purpose. In the Corinthian verses the context makes plain that it is sexual immorality in particular that does harm to the physical bodies of men and women.

It should be clear that without great abilities and talents, without a long list of notable deeds, a Christian can do honor to God by taking good care of his body, preserving it clean and unspotted, and in perfect relation to God and man.

3. *Let us cleanse ourselves.* There is no need for filthiness of life on the part of any Christian. He has, first, his own power of understanding, of ideal, of decision. He can and should decide "to touch not the unclean thing," whatever it is. We *can* cleanse ourselves. Second, he has all the strength that Christ can give him, and wants to give him. For this power there is no such thing as failure. Third, while a great application of *temperance* is to strong drink, it is plain that it has a direct relation to every other part of living. If we cleanse ourselves of intemperance, we shall include eating, smoking, sexuality, drinking of alcohol and using other narcotics, and a great many other things.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How do you explain why the human body is called the temple of God?
2. Why is intemperance a violation of the sacredness of life?
3. What, in your observation, are the most common sins of intemperance?

FEBRUARY 11

The Perils of Rejecting Christ

MATT. 21:17 to 22:14

(Printed lesson, Matt. 21:28-43)

THREE parables from the lips of Jesus may be classed as pronouncements of judgment on the Pharisees: (1) the two sons, (2) the wicked husbandmen, (3) the marriage feast. The key word of the first is insincerity; that of the second is rejection; that of the third is substitution.

1. *The two sons.* God is represented as a father, to show His love to all mankind whether they be righteous or sinful. The son who said, "I go, sir," but went not, represents the chief priests, scribes, and Pharisees. "They were the pillars of orthodoxy and the exemplars of piety." Their very profession of religion was insincere, for when the test came, either in the preaching of John or in the call of Jesus, they were conspicuous by their absence. Their followers under other names have continued down to our day, and are well known to us.

The other son saying, "I will not," but later repenting and going to work, represents the publicans, harlots, and sinners in general. They had at first paid no attention to the message of John, but in the end they changed their course and had come into obedience. "More generally the first class embraces those who are satisfied with the outward form of godliness and with the avoidance of open sin; the second class are those who, though sinners, know that they are such, and so are more easily brought to repentance." *(One-Volume Commentary.)*

2. *How is Jesus treated?* The husbandmen left in charge of the vineyard are set up as the exact counterpart of the guardians of Israel as represented by the Phari-

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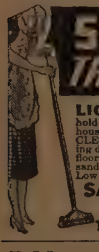

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sees of Jesus' day. Isaiah had used the figure of the vineyard, and its relation to spiritual things was familiar. "The householder is Jehovah; the vineyard the land and religious privileges of Israel; its fruits the use by the nation of its gifts as a trust from God on behalf of the world. The husbandmen are the rulers, kings, and priests, ruling in God's name. The servants are the prophets sent again and again to summon rulers and people to repentance. The son is Messiah, heir to the kingdom, whom the authorities recognize but reject. Hence they are deprived of their religious privileges in favor of others." *(Westminster Commentary.)*

God had a right to look for fruits among His people of Israel. And what did He receive? Not justice, mercy, love, but tithings and washings and display of piety. Of old the prophets had been stoned. Now the very Son is likewise to be rejected. For such brutal and ungracious acts there can be but one punishment: "He will miserably destroy those wicked men." (v.47.)

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What people whom you know are "bluffers" in religion today? ("I go, and went not.")
2. How are multitudes rejecting Jesus today?
3. Are there respects in which the world is now ready to receive Jesus?
4. What is the evidence that Jesus is becoming the "head of the corner"?

FEBRUARY 18

Good Citizens and Good Neighbors

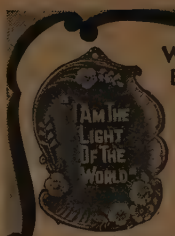
MATT. 22:15 to 23:39
(Printed lesson, Matt. 22:15-22, 34-40)

THE Pharisees had a question to ask of Jesus which might lead to a clash with the political rulers. Should taxes be paid to Caesar or not? The question itself was not untimely. It was vital with many people. In Palestine were multitudes that always had a serious protest against supporting a hostile and heathen government.

It was not the question but the spirit behind it which counted most. The three evangelists make it plain that Jesus discerned some unworthy motive. It was what would be called today a "frameup." Should Jesus answer yes, He would lose the popular favor; should He say no, He would be accused at once of treason.

1. *A piece of money is a symbol of government.* Jesus did well to have them hand to Him a denarius, a piece of the tax money. Visibly there was before them the authority of the Roman state. All its benefits were represented—the organization of government, security of person and property, freedom of travel, and many others. In our day money of the government includes even more.

There is more to the application of this incident today than the mere question of the payment of tax money to an unfriendly and unpopular government. Has an individual the moral right to accept such benefits as are listed above and refuse to pay for their maintenance? Is a part of society under obligation to carry the burdens of culture and government for all of society? Is an individual's obligation met when he fulfills the legal demands



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laced upon him? Has the state any right o demand more than acquiescence in its rogram?

The answer of Jesus was not only sufficient for the moment; it is exceedingly valuable now. "The tribute to Rome was not a gift; it was the payment of a debt; and it was no impediment to the discharge of any obligation to God." Instead of making two obligations, civil and religious, each exclusive of the other, they are made complementary. No matter how actively one has carried out either line of his obligation, he has not done his full duty. Or, to make it practical in our day, no phase of citizenship is outside the experience of a Christian.

2. *Not priority, but quality.* A second question which is a part of citizenship has as its answer the secret of personal and social living (vv. 34-40). The Pharisees, seeing that all parties had been unable to entrap this Teacher, "mustered their forces, and one of them, a jurist, put question in order to tempt Him" (Moffatt). "What is the first commandment in the Law?" is not the most literal nor the best rendering of the question. Rather, "What kind of commandment is great in the Law?"

For an answer Jesus turned to the creed of Israel, and quoted the kernel of the Sh'ma—Deut. 6:5—one of the prayers daily recited by every Jew. What He meant was this: The supreme principle in any and all commandments is *love toward God.* And side by side with it is *love toward one's neighbor.* Apply this principle, and any command becomes important or unimportant. It is not essential to list six hundred commands numerically in order of their importance as the Rabbis did. It is essential to get the principle of *love toward God and toward man.* On this hinges everything else.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Can a Christian "render to Caesar" some things, but not all?
2. Are there limits to the support which an individual should render his government? If so, what are they?
3. What does the "love thy neighbor" commandment have to do with race prejudice?

FEBRUARY 25

Stewards in the Kingdom

MATTHEW 24 and 25
(Printed lesson, Matt. 25:14-27)

A STEWARD is one to whom something of value has been entrusted, with the expectation that it will be guarded well, used as it is intended to be used, and a satisfactory account rendered to the owner.

1. *God gives different endowments.* In the parable the first point to be noticed is that the servants were entrusted with unequal amounts of money "to every man according to his several ability." Not all men have the same capacities, there being as wide a variation in mental and spiritual gifts as in physical details. Some have business acumen, some take to the deep subjects of learning, some have eloquence, some excel in tenderness or in natural piety, and some in the social qualities.

2. *God expects certain results.* In the

(Turn to page 71)

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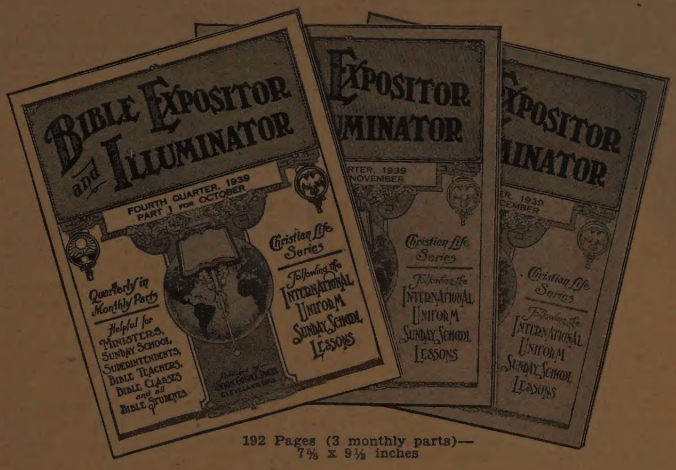
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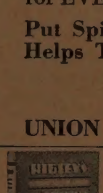

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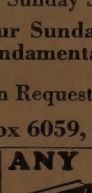

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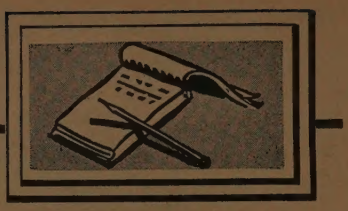

EDITED BY

Paul Maynard

Concerning "Rising Tide"

New York City, N. Y.

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Dear sir:

You have been completely misinformed on the total sale of Rising Tide. The newsstand sale alone in the United States, I have found upon inquiry from the American News, was 397,161; this in addition to over 100,000 sold in Canada and some 88,000 more through other channels in the United States.

The article itself, in its spirit, contained material which was so completely at variance with the spirit and program of Moral Rearmament in America, as well as with the spirit which your magazine is founded to reflect, that I feel that the matter should receive the most serious and thorough consideration. . . . I feel you will want to make adequate restitution as there is no question that your article did grave harm due to its implied insinuations.

Sincerely yours,
Du Bois S. Morris

Most assuredly it was not our intention to "do grave harm" to any one or any cause through misstatement. The statement on sales of Rising Tide was meant to refer only to newsstand sales in this country and upon rechecking we found that Mr. Rose, the author of the article, should have said "less than 500,000" instead of 50,000. We thank Mr. Morris for pointing this out and extend our apologies. As for the spirit of the article we do not feel that there was any intention on Mr. Rose's part to do more than report what he found. We quite agree that he did not go far enough in his search. To quote from another letter.

"The very scope of the work with large gatherings necessitates the use of every kind of housing. * * * with regard to travel, ninety-five per cent is tourist and third class on ocean liners and tourist class on railroads." We think such facts should have been brought out and we take this opportunity of presenting them.

How Many Agree With This?

Whitewater, Wisc.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

I have been long a subscriber of *Christian Herald* and have never made any comments on its contents. But I don't just think your last page is appropriate for such a magazine. Nonsense may deserve its place in the sun, but not in *Christian Herald*. I believe there are enough papers and magazines with nonsense without yours. Maybe that is the reason for your increase in new subscribers, for the worldly people would rather read nonsense than good reading matter. I hope *Christian Herald* will work for the better things of life. Thanking you for giving this letter attention. I am,

Yours truly
R. M. James

We can't quite tell from the handwriting whether reader James is Mr., Mrs. or Miss, but we hope this refers to the joke page not this page. We wonder if any of our readers knows a really capable preacher who doesn't tell jokes now and then. If humor isn't one of the "better things of life" it at least helps many of us keep sane in a crazy world.

RADIO DRAMAS

Radio Dramas, although effective, are quite simple to produce because no costumes or scenery are necessary.

Broadcasting stations are eager for programs of a religious nature, put on by small church groups. If your society wishes to broadcast a religious drama, go to the local station and ask their cooperation. You will find them not only willing but extremely helpful in directing your drama and supplying the needed sound effects. Already many requests have come from young people's groups for Biblical dramas which could be used for this purpose. We have available 12 excellent dramas, prepared by Howard Cook, four of which take 15 minutes, the balance 30 minutes to produce.

The price is 50 cents each for the 15-minute dramas, $1.00 for the 30-minute. Script includes musical direction and scene description.

A list, describing these different dramas, will be sent to any address upon receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Radio Dramas, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

$5.00 PRIZE

To the reader who writes the best letter in *not over* 200 words on the subject, "The Best Article in the February issue," we will pay a prize of $5.00.

It is not necessary that you write 200 words—two sentences if they express a good reason for your decision, may win. May we suggest that you read the question carefully. We want your opinion as to *what you think is the best article*, rather than a letter on the subject of the article. We are always interested in your opinion of the subject of all our articles, but in this particular contest, the answers will be judged as a criticism of the writing and coverage of subject.

All letters should begin with the statement

"I think the article entitled..... by..... is best because..... All answers should be in our hand by February 25th. Address Contest Editor, Christian Herald, 419-4th Avenue, New York.

"In His Steps" Is Always Timely

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

Lest I forget how to be a Christian, for the last several years between Christmas and the New Year I read Dr. Charles Sheldon's "In His Steps." Each time I read it I find I need just the inspiration it gives. May I suggest that others who are not conscious of Christian principles and ideals adopt this same plan?

Sincerely,
Mrs. M. S. Miller

It's a little late now to adopt this suggestion for Christmas, but Lent might be just as good a time—in fact, we think any time is a good time to read "In His Steps."

Tastes Certainly Do Differ

Denver, Colorado

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

We do enjoy *Christian Herald* very much, but cannot understand why you waste so much space on food articles. People do not subscribe to your magazine for that sort of information.

Yours,
Mrs. A. G. L.

Ocean City, N. J.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

I want to tell you how very much I enjoyed baking the delicious dainties in this month's magazine. I baked all the recipes on page 50 and had the best results ever. The "Date Bars" climaxed all and the way the family and friends go for them is one of the greatest joys I've ever had. Thanks to whoever provided the recipes. So I do wish Merry Christmas and a prosperous year for 1940.

Zilpha B. Hopt

Coconut Grove, Fla.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

You said some reader had objected to having food stories in *Christian Herald* and you had disagreed with her. So, most certainly, do I, and so would any other church worker. In most churches the church supper is the never-failing money-raiser—the old dependable that meets the missionary pledge, buys the carpet for the aisle, and the new hymnbooks. It is the only money-raising program that all can afford, for the poorest in the congregation must eat something and somewhere. So the food article—the "Martha" of the contents—is just as necessary, I think, as all the "Mary" articles.

Sincerely yours,
Beatrice Plumb

Well, ladies, the "ayes" seem to have it. Clementine Paddleford please note.

(Continued from page 69)

parable the master gave no directions, set no standards. He depended on the initiative of each servant. "Christians are said to trade with their talents when they employ them to the profit of their own souls and the benefit of others. The talents made in trade are the good which Christians do to themselves and others by the due use of the talents with which God has entrusted them. The talents gained by the apostles were human souls converted by them." (Dummelow, *One-Volume Commentary.*)

3. *Two of the servants were praised.* When the lord of the servants returned after a long absence, he found a fine return awaiting him by two of his stewards. The first, who had received about six thousand dollars, had put it to work and had doubled the amount. The second had started with only two-fifths of that amount, but he likewise had doubled it. He did not gain so *much* as did the first servant, but he gained at the same rate, and he therefore received the same reward. Having proved their worth with equal diligence, they were placed by their master in higher stations of trust.

4. *One servant was berated.* In fear lest he should lose it, and not knowing how best to advance it, one servant hid his money in the earth. With this process the returning master had no sympathy. "There is just one thing he cannot tolerate—waste of opportunity."

Fidelity in watchfulness is found in the parable of the talents. "The faithful servant must be prompt, active, and efficient in promoting the interests of his master. Just as in the parable of the virgins the offenders are severely punished, not for open contempt or deliberate insult, but for foolish neglect, so here the offender is severely punished, not for fraudulent appropriation of the master's good or for careless losing of them, but for unfaithful neglect to make a profit on them for his benefit." (Plummer.) To do nothing while awaiting "the coming" is sure to receive disapproval and punishment.

At least two practical applications can be made:

1. That at the time of His departure from the earthly scene the Lord Jesus put into the hands of His apostles "not a few thousands of gold, but all the work that He had begun. They were to spread the message, to gather the followers and shepherd them, to lay the foundations of that kingdom which through these centuries has been growing from little to great like the mustard tree." (Rall, *Life of Jesus.*) So we, their followers, have the same talents committed to our stewardship.

2. That every one of us has the talents of personality—powers of speech, thinking, song, service, devotion, which can be used to the glory of God, multiplied for the blessing of countless other persons, and bringing ultimately a great increase into the fold of Christ. In this sense all are stewards of the Kingdom.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How is it possible to look upon personal qualities such as cheerfulness, honesty, diligence, etc., as talents to be multiplied?

2. How is the parable of the talents lived out in our time?

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☆

Dr. Harold Cooke Phillips

By Helen Welshimer

A candid camera sketch of the famous Cleveland minister

☆

Others—

By Beatrice Plumb

The moving story of Mrs. Ida Reed

☆

New Fields

By George B. Gilbert

The Country Preacher finds his permanent home

☆

Other stories and features, and all the regular Departments.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Arithmetic of Sport

Two halfs make a hole.
And the fullback goes through.

—Exchange.

Considerate

"What's the big idea wearing my raincoat?"

"It's raining. You wouldn't want your suit to get all wet, would you?"

—Exchange.

Low at That

Pa: "Johnny, what is this '60' on your report card?"

Johnny: "I—I—th—think that's the temperature of the schoolroom."

—Monitor.

Well, Isn't It?

Teacher: "Now, can any of you girls tell me what a mandate is?"

Brightest Girl: "It is an appointment with a boy friend."

—Herald-Tribune.

Apologies to Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Perhaps, unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all.

—Ogden Nash.

Qualified

"Gentlemen: In reply to your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman: Having been both for several years, I offer my services."

—Onward.

Poor Pa

Mother: "Now, Reggie, wouldn't you like to give your bunny as a Christmas present to that poor little boy who hasn't a father?"

Reggie (clutching rabbit): "Couldn't we give him Father instead?"

—Kablegrams.

Not Fatal

Fred: "If baby swallowed a tadpole, mother, would it kill him?"

Mother: "I think it might, dear."

Fred: "But it didn't, mother."

—Methodist Protestant Recorder.

We Can Sympathize

Neighbor Boy: "Father says will you please lend us the radio tonight?"

Neighbor Man: "With pleasure, sonny. Are you folks giving a party?"

Boy: "No, sir; we want to get some sleep."

—Exchange

What Puzzled Him

Said the artist: "I'll give you five dollars if you'll let me paint you."

The old mountaineer shifted his legs from one position to the other and back again.

"It's easy money," said the artist.

"Thar hain't no question 'bout thet." the mountaineer replied. "I was jes' a-wonderin' how I'd git the paint off afterwards!"

—Exchange

Army Life

"Any of you lads know anything about shorthand?" said the Sergeant-Major to a bunch of recruits.

There was a quick response Six of them fell out at once.

"Righto, you lads. Well, they're short-handed in the cookhouse." So the six of them spent the morning peeling potatoes.

—London Daily Herald

Easy

South: "Hello, North Suppose a man married his first wife's stepsister's aunt, what relation is he to her?"

North: "First wife—stepaunt—er—let me see—oh! I don't know"

South: "Her husband, of course"

—Kablegrams.

Speaking of Costumes

"De Valera, with his green shirt, his back against the wall,
Hitler, with his brown shirts, riding for a fall,
Mussolini, with his black shirts, lording over all—
Three cheers for Mahatma Gandhi, with no shirt at all."

—Menthology

Real Diplomacy

A man noticed a woman whom he disliked coming up his front steps Taking refuge in his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller. Half an hour later he emerged from his retreat, listening carefully on the landing and, hearing nothing below, called down to his wife: "Has that horrible old bore gone?"

The objectionable woman was still in the drawingroom, but his wife was equal to the occasion.

"Yes, Dear," she called back, "she went long ago. Mrs. Parker is here now."

—Exchange.